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Dear Abbot: Boston Dec. 1. 1873.

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THE

RISING FAITH.

BY

C. A. BARTOL,
AUTHOR OF "RADICAL PROBLEMS."

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THE RISING FAITH.

I.

THE SEEKER.

WE are born to interrogate; and the test of a man is what are his questions; for the measure of diginity and depravity is, in the pedler's old cry, if grandly interpreted, What do you lack? The lower the creature, the better it is content, the less being the inquiry and fewer the wants; albeit the extent of our researches and satisfactions is the gauge of our worth. Yet discreet asking is not only, as Bacon says, half of science, but of morals and religion; and that but one tithe in us is attainment and the remainder pursuit, is our title of honor and tenure of life; for Archimedes could complain he might better not have been than be slain amid his problems unsolved. Only on this Jacob's ladder of existence, let us know our direction, if our face be set up or down; for, save by a falsehood in nature, aspiration cannot be finally balked.

But what is to seek? If America will go to the confessional, great defects she must own; for truth no tribunal, in letters no criticism, no standard of art, at any Paris or Vienna exhibition only some mechanical

success from the farm or mill; in the crude taste of the majority all high achievements swamped, the multitude cruel, because unwise. It was a high-water mark of civilization, a coast-tide of philanthropy in war, when the Prussians sent home French prisoners with exact billets of surgical operations performed, finding their patients in their foes. Our progress scarce deserves the name. In our best circles there is little culture, and the educated face or manner is rare. We have good gardens and cattle-shows, but of high art almost none. Inferiority of speaker, penman, painter or musician carries off the prize. When a great pianist regretted such rollicking pieces at concerts as the Carnival of Venice, the violinist in the troupe said he must stoop for popularity and pay. The same motive of echo accounts for acres of strange regions of land or sea on the canvas, with no expression of humanity or truth. In theology, politics, and law, we are professional advocates with no make-weight of intellectual conscience. We shout liberty or death, and have liberty and death. Wild theories prevail, with no criterion or assay. Said Rubinstein, Let not the mediums tip the tables, but give us a Tenth Symphony of Beethoven or new Sixtine Madonna! Raw with wounds, civil war has made the republic old. But for the result of experience or fruit of suffering we wait. The only doubt of our projected museum is whether it would meet any general want, or there is genius enough to make it worthy of existence and support. We have photography plenty, and topography enough, in gilded frames; but, if picture means the soul and expression of man and nature, how many names among us of artists does it represent? First,

the wilderness; then war; third, wealth; a long step still to art.

Nor is there any fit literary expression. We have a brood of newspapers and magazines, without an organ like a judge to pronounce the sentence that wins respect. All are committed to some party-interest, rest on a money-basis, and watch a subscription-list. Every sheet might be called the *Times;* none of the eternities. In our newspapers we find ourselves. They are the diaries we keep. It is not the fault, but merit, of journalism to be the public mirror. As such, it is an immense benefit and power superior to all other agencies combined. Yet, as the press can be criticised only in its own columns, and is itself the instrument of a constituency unseen, it can be both insolent and subsidized, a despot and a slave at once. We have the noble prints and the base; but if there be no such truth-tellers and saints, there are no such liars and criminals with impunity as types; nor could any philanthropy meet a so signal, humane, and patriotic want as the establishment of an organ, independent of stockholders and subscribers, to stand for the moral sentiment like a Hebrew seer. In our colleges and schools, the observing and intuitive faculties for what is real within us and actual without suffer neglect. With the noble scholars and good lawyers in our offices and courts, we have generated a set of able and adroit monsters who too often win the palm by their forward pushing, while unpretending worth is put aside. In Congress or legislature, questions are determined by personal motives, aside from the merits of the case. Purchase of votes is too common to be a flagrant crime.

There is more courage of opinion and candor of expression among our English cousins than here. Darwin and Spencer, and Huxley and Greg, and Goldwin Smith, can publicly differ with refreshing frankness and no ill blood. Somewhere always is the idol that nobody must touch. Slavery was our political fetish. We worship the Bible still. Till lately, the divinity of Christ could not calmly be discussed. Doubt of the existence of God was a crime. We will not let the grounds of marriage be probed. We have yet to learn that nothing is sacred but that Thought which is the image of the Holy in the human breast.

But let us not ask a question for the question's sake. Inquiries must not all be confounded as of equal weight. In military phrase, one of them ranks another. Is your inquiry a star in the firmament or an asterisk on the page? All problems must be handled, but according to their dignity on the scale. Was the earth flung off from the sun, and shall its crib be its tomb? Find out, O astronomer, if you can; meantime let me lodge in and describe the house, to rescue some memory-sketch when it is razed or burned up. *After me the Deluge;* but, though the flood overhang, I will cultivate the soil to-day. Wrongly the preacher scores those who train their vines on Vesuvius heedless of the volcano. An eruption is at hand on all our fields and toils; nevertheless, produce the utmost, and keep on till the earth split! Comte's Positivism charms, not that it deeply considers or solves the riddle; but, though with superficial answers, lays the stress on quality. Father Taylor stopped a curious moralist's conceit of explanation, with the cry: *Too far off, — the King's business*

requires haste. The woman who deliberates is lost! Just as often the man. Logic mutilates; the whole being should act. Nobody does anything well who has to refer for it to his head. The design and will are there; but I notice, said one, that the great performer on an instrument plays from his spinal marrow. The journey for feeling is too long from the brain. So the preacher does best without notes, like buckets, that take time to be dropped and drawn up. The passage in my sermon remarked upon is the unwritten sentence. Science teaches that the essential man is not in one nervous mass held by the skull, but in scores of ganglionic centres all over the frame, the whole connection of hemispheres of this fleshly globe. The soul is atmosphere, not core. So we find virtue in the immediate reply, the stroke of wit for which no more than lightning we wait. Such the answers of Jesus and Paul, and every prophet. You will put on your considering cap? I do not care what is smoked slowly out of it, but for your instantaneous impression. In any emergency we admire the succor that comes at once, as with the man that put oil under the boiler and got up steam quick enough to save the overset sailors from sinking the third and last time. The staid citizen went not into the frog-pond after the drowning child because he could not swim; but my gray-haired friend did not calculate the depth. Quickness is genius. When one praised Bonaparte's combination, Channing said, No — *intuition!* Such perception and resolution make blood and spirit one. This is the grace of Christ, that, like his seamless vesture, there was no parting his body and soul, and the same inseparableness is

our share of the atonement. By indirection we cannot find direction out, but by John the Baptist's burning and shining light. Engineers drill the Alps to a mathematical line, which for all manhood is the shortest distance between two points.

Therefore the hatefulness of compounding and compromise. Your amiable disguise is like the taste of wheat bread made neutral with sugar. I desire quality, and to meet people of quality, about whose persuasion or purpose I am in no doubt. They prevail because they repeat and never cancel their blows, but move steady to their one object, while duplicity shuffles, is self-contradictory and weak. Double and devil are the same word. In cards the deuce is lowest, and the ace takes the whole pack. Genuineness is admirable even in creatures of dread, — a Bengal tiger, a lion with no ambiguity on his royal brow, a Modoc Indian proud of the cunning of which he makes a principle. Captain Jack is the most artful and least disingenuous of men, conceals no motive, though he baffled our troops at the lava-beds and swears he killed not Canby, though admitting he is responsible for his death.

How much is there of you, the amount of soul, is the question. Quantity is quality, — as Jesus came for our abundant life. I will tell you who will live longest, says the man with the spirometer and lifting index on the Common. To authentic merit what does echo or detraction signify? After exquisite handling and bowing of the violoncello, one said: *I make no pretensions in music, so there is nothing for anybody to take away.* Let us hold flattery and slander at an equal rate. The vertical beam is better than the shadow of reputation

that lengthens as the sun sinks low. Nobility is insensibility to opinion. The actor, absorbed in his part, does not hearken for the clap or forsake his impersonation one moment to acknowledge applause. The little boy, drilling a brick with a nail, said he was only making believe; and Joseph Jefferson's make-believe as Rip Van Winkle is more substantial than the whole character of one who lives with an eye to effect. Overcome with causes or ideas, one is indifferent to consequences. When a man, earnest for a certain measure, was told his good name had been called in question, he answered that he cared not for his name. It must look out for itself; but he was not going to have his bill defeated.

But the claim of any question must be measured; first, by the faculties it employs. To discriminate properties of spirit requires the highest parts. It is a nice and honorable task to classify animals, to reckon the age of the globe and the date of man upon it, to learn how the coral reefs were reared, and what fine insect-dividers rounded the Pacific lagoons, to fix the cause and rate of motion of icebergs and glaciers, to reconstruct the vessels that transported the boulders, and chisels that scratched the primeval rock, to map altering zones of climate and belts of animal and vegetable life, to see the entire fish in one of its scales, to discover the liquid or frozen circle of the pole, or the hard or liquid centre of the globe. What senses, understanding, memory and logic such studies require! But a greater gift of rarer exercise, is in the observer as his own object. We complain of the naturalist if he leaves out himself and abdicates the human distinction. The beast can-

not turn round and look within. No animal invented or comprehends the use of a mirror, though the cock struts, and the peacock spreads his tail beside the glassy lake. Animals perceive and arrange certain phenomena. When the red columbine holds down its trumpet-cup, the bee climbs into it from beneath. The ant is an architect adapting his house to the site. The horse chooses his road in the dark, through intricate woods, when the driver, at his wit's end, throws the reins on his neck. He reasons about signs of danger on his way. The steed in my barn stops at his supper to consider noises and sights, and with nose and tongue informs me of his appreciation. The chamois, animated snow-flake on the sunlit slope, needs no railing to keep it from falling from the crags. The cow in the pasture lays out the grounds of her confidence more precise than a surveyor's chain. If the peck for the colt is in one hand, the halter in the other must be held behind the back. But all these creatures give small token of ability to reflect or act on themselves. They are nearer relations to the scientist than to the artist or the seer. The sheep-dog is a strategist or marshal, but not of the family of poets or saints. No usher at a concert, or drill-sergeant in a muster-field, in assigning places, resisting intrusion, and roping in the ranks, could excel this four-legged assistant to whom the shepherd delegates offices beyond his own skill. But in his range of power he is hemmed in, as by crooked lines on the hill-side is his woolly charge. Are there signs of obeisance in the faithful servant that guards his master's wagon and goods, or watches at the door, and like a born aristocrat can tell a beggar from a prince, and sort

out fine clothes from rags? If man be the dog's god, what a poor figure of deity compared with that, our feeling after which is nobler than gazing through any microscopic lens or astronomic tube! A certain preacher goes every day into a room without pictures or books; and his household know not how he spends the hour. I was told of an essayist, that he improves his time in an empty chamber musing alone. Some Holy of Holies, entrail of Jewish temple, minaret of mosque, corner of the dwelling, David's palace-top, Peter's house-roof, Isaac's ramble, seclusion from all flesh, even one's own, the soul needs for its search. Beyond outward expeditions and explanations, it uses a loftier faculty than in tracing orbits above, or boring the crust below, or trawling shells from the muddy bottom of the deep. You scorn the mystic piety in vain! Declare with Mansell or Hamilton that the Infinite and Unconditioned cannot be grasped, the spirit witnesseth with our spirit still. Jonathan Edwards proves necessity; but we know we are free, said Dr. Johnson, and that is the end of it. The divine self-consciousness in the human breast waits not for logical sufferance. The prayer-gauge dangles in a fathomless sea. What is the world but an abstract impossibility? Yet, said Galileo, it moves, though nobody can explain the first push; and the creatures theology calls worms, soar and sing as imps and embryos of seraphs. In disappointment and distress, creeping from the dusty cage of the cradle to the grave, as ants from one grain of sand to another, we claim to be akin with the Eternal. This reappearing faculty cannot be dismissed as a

fancy, — nor will be subordinated or outgrown. It is our sublimest force.

But while inward seeking employs the best powers, it finds the clearest answers. Physiology is deputy, but not chief justice. I cannot analyze the sentiment which, like magnetism, pervades the world, but I feel its support at every step. —

Himself from God he could not free.

Atheism professed is only rejection of some definition. But what least thing, that we are drawn by, can we define? With what graduated trust the heifer steps till she licks my hand, and lets me pinch her neck and play with her budding horns! Is there no reality in the relation because it is not understood? When the train thunders along, I see a process no more genuine, however easier to state in terms.

A principle cannot be verified by what is below it, and Infinity has no certificate. Yet it is one motion in many things, — the wind, the smoke, the cloud, the tide, swaying branches and waving grass, the moon getting the start of the sun in their blue circus, the opening leaves and blossoms, the summer-beam at play with the shadow or under the stream, the pencil in my hand and the throb in my heart, yonder thread of the moon hauling the sea to its highest point in tides of a double miracle each day beyond the passage of the Jordan, the water turning to wine in a thousand vineyards, and a millionfold more than was held in those Hebrew jars; all movement, but no mover? That is "the breath without lungs." How many proverbs hint the personal force! *Handle it*

with care or it will hurt somebody: if I come I shall be worst devil of all, and there will be damages to pay: beware of the thirdsman; — such sayings suggest something more potent than any powder; so sharp that every general truth touches me in all my relations. What preacher but has had surprises of irritating hearers he never thought of, who supposed they were aimed at by the bow drawn at a venture. Every random bullet strikes. I once expounded good and bad temper from a Scripture text, under the title of *The Two Winds*, and raised a tempest about my own ears. *The devil is here; I mention no names*, said the radical sage, peering round with his blue eyes. What fatality arrested the glance at one spot! What audacity in a perception! One compliments an adversary of his cause as Satan, with the coolness of classifying a bug. I held up the standard of chastity, and nominated nobody; yet I was reproved as referring to a particular scandal. A candidate for preëminent license at once appeared. Induction leads to deduction, and truth is never more vague than electricity in a thunderbolt. Hearing the clap, we wonder where it fell. The pungent orator is asked why he cannot talk about something else than justice; it is so personal. *It gets into families.* It is the sword sundering houses Jesus brought. Let us have the doctrine of charity, the wounded cry, as if kindness and equity were not the same, or anything could be such a pest as dissolute love! A rotting lily, others as well as Shakespeare have noticed, makes a worse odor than withered grass. The smell of hay is pleasant, — not of the churchyard or the morgue. The censor has heat, but no hate, —

necessity drives him. All must be searched. Obsequious writers and conspirators of guilt rush to the sinner's defence. Society is a joint-stock company to protect certain crimes. He must be an unquestionable villain who, when he is acquitted, is not cheered. Nevertheless, the self-executing statute will fetch us all to our knees. Not at the individual, but the evil it aims.

No philosophy can cover our experience. The "golden vials, full of odors, which are the prayers of saints," were mined, and wrought, and filled, where no mariner sailed or geologist went down. The *Beautiful Soul*, in Goethe's chapter of her *Confessions*, declares that the power she sought never failed; and what history of Gibbon or treatise of Paine outweighs such an artist's romance? Milton's "Live Coal," or "Sweet Refreshing," is as good evidence as any of Darwin's analogies, and has no gaps of imperfect record to be filled. Is it to any materialist, or to Raphael, Michael Angelo, Dante, and Shakespeare, we go for a fine touch? The blaze of the sun, and of him who casts it for a shadow, may dazzle and hinder sight; yet what but some response to every wronged sufferer explains the miracles of patience on crosses, amid faggots, under noose and axe, which make so tawdry the blasting of a barren fig-tree, and the money in a fish's mouth? Who but must repeat Christ's composure beneath accusation heavier than the beams he bore to Calvary? In a curious experiment with glass tubes one sound is made to still another which it meets on the way; and our voice, encountered by the divine, dies without a murmur in our throat. What

unseen hand holds back that we would raise for a blow, so that the boy Theodore Parker cannot strike the turtle? Say what sceptics will, books of martyrs and sentences of old devotion are no counterfeit or play; and what Tauler or Thomas-à-Kempis wrote is worth reading, as well as the Report of the British Association. I know not about the warm circumpolar sea; only that amid field-ice of misfortune, and at the frosty centre of friends' indifference, is navigable water and a temperate clime,— in the heart and axis of the world's aversion, and under the six months' night of unpopularity, is light like that of the curious substance the condition of whose shining is pitch dark.

The supersensual things alone are of intrinsic moment. We can get along without knowing about North-west passage or spontaneous generation, development or evolution, our chronological kinship to angel or brute. But when, like Othello, we are "perplexed in the extreme," or "the world has been too many for us," as to dying Tulliver, in the tale; when love becomes enmity, and confidence is cool, and the earth is a blind alley, and our way, like Job's, is hid and hedged up till a curse lights on the day of our birth, and we hunt round for the grave, then insanity is not knowing which way to turn, and suicide is inability to take it, or our conclusion that there is none to take. But not a case of calamity in which interior perception is not poise and peace. Call it delusion and *unscientific*, yet the man says: No matter, be it sunlit hill to tread, or valley of the shadow of death to totter down, I have a staff more than my own strength. Max Müller affirms language as the distinction between man

and beast; if any animal could name its own place in the scale, as a horse or dog, it would be a man, and the line erased. If an animal had the consciousness which words of devotion express, the balance for flight of the soul when the body fails, it would be an angel. It is all perception. Wait till you have proved the God you lean on, and the heaven you go to? It is atheism, not only actual, but on principle, to subject the Divine Being to the test of our sense or understanding. It asks not leave of them to be, or be believed in. Their hill-top is not high enough for any Moses to see Canaan from. I can wait for your answer to my question, your appearance at the station, or return from the door; but some things I cannot wait for. John Quincy Adams, dying, says: *This is the last of earth; I am composed.* He must give this trust who has it! I talk with my sick friend, for whom life and death hang a doubtful beam; but the swaying does not reach her fearless mind. How is she so strangely even for either fate? From no influence of church or priest; she has heard no public prayer which was not an offence. Her state avouches itself. Only insolence cross-questions tranquillity. I die content, said the expiring saint. But I wanted to get your views of death, answered the parson, so stout and well-fed. Turn the dogmatist out of doors, and let the saintly mother die in peace! Leave her to her assumption, as the Virgin was left. Every thinker starts somewhere from a position granted which he did not establish. Is matter your first term? But who and what are *you* that make it such? Does matter observe matter, or do you despair of self-knowledge? Have you come out of the clod

you survey? To ask is to answer the question. Fancy what you mean by matter interrogating itself!

No prospect seems essential to this trust. Shall a thread of recollection knit the earth-life to the indubitable immortality of love and truth? It is an interesting question, but not the first. Confidence in the Power that made us is the inner robe, and future expectation the overcoat. Is the Maker bound in justice to give us another chance? I have had my pay in advance. But there seems some mistake in the handwriting if here be the end; for the invitation includes more than a seat at the board. If God deceive us, says Goethe, it is well. But I would rather lose my existence than for him my respect, and so cannot think heaven a mirage, or see Tantalus on the circle of the sky, or fancy "false waters of thirst" in the river I drink from, or imagine the promises fading rainbows without one solid arch, or anticipate a bursting of the universal credit in final bankruptcy, while led into more than I hoped by every lure from the mines of the earth, treasures of the sea, glories of the firmament, or faculties of the soul. The notes of God have eternal date, and do not run on time. Calculation diminishes with multiplication of days and years. Immortality does not dawn. It overleaps all to-morrows; it makes each one part of the whole. I do not entertain the question of duration more than God does. He must have lost his eternity before he could query about it. *What has he to do with it*, was the answer to one marvelling that Ephraim Peabody referred not to dying. Nothing concerns the spirit but growth, of which it doubts not more than does a flower or tree. "In my

Father's house are many mansions"; plenty of room! Said Channing, minds do not, like plants, interfere. The base does not choke the noble seed. The self-sown oaks under my window dwarf the worthless vegetation; and against errors ideas prevail. Goethe would have another body because he had so faithfully studied in the first. But love is a stronger reason that our author will fight the battle we seem to lose. One thing, affection always extinguishes doubt. Yet duty before destiny! These people, says Rubinstein, who ask *where from* and *where to*, I find it difficult to be with. "There are questions, but no answers," he replies, when the album is offered for him to write in. Not *how* or *why*, not *where* or *when*, but *what* is the true inquiry. If, as said the Northman, we are but birds at night that fly through a festive hall among the lamps from darkness into darkness, what shall we be or do while we stay? That scientist's relations to his wife, you tell me, were scandalous. What signifies then his dredging the sea, timing the glaciers, tracing the granite-scratches, or measuring the frosty nightcap seen through the millennial winter by the sphere! What care we for your specialty? Your *deportment* is more than your *department*. To the dispute about the origin and composition of conscience my rejoinder is: Are you conscientious? A man tells us where he got his tool or machine at a bargain; but of more concern is how does he use or run it? The battered vessel that has paid for herself is finer than the racing yacht that after her profitless cruise fires off her vainglorious gun. I wish, said my rock-blaster, they would put the powder where it might do some good! I admire your

inlaid table less than the pine board you feed me from; and prize the woollen shawl I wore to the Danube, beyond the silk brocade that hung all the while in my garret. Professor Fowler has examined your head and finds the developments magnificent. But unless for good use, the skull the anatomist lectures from is of more value. The teller pays your indorsed note; but the Lord will protest that of unhallowed pleasure whatever companions had their share. Not *whence* I came, but *what* I become, is the question. No matter about far-off cousins; let a gorilla be my ancestor if I love God and serve my kind! In Shakespeare's play the strong-limbed Bastard asks a blessing on his unknown progenitor, and scorns as a cipher the lawful heir. *Sweetness and Light*, a *sweet reasonableness*, are the phrases Matthew Arnold rings all the changes on, for what we want in State and Church. But, as burdocks and brambles grow in the angles of the temple-walls, so how the bigot and fanatic thrive, sour and sharp within, watering the weeds, not the flowers, of their minds! I found it hard to clear a thicket of the thorny smilax; but the bull-briar of censoriousness is tougher to extirpate. That cultivator with his lawn, garden, and greenhouse, has raised everything but himself into a gentleman. He is a cactus that has not yet blossomed. Did the man that aimed his gun at night by mistake at one of his own family reflect that all creatures are our relations? Had the landlord who ignorantly warned off the Boston Mayor with his distinguished guest from his avenue, read his Bible about entertaining in strangers angels unawares? Human ungraciousness is no grace of God! We distinguish

quality; but why run from toads and snakes, or say you like not a dog and cannot endure a cat? There are worse things in you to which you have no antipathy. My farmer pulled the long, yellow roots of a prickly barberry-bush from the clefts of a blasted ledge many feet below the surface, and said, If it had been anything good it would never have grown so. Do you call gentleness and courtesy flowers? But the handsomest flowering thing is an apple-tree; and winning manners imply delightful deeds.

Quality, or what we are, is more than what we think of God or Christ. Deny them wholly, yet you are dearer to them both than the stiff believer, if you work more by the love, without which faith is refuse. When Luther called James's Epistle straw, it would seem, unless he could see the flail in motion, he cared not for the threshed wheat. Though he doubted thy being, said Theodore Parker of the dead atheist, yet he kept thy law; and if such righteousness be filthy rags, let the saints have all the clean old rotten linen of creed to themselves! Through underrating morals, immorality creeps into the church till no charge of corruption hurts a man's standing if he interpret the atonement and trinity right. So let us say, character first, destiny afterwards. Vain is belief without worth, though the worthless corse be followed with the interminable cortège of a Celtic funeral. The soul is a stereoscope, in which some one behind handles the slides, for we cannot account for the pictures. The dullest of us is under control and in a trance; why talk of a few inspired persons? I am a servant, soldier, minute-man, with no concern what the disposition of me shall be.

He that made me must look out for his own investments, for he understands his own interest. Having a good understanding with him, I am in no trouble about my end; nor shall I advise the head of the house as to his business. He knows his own constitution best, said one, of the beast he was was swiftly borne by; let the power that carries me keep its own pace, whether I travel forever or be dropped on the ground.

But why is God in his being and purpose so hid? Why has your child's toy secret chambers and springs, but that he may search them out? Heaven teases us with the inquisitiveness we torment each other with, that the spur for progress may not fail. But let us be silent where we do not comprehend. God must dislike being mentioned so often and talked about so much. When a zealot declared at much length the possibility of perfection, a good woman said: Do you not think there are excellent people who say nothing about it? The devoutest worship never had speech, sabbath or shrine, because what is unseen, unspoken, and unheard, is the genius of divinity. As doves are scared by noise, and the fairies fled at a step, the Holy Ghost is not happy in our orders of service, and abides no long prayer. He comes not at sound of bell, and waits not for the conclusion of the liturgy. As some great man shuns the blazing reception, and drives round some other way, so the Lord is a private person, and retires to your closet for an interview. All earthly relations are unsatisfactory, because he is our satisfaction. Was any mortal ever content with his fellow or friend? *How I adored that man or woman*, is the bitter cry after the disillusion, which is common as the

illusion or Oriental *Maya* that wraps all. But what a shallow heart that any mortal can fill! Ask me not to trust you wholly; confide not utterly in me, for every line of human love touches bottom, and we are off soundings only in the deep blue water of his goodness. You were wounded to the quick by some slight? What business to be so wounded, when he, the invulnerable, is your quick! No peace but at the centre. Disgusted with old parties, we form new; and now what good times we shall have with this governor and that radical leader to put a new face on Church and State! Sing jubilee: for the incorruptible have met at last, — to develop, how soon, fresh jealousies and low aims. So Jesus did not commit himself to men, knowing what was in man. Be no partisan, however nicknamed; for God is of no party. No Eden but the serpent crept into, and never paradise enclosed without that trail and temptation. A worthy clergyman said: I have identified myself with my church. But with no ministry, or membership, or Christian name can we stop, following the finger that beckons and the foot that moves without pause. Napoleon called Madame de Staël a *phraseuse*. So is every talker. I must rely on myself, on the self, on the rectitude of my intentions and whispers of duty in my breast, and nobody shall fix, nor will I fashion my final creed. A wealthy citizen frankly proposes to buy a doctrine in a neighboring institution for a hundred thousand dollars. But as Simon Magus could not purchase the Holy Ghost, so the Episcopal trustees choose not to have their faith quoted with Erie, the Ocean Telegraph, and Hoosac Tunnel, and doubt about transmuting gains of

successful speculation into the gold of the temple. Let the stones in Bunker Hill monument honestly stay which Fanny Ellsler danced up with the charity of her flying feet; but no purse can confine the Real Presence to the body and blood of Christ; and when we try to construe Christianity by a vote, we forget how our religion would have been sold out at its birth, and could be bought out now by any majority or plurality rule. One seeker with news of God and tidings from heaven, tingling from the telegraph that terminates in a loving and lowly heart, outbids every decree of the synod. When I see people following their leaders in a convention or association so meekly, I think of the string of horny fishes, called horse-shoes, in the waters of a shallow beach, attached one to another in nice gradation of size, the largest drawing all the rest at his tail. Let us decline being tugged and towed like a boat at some steamer's stern in spiritual mendicancy. Think and act for yourself. We have heard enough how religion soothes, let us know how it urges! The sheep in the pasture, the ruminating ox and cow, are quietists; the slow-footed horse I hired must have been contemplative; and these inefficient saints cannot be or have the salt in themselves Jesus spoke of, who do not earn the salt in their bread. How we are hurt by the notion of God's rest on the seventh day, doing nothing since the world was made, six thousand years ago, and after the Hebrew and Christian canon was closed, unable to open his mouth! Old texts and transactions suffice not for present food. I heard a sermon on the Bethany pictures, putting Mary's trust above Martha's work. But I said Martha's was fret-

work, and Mary in that establishment was the main-stay, who could not take off her hand but all went wrong. Oh, holy preacher, do you think it worth your while to disparage morals with these scandals in your church? Neglect not in your doctrines current events! Labor and capital, temperance, communism, free love, not circumcision, passover, and meat offered to idols, are our questions. While a man calls mistress the woman over whose property and person he plays tyrant and master; while a woman puts vanity for humility, and proves that if the good of her sex are the credit of God's work, the unreasonable female is the most tormenting thing in his creation; and while parental obedience is the millennium for which all juvenility looks and longs; while young men declared they did not wish to extend the list of their female acquaintances, and young America himself is as great a trial as the girl of the period, we certainly see our own stint before us. But all disappointment is direction to the unfailing good, as the drought that turns the ditch into an ash-heap, and prints the cattles' hoofs into the baked clay, drives us to the deeper wells. Anything lost, how we seek for, be it a child for which the town-crier once rang his bell, a missing man or vessel, Sir John Franklin or the crew of the Polaris, or the young woman lured away from home. With what agony I sought after the sleeve-button in the clefts, and the ring that had dropped from my finger in the rocking ship! An amethyst fell from a bather's hand. At once its worth was magnified a hundred times. Had it been swept into a crevice of the rock, or carried down the beach, or wrapped by the rolling

waters in the green moss, or covered with the slime out of which "the monsters of the deep are made," or buried beneath the surface, or disguised by the hue of some film, or hid in a bubble of wind-blown foam! In many ways and foul places and strange winding-sheets on the ocean of life is purity lost, and the search for it as vain. But while we seek, we are sought for. Every earthly thing is figure. We admire the experiments with light! Yet, if we stop with mirrors and crystals, if no emblem come of "the light that never was on land or sea," no hint of a rectilinear life, no reflection of the beauty of which the sun-rays are pigments and every shadow the frame, and no thought of the "Eternal coeternal, beam," for what do the apparatus and manipulation of Newton or Tyndall serve? Ruskin says no picture satisfies which does not let us out into the horizon; and I imagine life with Greek senses and an earth rich as Egypt by the Nile would be desolate and melancholy without the fathomless sky. No ecstasy but in this endless reach. I sit on a log in the sand, and gaze at the smooth sea-line broken by the uneven rim of wooded hills with a transport which no feast or flattery, drive or journey, can impart. It is the touch of that Immensity which the metaphysician affirms it illogical to assume and impossible to apprehend. If light is but matter, it is nought.

Obligation has but this unbounded basis; and pure intellect without the moral sentiment loses its charm. If no law but utility, no sanction but expediency. But the immeasurable is the sting of enterprise and makes sacrifice the only joy. For why talk of the sacredness

of human life, if the human creature be but a longer-lived fly? The parricide has but diverted the course of a fluid, which Séquard restored to the decapitated dog and refused to bring back to the guillotined criminal. There are three ways of dying: by nature, murder, and suicide. But many cases, put under the first head, belong to the second and third. The Chinese executioner goes through the condemned chamber, each victim bending his neck as he passes to the swinging sword, till the floor is covered with the remains. O defrauder, fornicator, untrusty guardian, cruel parent, cross partner, unfilial child, the innocent, venerable and true-hearted fall at your not more generous because less sudden stroke. Yet still as ever, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." If sceptics point to abounding iniquity and insist on our hopeless case, the answer is Beauty; no desolate shore, muddy creek, wild desert, terrible gorge or frowning cliff but shines and runs over with it to entrance the visitor's eye and tempt the artist's brush; and when the vision fades at night, the strange piper, that made the chimney melodious scores of years ago, to the child sitting up in bed to listen, comes to whistle again. If we cannot see or hear, it is for want of an eye for beauty or ear for music. Nature always beckons us with her spectacle, and like the summons of a trumpet is her sound. Why has God put into us this love of adventure but that we may advance? A follower of Garibaldi confessed it was no political doctrine or love of his chief that made him covet wounds and face death, but the passion for an active life.

Truth is the detective from which it is futile to hide.

Wandering on the beach where the melancholy and accusing sea casts up proofs of disaster or crime, a broken oar, unshipped tiller, keel or keelson, spiked plank, torn sail or splintered spar, caboose from the deck or mattress cleansed by the salt waves of plague, ship-fever or small-pox, I found one day, an article more rare, a coarse bag strongly sewed at the top. I lifted it; it was not heavy. I felt of it; it seemed soft at the side. I shook it; a metallic ring came out to my ear. I laid it down on the sand, and surveyed it carefully, doubting if I would examine it any more. I fancied in it carpenters' tools or some singular treasure in peril of man or nature thrown or wrenched from some reluctant hand, and I lifted it again. I took my knife from my pocket, and with trembling nerves began to cut at the twine that bound it at the mouth; but found it difficult to sunder the many twists and turnings of the painstaking, complicated knot. I pressed my fingers a little harder at the spot where it had clinked before; they met firm, sharp corners, as of bricks. Then a fear came over me alone there in the blowing wind and rising tide, as the gust seemed like a ghost invisibly to figure the passions so gigantic and fitful of the human mind; for I said, some living creature has been fastened in, like victims solidly mortared into convent-walls, to be smothered in the deep which has refused its burden, and borne it weary leagues back toward the door whence it came. I shut my blade and dropped the weight, that dismally increased in my hold, again among the pebbles. Let who will, I asseverated, discover the secret; here my investigation stops. Even curiosity is in suspense. Yet what swelling interest

in the small package still! The whole sky overhung it; the whole ocean had vomited it on the land. Some one knows, God knows its meaning if I dread to know. I leave it in its mystery on the shore, will not carry it home. Shortly after searched for by my road-builders, it had disappeared unaccountably as it came. But I felt it reaching by unseen cords tougher than the needle had drawn through its web to what sail afar, to what secluded haunt or house on a distant coast, to what past act and future reckoning? It was meant to go to the bottom; but the world of waters rose retributive to fling it on the strand. Had it sunk it would not have been from God's eye or man's answer. Nothing can be covered. The universe is glass. Whispers in the ear shall reverberate in galleries; steps in closets and chambers resound over continents. What you are you shall appear; what you do you will be judged by; what you said you have not heard the last of. Absolve thee to thyself, wouldst thou have God absolve thee.

II.

THE SEER.

MAN is an animal, yet not beast, but covert angel, showing his difference from the simple creature in every act of his life. The brute sweats, the human being perspires, has even in a passive process some profundity, intelligence and will. Fish and fowl have eyes; yet rather look than see. They do not properly behold us, but observe enough to fear and flee. We are ghosts to them, but not they to us. They as well as we can gaze and stare, but not discern as we can without sight. The sage speaks with shut mouth more than fools with their loquacity; and the seer notes with closed eye. The eagle and vulture are keen and far-sighted, yet have not vision. What matters whether the hutch, kennel, coop or stable be set in a hollow or on a hill; the inhabitant shows no sign of being therefore better or worse off, cannot appreciate the picture, has no eye for beauty or love of nature. But how we dispute as to the comparative advantages of our several city, rural, sea-side situations, and select with care and compass the site where to build; be our taste for some picturesque nook, for land and water, a cosy frame to fetch distant views, as in a stereoscope

under our eye, or a hill-top that shall show flood and field, sunrise and sunset, the rising and retiring storm in every cloud and scud, and the immense horizon-line jagged with billows and woods. I have been treating of that seeking which makes inquest of the universe; and of this the eye is organ and type. There is no such traveller. Save in sleep, it keeps perpetual watch. I have noticed when I sat still in my boat, gull and curlew would fly or light near me without terror, and not seem to know there was a man, though wild duck or pigeon are supposed able to recognize a gun. Yet it is motion, especially swiftness and noise, by which their alarm is excited or attention drawn. But how little, albeit silent, escapes the human eye, which discriminates forms that the animal confounds. How slowly the horse learns there is no danger in the train and no mischief brewing in the stir of the thicket at the road-side, or hostile intent in the rustle and sudden darting of wings. The human eye is on an endless journey; yet how pleased at many an inn to stop! Dwellers on the shore confess that by an unbroken view of the open sea, however sublime and refreshing at first, they are after awhile wearied and oppressed. The incalculable laughter, as the Greek poet called it, of the waves, becomes a monotony and melancholy at last. The eye rests with delight on the island or coast-line, and in the everlasting circle of the main is like the dove over the deluge that found no rest for the sole of her foot. What an ark to it is every rock! Every stable object gives to our sight the sort of comfort we have in sitting down when our feet are tired. Our eye lights on every sail that animates and diversifies the

deep. Had the sea not been so bridged with boats, it would revolt us, and we should refuse to contemplate it, or only regard it as a hostile power, and, like John in Patmos, long for a world where there would be no more of it. But there go the ships, which humanize the waste and make it winsome, as caravans do the desert and emigrant-wagons the prairie. I suppose the oasis in Sahara has scarce more value to slake the thirst than to satisfy the eye saluted so long with nothing but the whirling sand, through whose ocean the camel is the ship.

The seer is he who discovers and asks us to consider what is fixed and abiding on the restless ocean of life, the landmarks of the way, what features do not shift and stars do not set. What the spiritual reality-seeker has glimpses of the seer surveys; and though the sight fail him, to have used it once is enough. If Canaan appear to Moses from Mount Nebo, or the Pacific to the Spaniard "from a peak in Darien," or the Mediterranean to the traveller on Mont Blanc, or the Atlantic to one on Mount Washington, or the outlying American shore to Columbus or the Scandinavian sailor, it is in the range of sight, and when circumstances favor will appear again; and one certain view of God and Heaven countervails weary years of ignorance and doubt. The astronomer is not so sure that the planet or comet whose orbit has been determined will swim punctually back as the thinker is that his subjects will recur, beyond the compass of the brazen tube or too subtle for the crossing hairs on the transparent lens. The test of the seer is to take his initiative not from other advice, or man's opinion, but

original disclosure of fact. Milton makes his blindness the theme of his song because of what shines within; and of all satisfaction sight is the prime requisite. It was what the boys lacked who loosened their boat and went over the cataract; and we say of the general who lost the battle, that he first lost his head. Some bad passion leaps on the engine and grasps the throttle-valve, but, seeing the situation, you will creep out and pitch it from its seat. The perception is what we want. We have bread enough and to spare. The corn and wheat are up, commerce with its forcing-pump lifts abundance to every poverty-stricken hill, and lightning makes contracts which steam fulfils to equalize conditions and upset every throne; the only drawback and debenture is in our sin. How hide murder, robbery, and adultery in the trustees of our virtue, with our Fourth of July din and scream and cannonade, or toasting "our country right or wrong"? A wail worse than from any accident in the discharge of the guns will arise and salute our ears after the reading of the old Declaration, and when the jubilant orator is done. Let us honor the seers who impart intelligence, not the flatterers who nurse our conceit. A nation, as for its fatherhood, leans on citizens of positive power, the *plus* in mathematics, who do not say Yes to our weak proposals, but put us to our trumps with their question, confound our insolence with their silence, and refute our errors with their speech, and are radicles of a new growth of better judgment and conduct. We refer to the man of habitual elevation as to a chronometer that keeps sidereal time. He is a medium to whom the community is a circle, and never comes out of his trance,

but is a revelation of perpetual salubrity and surprise. He shocks us, indeed; but like the thunder-cloud, to cleanse. Give me a text, said a dull preacher to Father Taylor. It would be too hot for you to hold, answered the pastor of North Square. The reformer is personal, and calls names no more than the truth does. Is that so cool, or a burning flame? When a statesman had his feelings hurt by legislative censure, a reformer must take care of his feelings, answered our experienced Anti-Slavery Iron-clad, whose hull had been so battered and never pierced. But do not whistle away a man's good name? Let the man look out for his own good name! If it go by his hypocrisy and hidden shame, what will all our pity and protection avail? Parents cannot shield children, or husbands wives, or parishioners their priest from ill-repute of misdeeds; nor will any pleasing qualities cover up vice. If they could, it were our standard and example. Weep over the coffin of a man's virtue; but pretend not a living body lies on the bier! The obligation of veracity, though it touch sworn friends and darlings of your bosom, is a bond that cannot be torn. He is not a Christian, said a pious woman of one who had dealt sharply with a truckling priest. But the censor was a sheriff, a magistrate that bore not the sword in vain. Doubt my logic; but you must not gainsay my sight! Galileo yields in words the point he reaffirms under his breath, and Cranmer burns off his base signature, hand and all. Moral perception is all. With the fool we can do nought, as we can neither keep nor cast away a bad statue of Webster, Everett or Mann. I would like, said an artist, to pull down with a rope

some dark night those squirming trellises at front doors; but there they stay. At all silliness, gods and men are defeated and confused. The showman could safer trust his little elephant or Asiatic tiger than his idiot out. But they that see must testify. Oh, dear friend, I can do anything but lie for you! Who can look a once-discovered planet out of the sky? No easier will it be to wipe out the footprints at Harper's Ferry or forget the words drowned with fife and drum or choked on the scaffold. The halter has become an emblem as well as the cross; and the seer and doer shall be in honor, whether Brown, the friend of the slave, or Bergh, the prophet of the beast. There is no escape from infamy and no accident in fame. *This* the soldier that insulted you, said Cristophe to the American captain, — cutting off his head at the word. As certain however a less summary decree is after us all. It will be justified by the facts. All God's notes are payable at sight. Speak what is: "*It is so*," is the reply, as the mate answers the master with the quadrant aboard ship, word for word; and once beholding convinces us we shall never cease to behold. Under some obscure disease of the brain the intellect goes out in my friend, and he leads an animal life. But the sight is latent and potential, not extinct. The candle, dropped from its stick, shall be lifted and lighted again in a more lasting socket; for, though we talk of end and death and eternal rest, everything moves: there is nothing but motion; and motion is heat, and heat is light, and light is sight. What I do not see, or want to have seen, is seen with whatever smile at my preposterous hiding, or frown at my shallow denial.

There are eyes from which no bed or closet or chimney can conceal. Victim of detraction? I will not believe slander was ever any man's ruin. God does not leave goodness and truth at the mercy of malice. That person has a right to throw stones — said a noble woman — because none ever hit him, and he cannot throw them wrong.

Let us educate and adjust the eye. The first idea is sacred that occurs as we leave God's hand and lift the curtain of his tent after sleep, and no evil passion has waked up or project been revived. Cherish the morning-vision in the morning glow, and look on the world when the sun begins to look. They who lie and slumber late while the dew of beauty is drunk up from wood and field, seem to live in a land "where it is always afternoon," and take a secondary and sleepy view, not catching sight of the whole. The front of the procession has passed by! Genius is integrity of vision, seeing for myself, and seeing God in me, and having no Son of God see for me. I was pleased with the doctor who, first using the stethoscope to ascertain the disease, put it also to the ear of the most intimate friend of the patient to hear and know for himself the exact spot of trouble; and, though we cannot comprehend the creation in one glance, we have genuine disclosure of part by part. How trivial, said an art-lover, when I get into the studio, seems all going on outside! All the world existed for her brush. She was right: the universal glory can be put on a bit of oiled cloth; and only he who thinks it can so be caught will hold the magic pencil in his hand. Be it painting or music, or the pen, this direct absorbing vision, instead of

imitation, makes the difference between talent and inspiration, what we can and cannot measure. "They are apes," said one, of the negroes; their boasted music is borrowed like their broadcloth costume. But the ape is white as well as black; only the copyist of nature and divinity shows what came by no monkey-descent. But all the talent is nonsense unless it represent what is and exists without beginning or end. So individual is the human look, that a countenance once seen is never forgot. "Do your eyes," said one, "grow bluer, drops of sky, because you are anxious?" But aspects of truth are more enduring. They are glimmerings of the face of God, whose features change not, however seen, dimly or by turns; and what is atheism but to deny there is any immanence or performance to observe or record? The illusionists say there is no surety, that we see nothing as it is, and our ideas are moonshine. But is moonshine less solid than the bank it sleeps on, or sunbeam less firm than the earth, or lightning frailer than the lightning-rod, or a thought more fugitive than sense? What is the world but a conductor? Science finds force in elements that yard-sticks cannot span or scales weigh; symbols of principles finer still; for as the Pyrenees and Himmaleh peaks, Capes Horn and Good Hope, stay on map and globe for successive students and visitors, so these supernal things shift not. They are pictures on exhibition; features of the universe: we go to them with less doubt than to Niagara or the White Hills; for no flood wears away their basin and no storms crumble their structure into interval-dust.

But there are conditions of this beholding: first,

some original quality in the seer. He is not appointed like an army officer, nominated like a chief justice, or confirmed in any senate. If he be ambassador, it is with an inward despatch. Only historic projection makes the call to Moses seem to be on the mountain or in the air. His zeal was the burning-bush. No phosphoric blaze but the moral sentiment made his face so intolerable to the idolatrous Israelites that they required a veil; and every countenance that rebukes our wrong repeats their experience. What ignorant orthodoxy preached to me that grace and salvation must come from without ourselves, as one picks a huckleberry? This is bad religion aggravated by poor philosophy. Jesus heard no summons in the sky before he set foot on the earth, and never beheld God outside, at whatever remote point or gigantic elevation. His interior was the firmament that resounded and kindled beyond the sparkling vault; love and conscience his stars; sun and moon tapers in his hand. Were he better flung out as a meteor than unfolded as a flower, or more precious as a violation than an evolution of law? His root from a dry ground without form or comeliness, small and spindling to the carnal eye, was to set aside the big beauty of Goliath and Saul. All his flesh served for expression. Those who weigh and measure cannot do or bear most. David was more of a man than the Philistine of Gath. All heavy people can manage is to carry themselves. The "countess" of France was amazed that "weak and writhled shrimp," Talbot, should strike such terror to his enemies. The strongest person I have known had an insignificant look; and no cursory

glance would raise a suspicion what was in Bonaparte or Grant. Wonderful that so small a rod, as is my artist, can conduct so much lightning all the time! A curious contradiction of our superstition of size and stature is in the slightness that often accompanies physical prowess; and it was a superficial remark of Coleridge's friend, that beauty and genius are diseases of the consumptive and scrofulous order. We know not what health or grace is when we confound it with flesh or magnitude. The people who are called well and robust, crumble how often like the clay feet in Nebuchadnezzar's image; but what terrible power for endurance and work lay in that thin frame of Napoleon, despised by the French girl he courted as "puss in boots!" His slenderness was the hydrostatic paradox of a balanced Europe. The rose in the cheek is not so good a sign as the brown complexion which the soldier said gunpowder would not hurt. The soul may be, as Novalis said, an active poison; the fire has to be put out to repair the machinery; and in the flaming spirit love and prayer must sometimes cease and sink into the life of a vegetable or a clam that the burnt organs and strained nerves may be restored; nevertheless, a fine brain vitalizes the form and is a cause of longevity. Doubtless its vivacity and spring cure disease, else fatal in a feebler head. When one regretted that Channing's figure was so sensitive and frail, only on such conditions, answered Nichols, can a Channing be had. What but the spiritual force, we say he was worn out by, prolonged his days? How vexed were Paul's critics at the stir of turning the world upside down from such a weak-voiced and mean-looking man!

Plenty of huge growth of primeval ferns, and in the forest still; but how small a pot puts forth the splendid blossom of human power, which gets its angelic growth by other than outward expanse! Nor is inferiority proved in woman by the physiological argument of less muscular vigor or cerebral weight. Womanhood, in some faculties below manhood, is above it in others; and, if the reform of woman's rights is to prosper, it will be by grace of the intuitive among women, those who see, and not those that scold and call their opponents hard names. They will not be blind to that difference in nature as eternal as its unity; for it is the true womanly that is an everlasting lure. Not loud-voiced, but still leaders prevail in war; Moltke with map and pencil, Grant without an oath. Our sisters are badly officered, if screamers are generals. Joan of Arc comes with her commission from the closet to the field. Educate, says a wise physician, the girl in a girl's way, the boy in a boy's way, for the musical interval of sex rises not from smiting the same chord. Let man and woman report what each sees best, and harmonize by acting both on their sight. But there is no sex in sight: prophet and prophetess are of one sort, a rare species; and I heard one say the only hope for woman is where sex disappears. Not so keen the eagle eye, or the vulture's vision far ahead, as that of the lynx looking deep within. In the same appearance are spectacles how diverse! In a railway train one sees the wondrous weight, so regular and swift, so that in my cupola I measure the time by its first morning passage rather than my Frodsham watch. One marks the glistening axles, the smoky column's lengthening

and retreating arch, and hears the fierce snort of the iron horse answering to the engine-bell. Another gazes in upon the passengers' heads, busily weaving lines to cast from yonder city to the ends of the earth, revolving schemes that reach from Western granaries to Southern markets and European ports. A draft on London goes with that pull of the driving-wheel; a Governor elect is also in the capacious pocket that pays the fare; a coffin lies among the trunks in the baggage-car; fates and fortunes to fetch smiles and tears, a song or groan, are tossed about senseless in that leathern mail-bag, — and once more the paradox is repeated of that interior which includes the exterior view. *John Brown is dead*, is the refrain one party sang. *John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on*, is the hymn of another; but the first doggerel perishes and the second chant endures, because of a man who, amid plenty of anti-slavery zealots and abolition preachers and orators, singled himself out from all the millions for the heroic deed to stamp a saint's immortality.

The next condition of sight is a proper adjustment of the faculties. The dog has quick scent, the bird of prey far sight, the mole and beaver build and mine, at the expense of higher powers; and men sometimes are able, adroit and successful through what is left out of their brain to belittle them. In Schiller's dividing of the world, the merchant, abbot and king are beforehand with the bard; field and fruit, wine and warehouse, bridge and road, tithe and toll, are seized before he arrives for his share; but the door is open for him to visit God. Why should the contemplator envy the

sharper, keen to smell an advantage, or cunning to burrow out a refuge from responsibility, or sly to evade a tax and escape a subscription; and leave on his neighbor's shoulder the load, as I have seen a laborer take the long end of a lever in a barrow of stone? Insight is worth more than profit; but in order to it each power must keep its proportionate place. All the lenses are right in your spy-glass; but pull the joints with careless hand, heedless of the lines that measure exactly the brazen tubes, and land and sea are blank and blind to your straining gaze. Focus must meet focus for the rays to stream so soft and noiseless into and out of, and fetch the picture of shores and ships from the dim horizon, where mingle the great circles of sea and sky; and turn the hazy mirage into clear outline, as though the cliffs towered and woods grew green, and white sails gleamed or darkened on the dancing waves, and the fresh wind blew in the offing just outside your door. The soul is a spy-glass; and distance is but a trick of nature, so that William Blake said,— "*Height of the sky? I touch it with my stick!*" So paradise is no separation. Active faith can bring all heaven before our eyes, and make it the region we are in, not one of those foreign parts, such as we call Russia, China or Japan. Dr. Follen, in America, hearing of his father's decease in Germany, felt at once he had come nearer to him. Death was but the good ship he had taken passage in! Not Spiritualism, but the supposition of spiritless space is the superstition. The universe is no corse adorned with flowers for a funeral, and these immense spangles above shining nails of the hearse. The illusion is that conceit of perception in

which our senses hide more than they show, and hang before reality an impenetrable veil. To the keenest watcher with eyes alone, nature is a harem that shows only curtains, windows, or unglazed walls. Kept out by these shutters of earthly understanding from the heavenly society, the glorious vault is, as Carlyle called it, an awful sight; a dismal picture, if, beyond the plants and animals we put in a row, all is void and dead. What a ghastly thing the cold moon riding on her solitary track, the stars a procession at mournful obsequies, and the sun for the afflicted, as the coaches bear them away, a sad friend waiting officially to see all done properly at the tomb, with none to molest the last sleep! Want of vision parts seen from unseen, and admits the distinction of living and dead. But science verifies the suspicion that animation has no stop. The rock is a swarm. Resurrection quickens every atom. Observation shows in lower creatures hints and rudiments of our mental operations. My horse suspends eating his savory meal to meditate; when he has made out to his satisfaction the meaning of some noise or motion, he proceeds to chew his clover or oats. He licks my hand affectionately till something occurs to draw off his attention, whereupon he informs me he is thinking now, and I must wait for further demonstrations of his regard. To do away with or re-present what is absent is the office of genius. At the burial of a child, a clergyman, not knowing the previous demise of the father, united him with the widow in the prayer. Some thought it spoiled the service, as if it could not come within the dead man's range, with his sometime partner, by any influence

longer to teach and train the offspring that remained! But was not the minister unwittingly correct? Is not this the error, invariably committed, to fancy an impassable gulf which the vanished cannot pass? How politely we call them spirits and angels! But what are their wings for? On what errands and ministries, and how do they go? An engine does not have to climb over the hills, a balloon to roll on the ground, a steamer to go with the wind, a bird to touch a spray of the thicket in its flight; the electric fluid chooses for its road the iron that blocks our mortal way; and those as we say, departed, are not gone, only our eyes are holden. You were late for the procession, and missed the martial or civic sight. But the good company is no showman's troop passing by. Its pace is the perpetual motion. Beyond marvel or figure of magic we see them keep step, and our feet hasten after the chime, as we follow along the sea-beach whose sands make music to the passer's tread.

Another condition of seeing is concentration. Bodily feeling is consummate in the eye. First it is touch in the skin. Rising, it becomes taste in the palate and tongue. A second refinement makes it smell in the nostrils. By a third, more delicate, it becomes hearing in the ears; and one more ascent gives it the polish of sight in the eye. What a curious ladder in the frame, literal elevation of seat measuring the dignity of each successive sense! So inward sight is the top of the mental scale. We say the eye is the intellectual organ, while sensibility is expressed in the mouth. But what sound from the tongue, or movement of lines in the lips, can convey the love, honor or

worship that comes through a look? Take care of your eye if you would hide the secret of your affection! No needle to the pole turns like it to the dear object. Never say how you feel to me; I shall read it in your glance. Bonaparte schooled his looks, and could discharge them of expression; and Louis Napoleon, his reputed nephew, confessed he attempted to do the same. A diplomat said he sat with his back to the light so that the workings of his mind could not be observed in his countenance. Everett's face was marble, and Pierpont's an abstraction, till the hour of warm debate or eloquent delivery came. My sitter, said the portrait painter, wears a solemn appearance; but I trot him up and down in talk, and the mask drops; I find out in him the fox or lion I would paint.

The quality of pleasure is gross in touch, higher in taste, still loftier in smell, further exalted in sound, and culminates in vision. How fugitive and unremembrable is carnal pleasure or pain! But an odor will take you up and waft you on its wings, with shut eyelids, back to your mother's garden, through hundreds of miles and scores of years. A drum and fife, a cannon on the common, will restore the muster-field in your native village. A piece of gingerbread held in my hand, and not eaten, has painted for me my youth, abolished the weary years, made me small and innocent again, and raised old companions from their graves to celebrate with me the day of Independence in a dream. It is glorified as a transubstantiated wafer. The question whether music or painting be the nobler art may be settled by deciding which appeals to the more exalted sense. But there are three

ways of seeing: with our eyes the mechanical shape; through our eyes proportion and relation; and without our eyes, as Abraham saw by faith, and Stephen beheld heaven open through the flying stones. With the naked eye, microscope or telescope, we are observers; but seers only when supernatural objects appear. In the annual tribute to dead soldiers, is it gravestones only we decorate and memorial-halls we dress; or do we see those that never deserted the flag still rally to some noble cause, those on opposite sides here below forming in rank to march at one command?

From concentration, as rubbing sticks together begets a spark, comes interior heat and light. My pianist takes his seat; I watch the musical tide set in on his mind, how intense in aim, one with his tune, indifferent to applause, forgetful of his audience and himself, yet perceptive of sympathy and annoyed by those that whisper or come late, and in his rapture take no share! The fine drops gathering on his brow become a sweat of ecstasy and blissful agony, that falls and glistens on his garments, is flung by his motion into the long, soft hair, whose brown turns to gold in the streaming light, and is like the ointment that ran down Aaron's beard and clothes. He is ignorant of the hard breathing I hear from his dilating nostrils, as he gets more absorbed in his theme, and unconscious of the soft gutturals from his throat that emphasize his strokes. His thumbs come down unawares instead of fingers on the keys he compels to yield what some tremendous passage means. But into what tender touches of forbearance and reserve goes all his strength, like meek plashes of rain after the thunderbolt! He does not

play on the piano, or gamble on its keys; it is sucked to his hands, and is the jet of his soul. He weeps not, but burns; kindles more than he melts, and strikes fire from the strings. Tears are how poor to flames, and reference to self is hinted in their flow; for their affection soon runs into affectation, and in heaven, if not withheld, they are never shed. But the blaze of genius combines the light of reason with the ardor of love in its earnestness to consume weak pathos and leave sentimental luxury behind. So with my performer it was transport alone, the body dropping at last in collapse, as he glided, a spectre, from the room.

Faithfulness is a condition of sight. Do, said Jesus, and you shall know. Experiment reacts to promote invention, be the application made in a mill, road, manufacture, medicine, any art, or the main one of a good life. So fidelity is called a single eye. What means this covenant of men henceforth to cease from backbiting, protect each other's good repute, and crush a common foe? Conscious innocence needs no such joining of hands. When did Christ purchase anybody's silence? The covenants were of Pilate with Herod, and of Judas with the chief priests! Theologians have hurt the moral sentiment in representing God as covenanting to do certain things, or anything, for particular persons as favorites, to which his own nature would not lead. The thought is mean and unspiritual, though the Bible stand sponsor for it in any part. Agreement to stand by each other is the resort of the feeble, aware that they need support; and a promise not to blab the precarious reliance of adulterers and thieves. Purity or safety is alone in the

single eye. The sort of eye tells the sort of soul, be it that evil eye, which is no superstition of wizard or witch, that cursed and killed, or the good eye, which gives the blessing of longevity wherever it may light; and we know beforehand if its silence be a benediction or bane, another's life-insurance or wreck. We say a sister's confidence was abused. The seduction was also her fault. She knew your intent as soon as you! Not forsaken is a woman, but in her own discernment armed of God. She beholds some things like him! Death rides on the blast of pestilence and war, and worse corruption drives the pale horse of passion with your eye-balls for wheels, impure deeds in the vehicle, and bloody hands on the reins. Expel sin from the body, you expel it from the soul. What tender trustworthiness and truth in some people's eyes! The most shrinking are, with them, in desert or dark, more fearless than in any lighted hall, or on any highway or ship.

But is vision the last sense; or are we dimly aware of a sixth in the strange feeling we have of others' purpose without any definable sign? We divine their qualities; and the whole organism of some persons is a divining-rod. Turn the witch-hazel to where water is or not, there is a witchery of knowledge surprising its possessor and its object alike. There are mediums that need no circles or twilight, and we in vain attempt anything behind their back. "He knew their thoughts." How am I aware when your assent is not hearty, though warm? What moves you to decline an invitation as pretended, in terms however earnest and clear? There is a property no chemistry can analyze, which trans-

lates the fable of Argus, and makes us give the name of eyes to the germs in a potato and spots on a peacock. The Highlander, in Scott's story of second sight, beholds one stabbing his dearest friend long before the fatal time. As the naturalist tells us the fish in the Mammoth Cave has not lost, but as yet failed of the ocular unfolding signified in its structure, we anticipate perception we but partially realize or see exemplified in a few persons. Be it an interpretation of natural language too rapid to trace, or a direct piercing to the springs of thought, no prediction of the weather is so sure as its augury of foul or fair in personal conduct or the social sky.

Hope is the prophet in every heart, without which it would despair and die. The good time coming, the coming man, the Messiah, is no Jewish or American notion, but a projection from the human heart, like Mercator's of the land and sea; and by no fancy of his own, but a law of nature, Dr. Channing traced in his Newport garden predictions of a better human lot. Auspices were once found in birds under the priestly knife; but my auspicators are those birds on the wing, in their song more trusty than Jeremiah's burden, because it is unmixed with any mood of human will. I hear announced from their morning horoscope more than astrologer ever saw. Doubtless they but interpret a foresight in the soul, such as persuaded the sublime heathen, Ram Dass, there was fire in his belly to burn up the sins of the world. Pity such expectation as delusion? The scientist, rather than the mystic, is deceived. The immortal sea, "our souls have sight of," shifts not its bed. The mountains David

spoke of, that "give peace," lower not their crests, though Chimborazo bow. The axis of the earth is an imaginary line; but what other point is so strong? "He hangeth the earth upon nothing;" but on what but him that hangs it, is it hung? You say you *think* it turns, said the child to the astronomer; does it turn on your thought? Wisdom is in the ideal, which is a presence and peace to the rudest man. A delver in the ground cares not for the stars; yet how he would miss them were they taken away! Is there any fool or knave that would not be further reduced if deprived of the ideas of beauty and right? The door of sense is as wide for brute or idiot as for sage or saint. A wind-shaken reed, soft raiment or a shaggy prophet is what one or another sees in the wilderness; as in "Hamlet," the same cloud looked like a weasel or a whale. The plant, which the companion of his walk noticed not, magnetized Thoreau. Henry Clay told the Cambridge students, forty years ago, he saw, on the Kentucky side of the river, chaos complete; on the Ohio side, a new creation; but what were the finest clerical spectacles reading but the curse of Canaan between the sacred lids? It is a jest to put a field-glass to a monkey's eye. What to him are hill-slopes, braided streams, "leopard-colored rills," or laden ships nearing port? Scarce more than to the lens he looks through.

That the eye is a power appears from the diverse ways it is trained in the man in the observatory, railway conductor, police-detective, drill sergeant, landscape or portrait painter, musical leader or Indian on the trail; and the physiologist shows how it depends

on the hand and all the faculties of the frame. But, though it have no immediate power, it is vision at last. So a metaphysician analyzes mental sight as the indirect result of much measuring for many an age; but the intuition is not disproved.

But the seer must note means as well as ends. Lincoln, with his far-away look, not heedless of what was near by, was more a seer than Fremont, buzzing like a fly on a pane of glass to get through. The prophet has prudence for the armature of his eye, and does not rush like a locomotive, with a rock on the track. From the working he forecasts the issue, as a cannoneer the spot where the projectile will fall. In his bas-relief of the two horses abreast, Greenough puts heaven into every braced nerve and bright look of the one ascending; and in the helpless plunge and despairing nostrils of the other, suggests what he need not chisel of the pit. What an astonishment is sight! The maiden shrinks and withdraws her hand. There is no discourtesy, that I can discover or suspect, in the man that salutes her. What does this incarnate sensitive plant discern and shun? Why drop your lids, having, in some subtile expression of the face that confronts you, seen enough? Thanks for the tender sheath to protect the eye from something that troubles it more than dust! In "Ivanhoe," Rebecca can but look at intervals on the strife before the castle walls. Permit nothing in yourself in the presumption it is not seen! The mirror on the window-sill amuses those sitting in the chamber with reflections from the street; and we are all beheld as in a glass. Do you deny a charge, brand rumors and

stories as false? There are eyes you take no account of!

The seer is revolutionizer and reformer. Some eyes cannot bear a curtain awry, or uneven rug. Said my friend, the wall is not straight. By my line, answered the carpenter, it is plumb. But, rejoined the friend, did not the eye make the plumb-line? How many a plumb-line in government and theology has to be corrected! Goethe, in his "Faust," plays with various expressions, such as *Word*, *Power*, *Deed*, to signify the commencement of creation. Shall we not say *Light*, and love as the light of heat? A bright thought, said Channing, began the whole. Love and Wisdom, says Swedenborg; and *wisdom is a loving spirit*, more finely declares the old Hebrew proverb. All is in the eye, Bacon's *dry light*, which is never cold. So let culture of the eye be our aim! The meaning of God is Brilliant, the creator, as the sun is sub-creator of the world; and a late writer challenges Christendom to show cause why we should not still, like the Persians, worship that visible orb in the sky. Materialism is having now its day and its run. But the Spirit will react. The materialist is not just even to matter, for he can give no account of it; and the spiritualist makes more of it than he that makes it all. For the human creature cannot rid itself of inborn wonder and worship, which on the finite cannot be fixed. We are finding, about the sun, what Persian or Parsee never knew: its size, distance, motion, fiery and metallic make, and toss it aside from our adoration, as the boy does his parti-colored ball as the seams gape and the tints fade; and every conception of divinity must be

overlooked, like a printer's revise. I see that deformity or beauty in my ground depends on a certain disposition of earth and rock, and wood and road; and my men and oxen go to work. So over the breaking up of old, rough forms and ragged creeds, dawns the new faith. The ecclesiastic trinity is disintegrated past recall; the magic exposed of washing the world with a few gills of blood, when it takes the vital current in all men and atoning power of God, the beams of his face to bleach our blackness, his strength to straighten the crooked stick and braid the refuse strand, his grace to convert iniquity, and his blessing to extract sorrow from joy; and there is no burning throne to consume sinners, only sin. So the shadow falling into the house from a great affliction becomes more precious than any ray of earthly fame; and there is no gloom from a gravestone which the shining of angelic countenances does not chase away. I have noticed that the time of my disappointment, rebuff, self-reproach is my fruitful season, as the treachery of David's acquaintance wrung melody from his harp.

On my own seeing I must rely. Why should Jesus or Paul see for me? I must look, as I eat, for myself. If I am blind, or see men as trees walking, let some Doctor of Divinity couch my eyes; then let me use them! With another's coming out to lock the door, and tell me what is inside, I am not content. Peter's keys are rusty and will no longer fit the wards. Books, called sacred or profane, shall help me when I am weary; but in my lucid intervals I put them all aside, and find my illuminated missal without gilding, or binding, or print. Why should a volume, however rich and

ready, rob my patrimony? I will read Tennyson or Browning while they clear and compose, not when they disguise my conviction, and darken or disturb my state. Sometimes Isaiah is not worth a farthing, I have such inward wealth; and, if a thought come over me, I lay Dante or Shakspeare down. For frankly, I prefer my own inspiration to Job's or John's. Those curious lamps dug up at Pompeii, no doubt once shed a soft lustre through the festal chambers that were turned to sudden graves; but the flame went out, the oil failed; and I leave them as ornaments on my mantel, and fill other vessels or light modern jets. So the candle of the Lord in my own, and no prophet's breast, is my guide through dismal passages and midnight hours. Is this dangerous trust? Need I mistake mean impulse for the spirit? My stomach inclines to some tempting morsel, but its conscience protests; and there is a discriminator in the soul. I am grateful to evangelist; but he is relieved and superseded when the order comes within. Then parable of lost sheep or prodigal son is but like a gold dollar to him who has struck the virgin mine; and the ointment in the alabaster box as a drop to the Pennsylvania wells. What service is the Lord's Prayer when I know what I want? Nothing satisfies but the immense and unexpressed. No man's words do justice to my mind; once spoken, I tie not myself to my own; but wear eternal inconsistency with my past graven on my shield. All the water-marks on crag and beach are sunk and the lines of sea-weed swept by the coast-tide; and by divine influx every custom is submerged. Meteorology teaches that one hot or wet day generates another and that a third; and if it goes

to the ninth, the tenth, like its predecessors, is almost sure to come; so, last season it rains, and this it shines almost all summer long. What a parody and satire on human habit! A man loses half his worth, said the ancient, when he becomes a slave; and the slave-owner loses more. But the worst slavery is to one's self, bondage to former speech or act. Some fine ladies can abide us only as worshippers. Bend not the knee even to yourself! Only fresh vision is emancipation from the coil we wind, a new turn and twist every year. Whatever we do, let us see clearer and further day by day. *See you again*, is the beautiful French and German parting salutation. Jesus greeted his disciples so. *See you ever*, was my leave-taking, *and never part*. Not patients in any blind asylum of a world, but seers of God and each other shall we not all be at last?

III.

THE SECRET POWER.

FREE speech has limits other than those of human law. We may be true in not telling, and false in having told what we thought. Ole Bull, with an artist's knowledge of his sensitive class, said we must see and not speak; and the voluble people, who profess so loudly their virtue of being plain and blunt, might learn from the taciturnity of nature and God. Our phrase, *the secret of power*, is dictated by our experience and instinct how, from a certain concealment and darkness, all achievement comes forth, as a seed cannot show what is in it till it is buried in the ground. Goethe nursed his literary conceptions out of sight; and a great preacher said he never told his text but the devil stole it. The Jesuits' doctrine of reserve, however falsely held, had a color in the counsel of Jesus not to cast pearls before swine; and when Hamlet complains of being "too much in the sun," he hints what a wholesome emblem of privacy night is for the mind. The conscious salutariness of retirement made Fenelon say, *I desire to be unknown;* and John Howard wanted no monument. In proportion as we deal with reality we heed not the shadow of reputation, and are

deaf to the trumpet of fame; and to be *blazed* with fashion, a woman of society, a man of the world, a thorough-paced politician, or, as a Fayal Romanist, who saw through his own canonicals, said he was, a priest by trade, comes of that publicity where springs no fount of inspiration and falls no dew of grace. In the very search for pleasure and a fine figure on the earth the charm of life has gone. We have pulled the world to pieces as a child does its toy; there is no more attraction; the cup that was foam is dregs. Therefore a great affliction, driving us from the surface, is not only always a blessing, as the minister declares, but becomes a delight. When I condoled with Amos Lawrence on the death of a dear daughter, he remarked that such a bereavement added a great zest to life. Existence cannot lose its interest to one who has had and lost offspring, because such a passage forces reflection, wakens the sense of mystery, which custom closes; stirs inquiry, faces us with the great Power, reveals, however dimly, some angel of hope, and exercises in the closet or heart's recess faculties genuine and unostentatious, instead of those that flash and fade in the pressing and brilliant crowd; and when, perhaps, some changeling of a human bird lights on the bough that has not ceased to tremble where the first flew off, how amazed with a joy you almost feel a guilty denial of the claims of mourning, as the Former of our bodies and Father of our spirits ceases to be a phrase on the page!

The unspoken and unspeakable is more than all our talk. "Half his strength he put not forth;" no effort is delightful or impressive that exhausts. Be-

cause the eagle in his wildest soaring has reserved power we admire his flight. When the preacher labors, he fails; and I cannot accept your sacrifice for me unless it be your happiness as much as mine. The motion of goodness will have not the least flutter of fatigue or pain. There must be oil in the vessels with the lamps that are not to flicker and go out, but burn so freely that there seems felicity in the pure, aspiring flame. Therefore every reform or regeneration begins not with the selfish and cruel multitude, but with a few like-minded, blest in their common faith; a little sympathy that becomes a contagion, till whole continents are the measures of meal it leavens. A way-side conversation becomes the creed of ages; only the handful of disciples, not the excited throng, hear the sermon which afterwards no tongue can do without; a parable wraps the explosive principle that shall shatter immemorial superstitions; and millions at last kneel in the prayer which one supreme sufferer put up in the garden. Respect the lonely thought, the unshared aspiration; laying hold on eternity, it will get published in time.

But bring no bushel to hide your light! Utter all your wisdom as Jesus did. Its superiority to common apprehension will, like an electric battery, guard itself from general touch or vulgar abuse; and in these reading and editorial days the fear that sincerity will shock rises only from conceit. What with Strauss and Spencer, and Darwin and Mill, we have had so many theories as to get beyond standing aghast. Untwist every joint of your instrument; let out the length of your lash; open every door and window. Ventilation is

the order of the day, and a draft is more dangerous than the breeze at each point of the compass, from which, as it stimulates or quiets every part of the frame, by turns, comes no fever or cold. A man pretending he has views it were premature to print, or practising on opinions he dare not submit to the test of conscience and law, is a hypocrite and sham. The time to give your thought to whoever can receive it is when God gives it to you. Who are you that presume to prejudge my capacity? said Lemuel Shaw, listening to Dr. Griffin: do you expect at the last day to sit on the bench, or stand with us at the bar? Let us trust that the swine, so mad to find the pearls, which were not wheat-grains, or so crazy at the sight of a lunatic, exist no longer in the shape of men.

Beware of making of your unpublished notion the cloak of your sin; for he who thinks as he would not have folks know, will presently act as he is ashamed they should be informed! *It is my relation*, says a man of some private intrigue with another, *and you have no business with it!* If it is an unhandsome affair, if it breaks any law of God or man, if it violates any previous engagement or bond with a fellow-creature, man or woman, then you have no title, and shall have no power to keep it to yourself. God will give you the sun and moon for presents, — all the beauty and riches of the earth, and glory of the sky; but not a secret! Your social offence society has a right to know, and the duty to punish.

There is a sphere of privacy which strangers have no call to intermeddle with. Our deportment in affairs, that neither threaten nor promote the common order, it

is pure impertinence for idle gossips to spy out. How much it is wholesome to keep apart in your own house or soul! Thanks for the roof that covers the converse and dealings in which the family alone are concerned; for the skull that protects with its opaque arch the workings of the brain, and for a breast without a window for curious people to peer in! Thanks for the walls of flesh and bone that keep in hosts of vile fancies and evil thoughts! They are more useful than prisons of stone; and, were they for a moment taken down, we should flee in greater terror than from a jail-delivery of all the criminals in the world. Only those intentions count in court which have been put into act, and in mercy many are restrained; and Milton says evil comes into the mind of God or man without blame.

But what menaces or makes for the general weal must not be shielded or withheld. Scholars and public speakers are sometimes dainty about having their thoughts and words reported by the press; and they forbid the pencils at the club or in the lecture-room to move. It is a nice solicitude, scarce worthy of a great soul. "I must be seen," said Cæsar. I must take the responsibility of the convictions I express; and I never will assert a property in them against whomever they can comfort or guide. Conceived in darkness, they are brought forth in the light; let them run wherever their feet can carry them, or any scribe can convey; and let me set at rest my apprehension about their misappreciation by putting them, as Michael Angelo told the young artist anxious about the light for his statue, in the public square. Be not troubled about the reporters' mistakes; it is the gross meaning, the general drift of

your oration or lecture that people take; the particular errors, like trifles of punctuation, do not signify. If the note-taker intrude into your chamber, and print what the community have no stake in, to pamper trivial curiosity, let him be reproved and expelled. But the fault for the floating mass of hurtful scandal or useless fact belongs not wholly to him, but to ambitious talkers and public characters, willing to be interviewed and tempted to circulate in a half-authorized way opinions and impressions of individuals, or about current matters, which they have some selfish reason to insinuate, but not the face to proclaim. By no practice is official position more abused, or senatorial honor so let down. But only by sheer vanity is aught of moral or political value reserved on the ground that it will be misunderstood. The market settles all values with substantial accuracy at last; and the worth of your idea will find a test and get the influence it merits through the judgment of the discerning, despite the prejudice or against the clamor of the mob. Nothing, says Goethe, is so hurtful as active ignorance; so much of which there is, it becomes whoever has light to let it shine. What railway catastrophes, Boston burnings, and founderings at sea it would spare! Mr. Spencer shows how not an article or utensil we handle, from the phial we drop medicine out of to the bottle of sauce on the table and chair in the parlor, but has monstrous defects which a little inventiveness would cure; and what miseries or gaps in human life for social science to heal and fill! Impart the knowledge you have. I know not who will prize what I communicate; only, if it have intrinsic estimate, and be precious to me, let me cast

my bread on the waters; it will be gathered, come to a reckoning, and feed starving souls in quarters of which I do not dream. Who suspects the acknowledgments to follow his courageous course or honest speech? But the rule is to deal with principles more than with details. What a blunder to confound truth with fact! Truth is violated often by communicating fact to the wrong person it belongs not to, and served by keeping the circumstance to yourself. "The greater truth, the greater libel;" yes, and the greater lie, if you mean by truth tattling of particulars whose divulging can do no good. The most exact whisperer is, perhaps, the greatest falsifier, — false alike to those he is trusted by or has the care of. "It is true as the book!" Oh, traitor, who taught you that malice was truth? The verity divine is to look and overlook, to listen, and be deaf to rebuke; to leave no trace of strife or anger in your face, and have no memory of harm, as the brook loses its wrinkles in the bay. "It is a fact." But nothing more deceptive, as stubborn than a fact; and nothing more true than the mantle which Noah's children dropped! Desdemona, taking on herself Othello's deed, is not "the liar gone to burn in hell," but "the more angel she;" for angels are not tale-bearers; their wings resent such a load. But we have vindictives who are such sticklers for a bad record, and so hang to the shameful past, that they would complain of the scarlet that had become snow, and the crimson whiter than wool; and, despite the divine pardon, insist on red as the right color by all means to be restored, and by some eternal mordant fixed in the sinner's soul. To hide my own iniquity, and play the impostor, is

unlawful, taking into my own hands the mercy which is another's office to accord; but the cruelty which rips up offences confessed and atoned for, is itself, of all vices, the worst. No matter if it was a fact; it is no more! A fact perpetuated by taunt, over-emphasized, taken out of its relations, pressed beyond its proportions, and all beside in the character or story tabled and ignored, is the basest of lies.

Truth is no statement, but a spirit and living love, the nobility so rare in woman or man. How much it passes by, and will not stoop to! How much it puts in its pocket and how little it pins to its sleeve! "The past is secure?" Be it securely interred! Why remember what God does not? What are time and nature but his sextons to lay beneath the sod? Old modes of life, faun and flower before the flood, fishes that swam in Eastern seas, huge birds that left their tracks in muddy Western river-beds, worn-out customs and forms, kingdoms and tyrants, Assyria and Tyre, Babylon and Rome; and shall we save from oblivion a few wretched outcomes of the facts that are so mean in our neighbor's existence or our own, which ought never to have been, and soonest away are best? Resurrection is good; but burial has its glory too! We have to bury how much! Bury the hatchet of strife, the personal quarrel and the family feud, old grudges of business and recollections of the civil war, the conflicts threefold with the mother-land. Bury the cold corse and the dead affection too, tenderly but deep. Your foolish sympathy and the antipathy more unwise have a funeral for, and drop the coffin-lid not only on the pallid face, but every sad register and association

of pain. We put Indians on a Reservation; in what limits shall we hem treachery, cunning, and revenge, those Modocs of the mind? In the Infinite life and love, out of obsequies of evil may rise forms of good; but more than three days must they wait and linger in the sepulchre of silence and forgetfulness before they can be so changed. Sleep and death are heaven's twin-angels, not only for the body, but the soul. What fury of passion they take out or transfigure! As the dim distances and unseen hollows of the hills sift out the harshness of shouts and trumpet-blasts, to return them in chiming music on the ear, what discords of temper shall mortal deceasing and lapse of time not harmonize? The grave is God's laboratory, from which travellers must not return prematurely to roll the stone away. Untimely restorations of what is most dear and precious the soul resents. Spite of the complaints against God for grievous partings, the long absence and uncertain reunion, it owns the beneficent process when friends leave the tenement of the senses to lodge only deeper in itself, and be so glorified it would not have them back in clay, but waits content for what shall come through the last mystery. Therefore the spiritualism that would introduce them in their new clothing at once is, to a lofty sentiment, vulgar, lacks dignity and charm. I should decline it if I thought it could be. I accept the divine order.

Revelation must be balanced by secretiveness, a principle of equal worth, and not to be confounded with hypocrisy which is keeping back for bad reasons what in us others have a right to know. The woman may *propose*, it is said, as well as the man; yet what finer

than the maiden's instinctive concealment of her love? It is the truth of nature and no lie! Perfect purity perhaps could not blush; yet to be unblushing were no grace, so nice the play beneath the surface and above. True feeling hates show and numbers and noise. It seeks seclusion: the satan of society, never absent even when the sons of God assemble, drives it into the wilderness; it builds upper chambers and the crypts of temples; it has a *cache* deeper than savage or traveller make in their solitudes for its food and treasure which no robber or wild beast of passion can find, and it has perfect delight in the only One. I am never happy, said Rubinstein, save when I am alone with music, and music is alone with me. Has the spirit of one of the old prophets of harmony, of Beethoven in this new composer, come back?

The cause of such satisfaction is the undisclosed and unknown nature of all. Brown Séquard, perhaps the most eminent dissector of the material part of animal and man, affirms in the mind a secret power, superior to our ordinary understanding, to guide our course and solve our doubts. He says, questions have been suddenly answered by it which he had argumentatively striven with in vain; that it had stopped him in his discourse to his class with its suggestions on a quite different matter, so that they were surprised at his trance; that it reads riddles in sleep, so that the Romish legend of the angels finishing the poor woman's task at the spindle, over which she had fallen asleep, has a cordial truth; that it enabled a young woman, his sick patient, to stand on the thin head-board of her bed, and pray for twelve hours to the Virgin Mary, a

position she could not have kept for a moment in her voluntary state; and that it works many wonders, to which the so-called physical manifestations, old or new, are in comparison poor. It is interesting to have one doctrine come from the surgeon's table and desk of the priest, from the physiologist's knife and the prophet's mouth. Let me note some offices of this Secret Power.

First, as it exceeds our wit, and as the doctor of medicine agrees with the doctor of divinity that it passes understanding, it requires worship. Could science explore and exhaust the world, classify all things and show what mechanical rule they are under, adoration would die in the light of knowledge, and intellect be king. Could we once see how this immense music-box is made, as the child does what causes his toy to jump or sing, we should, like him, throw down our plaything with contempt. Says Rubinstein, the men of science will find out all but one thing, and when they find out that, all will be ruined. Nought will be left to marvel at and be enchanted by. Penetrate to the pole or warm circumpolar sea or pierce the earth's hard or liquid core, and we shall belittle the planet whose magic we explode, leaving it behind for some new cosmic study. But by earth and sky, spite of Plato or Darwin, some secret will be held. Solomon, that royal rake, whines that all is vanity, and nothing new under the sun. But everything is new. Find out all but one? That one is everything! There is but one thing manifold; and the meaning of nothing has been told. Peter assures the Jewish sceptics that the monotony they fancied in the creation would be dis-

turbed; David enthrones the Lord above the floods; and Jesus declares God is spirit, motion, and breath; and while scientists teach the correlation of forces, they own a correlationship, or that the forces correlated are all one that is without measure or bound. Baker may reach the source of the Blue or White Nile; but no journey has brought us nearer the head of the sacred Nile of our being than people were five thousand years ago. We affirm all is under law; yet the world is no routine. Was there ever before such a year as the past? Can any *probabilities* project that to come? He is a great mechanic, one said of a pianist without feeling; but the world is full of expression. It is a tune with variations. It shifts incessantly, yet maintains identity, and is a *change-continuance*, as Goethe said; no two faces, leaves, flowers, spears of grass alike. Like as two peas in a pod! But the peas are not alike, nor the pebbles, nor the twins you cannot tell apart. Every wave differs from its neighbor, and every wave-washed grain as well as every rounded star. Our science puts things in a row like pins, or describes their circle as we join hands and make a ring; but to mock and balk our wisdom more is always out than inside the fence. The serpent's promise is broken about our being in knowledge as gods; for Adam is as inquisitive as ever, and Eve is curious still. The tower of Babel did not reach heaven; on us falls the old confusion of tongues; how Spencer and Sterling, Agassiz and Darwin contend! "Who can tell what shall be on the morrow?" The weather-prophet makes but a general hit; some inconvenient gale or snow-storm contradicts him; wet or drought a

week or month ahead passes his ken; his dial at the capitol registers signs and not the cause. Are matter and spirit one? If two, their joint who can detect? A certain regularity with continual novelty; nothing in this world repeated but a liturgy! The Infinite at every point fetches us to our knees. Folded in an air of marvel, swimming in a sea of mystery, walking through a land of enchantment, a wizard every step at our side, with all our glacial theories, experiments with mirrors and crystals, and speculations of Locke and Swedenborg, we fail to analyze the morning-light that unseals our vision, the brook let loose again to laugh in the meadow, the cloud's floating battery at play with the gravitation whose power to suspend a drop of vapor we cannot fathom, or this flashing brain that launches its thunderbolts of thought. I am glad of it! It is matter of rejoicing, not regret. Surely we delight in the divine method in every line we trace; but where the line begins or ends is forever unseen; and the invisible, which not only is not but cannot be seen, is the element of homage. Fear not, O devotee! prayer will last in earth and heaven as long as nature and the soul! I want to know and pray. The psalmist's lament, "I am a stranger on the earth," is my thanksgiving. I hope God will not reveal himself entire, only the borders of his power, and leave some background for my picture. Will the illumination of science scatter the shadow? It only makes it more wide, as the sun casts a grander shade than a candle. All hail to advancing science, for the sake of the wonder and worship whose breadth it insures! The larger

and brighter the circle, the more vast and firm its edge.

The Secret Power serves important practical ends. One is of Determination. How often we halt perplexed! Shall I go or stay, speak or be still, advise the man going to ruin, or "neither meddle nor make," lest the case become worse? Nobody can tell me; and no wise reflection or generalization decides. As I throw the reins on my horse's neck in the dark, and trust his instinct for the way, so I yield myself gently, without wish or bias, to the power that directs. Its range of advice is greater than we suspect. We are not left to fumble round, and play a game of blind-man's buff, unless we let some creed-bandage be bound over our eyes. What calling shall we pursue? The finger of nature points. Said my musical friend: "I am irreconcilable with the Heavens for not telling me whether to compose or perform." "But," I answered, "do you expect an angel, or visible God, or voice from the sky? Your own brain swarming, and stinging you with ideas, your inspiration for the '*Ocean Symphony*,' the will so potent you feel it withdrawing your hands from the instrument to the score, is your order; and nothing audible could be more clear." Be but the humble servant that comes every day for orders to his master's door, and you will remain in no doubt. Act not from whim, or casting lots, or opening a Bible for texts, or expecting something to turn up, or the chance of the hour, more than does a sailor or soldier. The time and tide that wait for no man will come for all; a wind will rise to bear the vessel it were vain to push, and none need be at the

mercy of accident or their own will. It was a foolish woman that beckoned a suitor back because he took her refusal meekly. Never say *yes*, till you hear it within. Do you hear nothing? You do not hearken! Have you prayed over it? We exaggerate the importance of prayer. We make so much noise in our churches that we have no chance for the reply. Why give the Lord such a heap of information, or shout to him afar to bow his heavens and come down, when his being is but the best in my own? What is God but a noble shame at my own short-coming, the ideal my actual can never overtake! He is what I whisper to not with my lips. Persons together in a room in close sympathy often say, one to the other, "Did you speak?" when not a syllable has passed. God is that inward speech. The earth is his footstool, the clouds his chariot; he flies upon the wings of the wind, and all the sparkling orbs are his outriders; but himself is whatever right thought or good feeling gleams and throbs in the breast. There is a dawn I watch for more than for the morning, a stir in me stronger than the starry revolutions. The oracles are dumb; the caves of sybils with weeds of centuries closed up and overgrown, and they are but figures in a picture now: the pagan tripods are broken and the Hebrew shekinah dim; Urim and Thummim are a dead language, and ark and tabernacle laid away in the garret of men's minds; Isaiah and Ezekiel are in their coffins, and a Saviour's second advent in the clouds has become hopeless as the dream of some lover's return. But for whoso seeks there is guidance yet. It will come not at the sound of phrases void of ecstasy or agony, or

out of a book or memory. No paper pellets will burst open the celestial gates. How the Lord must despise what we call being happy in prayer; a string of common-places interlarded with Scripture quotations from a mellifluous mouth! These old verses, instead of our own cries, remind me of the obsolete Spanish cannon I saw lying on the beach with the brand *useless* at Tenceriffe, or of Quaker guns. The caw of the crow, chatter of the king-fisher, *honk* of the wild goose, are more genuine than these repetitions. I cannot distinguish their smooth running from the Romish beads, or the little bullet in a groove that serves for the pendulum of a clock. I knew a man whose prayers were so fine he had a cunning phonographer to put them down, that God and the public might both have the benefit. They were caught as they flew, and, like birds, clipped and caged. They could scarce soar to light in the divine presence, when so addressed to a human audience and fashioned for literary repute. I hardly wonder at the woman who says she never heard a petition in church that was not an offence; and I doubt not it were the best prescription for loquacious leaders of devotion and all fluent piety to be forbidden vocal prayer. Nevertheless exists the Secret Power; and whoever it leads knows not if it approaches or is approached, speaks or is spoken with; only that there is with it no perplexity, for its mind is made up, and its gift is obedience and peace.

The Secret Power is a consoler. Why should grief mean parting at death, with so many greater afflictions in life? Living troubles, worse than death, we say, as if death were bad, this quiet bed where we shall toss

uneasy on our pillow no more! When one's regard for you is deceased; when your old friend's confidence dies and your supporter does not expire, but deserts; when lively affection gives up the ghost, then death-beds cease to be melancholy and the cross loses its tragedy. There is, when love departs, no funeral. You do not have prayers, form a procession, toll the bell, hire carriages, put on black or call for the priest. Who ever wanted any ceremony when his heart was wounded within? No presentment of human nature so sad as its craving the forms and flatteries and perfunctory felicities in open meeting over the deceased. When notes were common in churches, what a wilderness of supplication the strange preacher was sometimes lost in! How he stumbled through, or what comfort was had from the conventional mention of the varieties of bereavement, of parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, did he ever learn?

We make too much of providential troubles and too light of those we mutually inflict. We think it hard if our circle is broken once in many years by death. But who shall solace us for the unmasked hypocrisy and unfaithful companionship which is a common circumstance of distress? In mortal sorrow people weep, lift decorous kerchiefs to their eyes, and are not ashamed of their streaming cheeks. But there are other hidden tears, forced back with bitten and bleeding lips. There are suppressed, unutterable groans, and no publicity of pain from the worst misunderstandings and violated oaths. The muse of history flies over them too high to take note. No autobiography

lets them in. They slumber in secret drawers, in manuscripts perhaps shown after the lapse of a generation, to draw confidential sympathy from some chosen friend. They wake every morning to wound those that open their eyes. But the appeal is in order, to the Secret Power. It matters not that you are an unbeliever in prayer; nature is too strong for you, and you cannot withhold that invocation more frequent and effectual than all the cathedral collects and chants. That Power which is our deeper self, can mend the break in severed hearts, though, as Coleridge says, they be like sundered cliffs. No wrong of the belied or unappreciated but it shall care. You tell me Jesus had no friends. Nay, who so many? He with his cross, Socrates with his hemlock, and Brown with his noose, not owned in their real worth? Rated rather enormously, every drop of blood millions beyond its intrinsic price! Did Lincoln think all was gone as he sank in his swoon; or that the assassin's bullet would kill slavery too; and that England and France hearing the explosion in the little theatre in Washington would no longer dare to dream of stretching out over that sacrifice an arm of intervention, lest they roused a fury from that intimate sentiment of the Secret Power to which no limits can be set?

The Secret Power commands. The scientific observer specifies its wondrous teaching, to suggest new ideas, surprising as miracles to those they reach, and to settle problems in mathematics or metaphysics in sleep or by the way, or to lead the soul in pitch dark of doubt as it does an animal at midnight over a starless and moonless road. But of no less account is its

dictation of sanctity and self-control. Men excuse themselves for sensual excess on the ground of hereditary congenital disposition, an exuberant nature tending to pleasures of the flesh. The Secret Power in them frowns at such defence, and bids them draw against temptation from its never-broken bank. We might scorn a constitution prone to ill but for this back-door to God. There are two roads to hell; two appetites men ride on to ruin, one for strong drink, and one which makes no one stagger in the street. What is the policy, regulation, or prohibition for both? We are safe against either only in the covert of the Secret Power. A naturalist set before a newly-dropped kid three dishes, of wine, honey, and milk. It looked at, smelt of and passed by the first and second, to drink eagerly of the third. An unsophisticated nature will spurn the mad wine of passion, the enervating honey of luxury, and take the sincere milk of truth; and true charity is moved less to overlook violated purity than to insist on the bond.

Our malady is profession and parade. In nature the power, however termed, gravitation or magnetism, is unseen. Orthodoxy is correct:

"This world is all a fleeting show;"

And, as the showman comes with his train of teams and tents and spangled dresses for his performers, and strange beasts from the jungle and the sea, stays for a day, then folds his canvas and is gone, so, after this little entertainment we call life is over, the plat-

form we sit on shall sink, and the starry covering be rolled together as a scroll.

"We have our exits and our entrances."

But the Secret Power, and we somehow with it, shall survive. When Harry Vane, the martyr for freedom under Charles II., was drawn for execution to Tower Hill on a sled, he said, with a smile, — "I never felt better in my life." From roof and window and the crowd below came cries, — "The Lord go with your dear soul! The great God of heaven and earth appear in you and for you!" He laid his head on the block like a child falling asleep. His last words were, — "Father, glorify Thy servant in the sight of men that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duty to Thee and his country." A curious observer of executions said his countenance did not change in the least; and his head alone of all he had ever seen in the same circumstances, after being severed, lay perfectly still. What could so nerve and compose a human creature but the Secret Power? Who can believe nothing rose out of that blood? In every age this immortality reappears. John Brown, on the way to his gallows, remarking on the beauty of the Virginia hills, is a picture which there is an artist in every soul to draw.

In the brooding spirit is peace, never in the crowd.

"Wise Saadi dwells alone."

Said a maiden: I am never so happy in any company as by myself. Only closeted with music, for the har-

monist, all care departs. Doubtless it is because such solitude is the best society. In it the images of our beloved, heedless of the dead, live, flock to us, and we rejoice in the birth of thoughts to bless the world. Take not the musing man's shyness for pride! It is but the shield of a process more precious than that of the watchful chemist or the sitting fowl. If you deem him unsocial, you forget that the most secretive of all things is love. She, that never told that, need not have sat "like patience on a monument smiling at grief." I find that love is satisfied without expression or return. If, against the theology of retaliation, I hold God's love independent of man's gratitude, it is because I know my own is so; and I cannot fancy I am better than He! Flowers bloom on the edge of Alpine snow — another climate may be so near — and kindness can blossom back to the curses that freeze. The difficulty with a certain woman of genius was that her mood was her tyrant, and she wished to make it yours. But unknown and unrequited is not unhappy love. The instant we put a fellow-creature outside our sympathy as an outcast and alien, though we quote Scripture for it, we are devils' advocates, and have fallen from grace. Capital punishment is society's confession that it cannot take care of its members. The diminishing of crime will arise less from dread of the gallows than from a sympathetic recoil against guilt; and I am not sure but the new doctrine, of brutes as our poor relations, makes of all meat-eaters cannibals, one remove from the Fejees. Love feeds on the beauty it cannot consume. We are made to grow by sacrifice, like deciduous trees that reclaim not what they drop;

and we can conceive the loss of flesh and all its appetites, limbs and organs, with our essence intact. Shakespeare in his sonnet deprecates mourning,

> "Lest the wise world look into your groan,
> And mock you with me after I am gone;"

with what a curious parallel in "Twelfth Night"!

> "Not a flower, not a flower sweet
> On my black coffin let there be strown;
> Not a friend, not a friend greet
> My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown;
> A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
> Lay me, O, where
> Sad true-lover never find my grave,
> To weep there."

It was writ of Moses, no man knoweth of his sepulchre; and entire affection has in itself such satisfaction, it covets no stone or tear.

So deep is that love which begets the world and works in ways oft so dark and dreadful, that some are bold still to dispute, if it be pure goodness. Yet it goes on, and speaks for its vindication no word, save in our experience of need of such discipline as our offspring esteem unkind. To a fond and over-indulgent mother it was said, — I admit your praises of your boy; he is no pebble, but a rough diamond, which, to be polished, must be cut and scratched. I will love him, she answered, and the rest of you can cut and scratch. But the love that stops short of correction, and only humors your child and yourself, is not love. Love descends uncomprehended by its object, content to bide its time of

being understood. Why do you care so much for your calf? it cares not for you, said an impatient farmer to his cow, as the little one she mooed after staggered off to get out of her way. O sons and daughters, you will return our feeling to your own and to us only when the great mystery takes us from your sight! Love is not trade. Barter cannot express or explain its original. Its Infinity is imaged, a sun in the dew-drop of our soul. "There is a rose," said one to her neighbor, "on your grounds that grows without thorns; and lovers pick their tokens from its bush." "Perhaps," he replied, "my critical temper is the thorn that was plucked off, and is now in me! Yet the bush is planted, blooming for you in my heart." "It blooms there for all," she exclaimed. So, conceal what we may, love is never quite hid, but an open secret for all who love; this is the paradox, that what is most sacred and private is best known.

IV.

SINCERITY.

THERE is a moral in the changing notion of the devil in different ages and lands. He is a serpent creeping on his belly, a figure of sensuality; a roaring lion, type of cruelty; a fallen son of God roaming the earth for mischief, and permitted to suborn fire and sword against Job; a rebel captain, in Milton's poem, waging open war against heaven; a tempter, accuser, liar in the New Testament; a polished gentleman in Goethe's "Faust," no longer—

> "Swindging the scaly horror of his folded tail,"

and showing no token of former violence save the relic of a higher sort of beast in the concealed cloven hoof; not a wolf in sheep's clothing, not an angel of light, no blustering landowner, unfolding, as to Jesus, his panorama of kingdoms, but a human sharper and cheat. Dropping the metaphor of his now disavowed and discredited majesty, he is simply insincerity. If we personify him again, he is a lawyer making the worse appear the better reason, a swindler in trade, quack doctor, a minister, saying one thing in his study and

another in his desk. "Do you believe the Bible inspired?" such a one was asked. "As an Episcopal clergyman, yes! But as a man, I think Solomon's Song an indecent composition." The reason for this altered view of Satan is the shifting motion of sin. Wickedness becomes wily. It effects its ends less by assault and battery, mob and riot, rending or threat; more by circumventing and undermining. It is not an army, but a *ring*, — a railway management, a city government, a sect or party succeeding by fraud and trick, — and

"Whence and what art thou, execrable *shape?*"

is a line no longer fit to the evil essence that comes in such various disguise.

The snare is that insincerity in religion is often not conscious malignity, but desire to suit truth to the hearer's capacity. It quotes Christ's example of withholding what his disciples could not bear, and forgets our difference from those rude publicans and fishermen. People can bear anything now. The air is so full of ideas they only pretend to be shocked when their interest or prejudice is shook. The Jesuit is no follower of Jesus. The Lord's pity does not excuse our treachery; and when a man says he has thoughts it were premature to publish, he is unjust to the intelligence of the times. The photograph plate is prepared for his impressions, — the train waits for the locomotive. We stop without inspiration. We would die for the truth, but shall die a worse way the second death for want of it.

But what constitutes or generates insincerity? Re-

garding truth as external to the mind, a conventionality or papal infalibility, portable in propositions and forms; like history, in Napoleon's definition, a fable agreed upon. Hence summaries and circulars of doctrine passed by a majority-vote. But concerted opinion is not truth, which words can only hint, and never express. If it be vision of God, in no Bible can it be writ, in no individual incarnate, in no church absolute, in no ritual expressed, with no earthly finality put in pound, but sings and flies to be adored. Decant the sea; make with force-pump an exhausted receiver of the sky; get the range, like a bullet, of a ray of light, how far Sirius or the sun can shoot; you have not compassed *its* lines. Faith is the centre of gravity falling within. It is the poise which is peace. When it falls without, it is unbalance of vain ambition, and greed to be heard.

So more than good-nature goes into sincerity. It is mental as well as moral; conscience in the intellect as well as the heart. As every faculty has its own memory, and every lobe of the brain is a memorandum-book, so each power has that sense of right or wrong action which is its own conscience, — as the stomach with its delicate hints is said to be the conscience of the body. So, many men, who could never commit theft or adultery, have unconscientious minds. Ephraim Peabody said of Lyman Beecher, "He has good aims and feelings, but his intellect is totally depraved." From the muddle of amiability to all opinions called liberality, with its monstrous cant, *no matter what a man thinks if he lives right*, will never come the sincerity like honey squeezed from the comb, with no atom of wax to mar the sweetness or stain the hue.

So it is hard to be sincere. "Sincere milk of the word," says Peter, as though we could suck it like a babe. Says a young girl of her companions, "They might at least be sincere;" as though it were an easy attainment! I wonder at folks presuming to say they are sincere. I query sometimes if the tongue be a thing made to tell the truth with; or if David were not right that nobody tells it. "Easy as lying;" but into the article of sincerity goes infinite study, beside the impulse of the hour. Plenty of the kind-hearted; where shall the candid be found?

No bounty is put on this excellence, lest so it be spoiled. What a scarce visitor, and unwelcome stranger! In Miss Edgeworth's novel called "Helen," one says, "I speak the truth bluntly." *But remember*, she is told, *whoever makes the truth unpleasant, commits high treason against virtue.* But who can make the truth pleasant to a knave? Certain substances, soft as oil to the sound skin, cauterize disease. Truth is a flame that burns the proud flesh. For the fine work in the crucible or at the forge there must be heat. How can a reformer be other than hot to an oppressor, rum-seller, woman wronger, man that steals a railroad, or that wants to steal a church? Christ's predicted baptism was *fire* as well as *air*. Characterize a trickster, qualify a plotter, give any bold sinner the investiture of speech he deserves; then look out for the brand on yourself as a violator of charity, hard on a fellow-creature, pursuing a deserter of what he had sworn to maintain in the ranks of religion or the state with a "storm of invective," when with the sorrow of a merciful surgeon you have been treating a tumor

or a wound, or putting a plague-patient in quarantine. Every upright traveller comes to a cross. It is not made of wood. Were such an one so hard to hang on a little while? Think you Christ's was of hewn timber? Is the true cross cut of silver or diamond, gilt on the cathedral spire? Is it any one of those the bloody tree itself is supposed to have been shaped into, and all of which a seventy-four gun-ship would not afford material for? No: into the fashion of it goes no hammer or saw, chisel or nail. Love is the upright beam and truth the transverse!

If sincerity be centrality, the mind's not losing its footing, according to Theodore Parker's seal-motto, *being moved neither by the billow nor the blast*, never had any article so many counterfeits. Blurting out the spite, which is disturbance within and around, some piece of male or female humanity may *call* being sincere. The general jail-delivery of every crude notion of a foul imagination, like "Vulcan's stithy," is not sincerity more than some people's atmosphere is odor of sanctity. Stout assertion of a borrowed opinion is not sincerity more than paste is gem, or imitation the real bronze, or the Bank of England notes, in the great Napoleon's counterfeit, were sterling. We have in Boston a class of persons over-cultivated with excess of book,conversation and society, pouring out affected convictions with loquacity as loud as the run from puncheons of adulterated wines. Their minds are palimpsests where one writing obscures another, or like the canvas of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "There are seventeen pictures underneath this, some better and some worse." Rhetorical philanthropists are not sin-

cere who have taught their tongues to wag at the bidding of any hasty conception, uncharitable suspicion, or ill-assumed cause, like bravos that let their daggers. If you are at the mercy of every strong mind that you meet, if you take as a mechanical color the view of the last treatise you peruse, you are not sincere. A temperance man is not sincere if, actuated by whatever motive of humanity, he affirm alcohol always poison before science certifies the fact. The clergyman is not sincere who holds forth authority he does not feel. One says all his instincts revolt from everlasting punishment, but Christ taught it and he must. I say to him, "You do not believe and cannot honestly teach what your inmost sense recoils from. What is faith but interior persuasion and assent?" The same person takes for granted the truth of every miraculous New Testament record. I say, "You cannot credit what you cannot *think* and rationally represent in some form of intellectual harmony to yourself. You can only grasp it as a tenet, bind it on your superficial understanding, and preach it from no deeper than your throat with your will." To oppose one's public to his private character and course is insincere. A religious editor consigns Unitarian and Universalist heretics to hell-fire, and treats views of God and man his line cannot fathom with vile epithets and unmeasured volubility of scorn. When he meets the victims of his pen in the office or street, or in some benevolent association, he hails them with laugh and jest as his companions and peers. He does not believe they are going to hell more than he is! He only *makes* believe. He is a diplomat, an operator in ecclesiastical stocks, as airy as Fisk on

Wall Street, a writer for some ecclesiastical Buncombe with his vulgarity letting down the constituency he ought to lift, not a sincere gentleman, though he pass for a good fellow or become a bishop. "The lie that sinks in," says Bacon, "hurts a man;" and this is inconsistency at the root. The worst deception is of candor wearing a mask. You have seen Herrmann, the prestigiator. How frank he comes on, expands his breast, strips up his sleeves, asks you to feel in his pockets for any concealments, and then proceeds with his trick! Jugglers enough cost us dear without admission fee!

But the theologian excuses his secretion of wisdom with the plea of good-will: "Cast not your pearls before swine." He sets the exoteric clock different from the esoteric, like the time-pieces at the railway stations to expedite the traveller with benevolent deceit! I answer, "Offer not up sincerity to love. No love is genuine whose altar asks such sacrifice. The good nature you yield plain dealing to is hindrance, not furtherance: no road, but a swamp. Make your tongue hard as a turnpike or iron rail rather than, in Solomon's phrase, 'a deep ditch'!"

This is unacceptable in house or shop; makes senates howl and tabernacles rage; fetches insult from governments, as Russia is stung with a Catacazy dismissal and England resents an Alabama demand for which she had thought an apology a legal tender: and it comes to a poor market in church. The priest is popular who, with mutual good or bad understanding, covers up questions and faults, in the record or ritual, brought home to his conscience by any intelligence

that qualifies him for his task. If duty prick him to veracity, what remonstrance from those who, like the family under the White Mountain slide, feel safe asleep! Touch not the foundations though they be sand, quicksand, volcano-crust, or rubble-stone, as in the Pemberton Mills! All may seem well in this policy, but it ripens to a catastrophe. A crash is coming in something more important than Erie or the New York municipality. *Equal inspiration* in scores of books, of many lands and ages, bound into one, the Christian's being about half the floating literature of the first two centuries; the whole volume containing, with infinite truth and beauty, many errors of fact, as shown by Colenso, low ideas of God, unworthy sentiments, not a few fables, much irrelevant matter, and not a little false logic or substitution of metaphor for truth, to pass muster under apostolic names? No: such things have not the pass-word. They cannot be franked through in the great mail of time!

The disturber of the pew is charged with harping on his theme. But how David harped on his! Have we any option? Euclid to choose his axioms, Colburn to make the multiplication-table and settle how much seven times nine shall make; Paul, Isaiah, Jesus to decide on the topics which are Another's selection? The prophet's word is a message, burden, case in court, *necessity* which his delinquency makes a *woe!* His credentials and creed are worthless unless at first hand. The Divinity telegraphs to the obedient ear. What is ability but a trained spirited steed, a statue at the post, not pricking his ear or turning his eye at your

irrelevant coming, till the owner mounts him, — then on his errand with lightning pace.

But we must not be harsh! "He never spoke ill of any one," — that is the crown of praise. We must treat all alike? I answer, "Love is not such a fool!" It distinguishes things and people. Yet is not equal regard for all Christ's *Collect* in his figure of the rising sun and falling rain? Yes; but what a discriminator is the sun; tropic to some, arctic to others, a resident at the equator and an absentee at the pole, scorching or temperate, shining or in a cloud; in Spanish phrase a fertile sun in Teneriffe, but not to the Esquimaux! So to God men are as far apart as the ecliptic belt from the freezing zone. One finds in the sun of righteousness a genial warmth, another a consuming fire! May not your atmosphere turn the benediction of the rain to sleet, or snow, or arrows sped by the east wind? Sincerity may be an undelightful thing! "They are fond of each other," — do they confide in each other? Note the roof-tree explosions, like northward-travelling earthquakes or avalanches down the Jungfrau after a storm! Alas for the passing of affection into aversion, the tragedy of the world, husband and wife despising each other, mother and daughter at swords' points because sincerity reared no breakwater in season for beauty where ruin came! Of such disaster no need. We know when distrust begins. At the outset it can be cured. Why is no report of slander a surprise? Because our backbiter, dumb and on his guard, keeping his secret, to our keen eye lets out in every expression all he thinks! I want no one to tell me if he is my friend! "Sincerely yours" is needless, though it ends

a letter well. Said a great financier, "I never in any investment made a mistake." Nor have I in such human stocks as I took shares in!

But people like not to be sincerely dealt with, as sick folk only in despair say, "Tell me the worst." The Roman augurs smiled as they met, yet carried on the farce. In how much of our religion scientific assay shows a shallow entertainment of operatic music, flowery decoration and ministerial acting, a huge growth with little pith, like some big stems of dried-up sugar-cane! What but insincerity eats out the core of the commonwealth! Do senators charge corruption from pure regard for the honor of the land among the nations; or resist investigation from their knowledge of official rectitude? Or do both parties have an eye to the chances of the presidential eminence; and would a political doctor err in prescribing a homœopathic dose of sincerity on either hand? Does not the press require the same? When I complained of an editor's exhibiting the belligerence he blamed, he said, "We expect better fashions of *Christians*." Is there a set of people *so-called*, with a monopoly of the virtues, a patent for patience, under bonds to be good, and a privilege of sweet temper, whom the reviewer, throwing his vitriol, may indict for violated vows? Must only ministers forbear, and nuns be pure? Then putting the names of God and Christ into the constitution will not mend matters! We have no right: it were false to put them there, as if they ruled. Keep them out for shame, if not for justice to atheist, infidel, Mormon, Chinese and Jew. For universal equity let us go to the death, else we but utter "brave words,"

as says Fluellen in the play. According to Lord Bacon, men love some flattering fancy more than truth, as they do a colored stone — amethyst or ruby — better than a diamond. Roman emperors, with bread and circus, diverted their subjects' thoughts. The French have theatre and Louvre, building and boulevarde, wars for glory, and dancing in the Elysian fields! When my friend expected a compliment from the Japanese coming out of the play at San Francisco, they took down the American pride with saying, "We see the same passions prevail in all countries." What but hollow customs, put for truth, did Jesus hit when he cried, "Let the dead bury their dead;" for as, in the Bahama Islands, the coral reefs, sepulchres of insects, are dug into for the sepulchres of men, how we bury our belief in lifeless ceremonies of a preceding age! A minister's changing the usual form of benediction at the close of the service was once, to an aged sister, a mortal offence.

Folk fear sincerity as destructive; but it tears only to build what cannot be blown up or down. Denying for the sake of denial is satanic, not sincere. Let your negative only define your affirmative! To unsay, and not say, is naught. I care not for your refutations as for your proofs. Explode the hoax, the sacred canard, though pulpit and priest's frock protect it; but give us true tidings, — your news from heaven! Go with others, far as you can take their line of motion or point of view. I sang the triune doxology with trinitarian friends, but explained that it was the tune, not the verse, I sang. The old United States bank owed a broker a large sum "in money or satisfactory secu-

rities." The president offered securities which the broker declined. The case was argued hotly and long. The broker held *satisfactory* to mean, not satisfactory in general, or to the president, or to signers and indorsers, or anybody in the wide world but himself, which interpretation the president's own lawyers sustained. The broker got his money: soon after, the bank and its securities exploded; and on the timely pay was reared an immense beneficent fortune, — the sincerity of an adjective the basis of all.

We speak of *sincere work*. It means that no poverty of material, or weak joint, is covered up with a fair outside. Mechanics are said to do better work by the day than by contract, in which they slur, and make haste. Forty years ago, a Bowdoin professor lost a screw from the fine theodolite he thought handsomer than any woman in the town of Brunswick. The missing little fastening was a great defect, much deplored; but an ingenious student undertook to supply it by making another screw out of brass, obtaining from sulphate of iron his own oxide to polish it. His success led him next to construct a perfect steam-engine, on a small scale; and that education of the brain by the hand induced more mechanical and chemical study, on the strength of which, being a missionary in Constantinople during the Crimean war, he set up vast bakeries for the pressing need, turning out seven tons of bread a day, to save life and health for hundreds of thousands; specimens of which, filling the air with their perfume, from the decks of several vessels, led a Mr. Robert to inquire for the baker, an introduction to whom occasioned the founding, for a blessing to the whole East,

of Robert College, sending rays of liberty and religion through the Oriental dark,— all from the good heart that was put into the turning of a screw! The sincere boy is now the sincere man, Cyrus Hamlin. Sincerity, by virtue of its quality, works like an element of nature. When the glass was far below the freezing point, I watched the sun shining on a honey-combed bank of snow. Every few seconds it melted a particle so small I could see it only by its shadow like a ghost as it fell; but at last the heap would go. What other ice we can shine away!

Without sincerity, no virtue. We say of some pleasure-lover, he is frank, open-hearted, only his own enemy; but drunkard or profligate is hypocrite, will hide his fault. We speak of a sincere hater; but hate is an Indian, skulking behind a tree. In your foe's anonymous letter, you will read the old grudge! Offend a newspaper, you will find it has a good memory,— rather a *bad* one; and will hire some bravo of a critic to stab you in the dark. With the first swervings of regard into aversion, you are becoming a serpent, ready to join the great masquerade.

Sincerity is feared as destructive; but it binds more than it breaks. It communicates reality for the error it denies in "the sensual crew." It finds people resting in matter, not in thought. Popular religion fights positive science. It is a family quarrel. They are blood-relations. Their grounds are the same outward assumptions. Positivists declare the senses and understanding to be the only sources of knowledge. But in what does Orthodox, or so-called Liberal religion repose but the letter, the sensible phenomenon, *ordi-*

nary or miraculous does not signify; for it is the same outward foundation, and their reproaches remind us of creatures that growl or spit at each other because they are of the same species and in the same mood. Perhaps it is part mimicry, or contagion of ill-temper; as, when a certain Mussulman, in presence of a thousand Armenians, spat on the ground, all of them spat! But the sincere soul has not only understanding, but *upperstanding*. To it all the glories of nature are but stage-properties for the ideas represented in the universal play! To the pure physical scientist, material forms have no necessary existence. By the crumbling of the whole fabric, by the whirling back of the solar system into the sun whence it whirled out, he ought not to be amazed. But, though with the spiritualist earth and sky are but toy and tinsel to the unseen glory, yet as symbols of reality they have title to endure. Above the ground-floor is a staging, sky-light observatory, without which the many mansions in the Father's house were hid, but from which your report is beyond all veto of falsehood, affirmation of right.

This perception commands action, as Paul's *vision* was *obedience*. It is principle at any cost. Said a now Orthodox clergyman to me, "But for immortality, the life to come, I would have my fling." Did the Master so teach, a peculiar fidelity to whom this official boasts? When all was dark and no future shone, and only Gethsemane was watered to grow green with his bloody sweat, did he flinch? No, — if God had forsaken him he had not forsaken God! He had *upperstanding* when no strength to stand on his feet. Sincerity is no minus quantity. But what is the *plus* it

asserts? Peculiar divine presence in a particular person or prodigy; or that conscious omnipresence which sheds special portents like a dead skin, to make a live wonder of the world? It declares no creed, but the Being words cannot contain. In "Herrmann and Dorothea" Goethe says, "Our wishes hide the object." Shall I say, our *opinions* hide the object? By our definitions deity is eclipsed! The spider of our logic weaves a cobweb over the glass he would shine through. Anything between hinders vital contact and close communion. Direct baptismal fire was needed for the downy cheeks that mixed with bearded faces for freedom and native land, in such a sacrifice that we see the blood of our boys whenever we look at the flag. We all pay toll on the road of life! There is in architecture what is called the Finial, the pinnacle, gable, or nicely-touched projection from the roof. Sincerity is the true finial, never perfect in the young and quite happy, but the result of toil and pain.

No sect is sincere! Unitarianism, born as a protest, becomes a policy, declines as a witness for reason and free inquiry. Ambition of church-extension and personal leadership hurts its simplicity and perverts its mission. A text of Scripture, miracle and ordinance, like a military cordon, with appointed guards push out dissenters. This police-process is harder with the young. But the old nonconformists, however held against excommunication by long-growing affection, are under the ban. From the organized power falls on us no smile. We are not asked to ordinations; no divinity school professors invite our voice, or treasury of association or convention employs our pen. As was

said of General Jackson, "The sword and purse are in the same hands." Those in authority vote to publish only what is with the conclusions of the synod in a perfect square. There is *ecclesiastic* nepotism, be there presidential or not! Candor and ability in other quarters suffer discount amounting to prohibition. The good men in the office of literary religion act as they think for the best. Are they wise? The representation of minorities is asking political; should it not have theological acceptance? Would a little radical spice hurt the flavor of the bread? Had Parker's "Ten Sermons" been adopted, would they have demolished the theological house? Without disparaging the talent that gets into type, is no genius for thought or piety left out? The words of Chunder Sen are circulated by our press because they will catch the eye, and there is no apostasy in a *report*. But how impolite and improper to let into the pulpit that Gentile gem of the Orient, which Jesus would at once have owned! The wooden box is too sacred for him, but not the printed sheet! Is the former dedicated and the latter not? Beware lest you make of what you call the Body, and Our Body, a close corporation, of short breath, subject to disease and death! It is the peril of absolute power to oppress, and to breed in and in till it perish. Only in emergency of life and death is it just. When civil war suspended specie-payment, the government became universal debtor and creditor. It owed and owned everything! Every token of its obligation to the citizen was token of the citizen's obligation to it, like that piece of furniture celebrated by the poet, —

"Contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

All related to one point, the nation's claim. It was well and needful. "Suppose we invest in United States stocks and they fail?" a venerable man was asked. Clenching his fist in the inquirer's face, he said, "Then we shall all go to hell together." Shall we, with no exigency, imitate in the church this abnormal condition of the State, unless we confess our destitution of sterling truth? A certain bank lost one-quarter of its capital by a loan to its involved president. Let not our directors reduce our capital of truth by spending on ventures of however venerable falsehood, and refusing notes of value as solid as they are new! A few persons, not the quorum of a committee, may decide. Is the Erie then the only Ring? Zealous propagandists gallop, like Sherman and Sheridan, up and down the lines and talk of marching and banners; then perhaps, like Lee and Johnstone, desert to the other side. Meanwhile, with all the bustle and parade, the standard of scholarship is lowered, — precious metal of doctrine alloyed, — our appeals becoming popular become vulgar, the reason for a liberal order is belied; and, amid increasing numbers and show of success, we are taunted with signs of decay. When shall we learn our mission is not to *conquer* — of which I trust we have heard the last — but to leaven and lift? Competing with others in the denominational race, we lose our own centre of gravity, and with our poise, our peace, parting with the sincerity which is the basis of strength.

That sincerity we have disprized with our miraculous test, belief in which we must cease to insist on as a criterion of soundness or qualification to teach. Extraordinary healings or apparitions break not any known law! But how about a tree blasted with a curse, money coined within a fish's mouth, water turned into wine, a fish or loaf multiplied that never swam or grew as grain? It were a lie of nature and of God! As pictorial writing, legendary accretion, a sharp-cut statistical figure of supernature or spirit as supreme, it may pass; but not as a matter of fact. My friend says, "In the pulpit I steer clear of such tales." But I read them with pleasure, in public or private, as *myths*, of which some radicals seem unable to conceive. They know no distinction between falsehood and fact. Even Theodore Parker satirized a beautiful idyl in the Old Testament as the "Lord's eating veal with Abraham," and was more concerned with the authenticity than the beauty of the story of Ruth. But I will not tear the leaf on which a fable is writ. Fiction is more truth than any exact story. Myth is an indispensable part of literature and life. It may express a sentiment or idea deeper and firmer to build on than any earthly occurrence. *Figures* cannot lie, we say. In the wrong rows they are the greatest liars in the world, as every accountant and swindled trader learn. Facts are *stubborn* things, and very misleading. An astute lawyer, religious sectarian, partisan politician, external and circumstantial philanthropist, with a zeal not according to knowledge will so cull, state and distribute his facts as to make unjust and injurious impressions of every subject with which he deals. Whether we

have all the facts, and in the right proportion, is the question which it takes conscience and reason, as well as the sharpest eye and most veracious tongue to decide. Governed by circumstances? Yes, if you will be governed by them *all*, rightly understood! The deceptive nature of partial induction was hinted by Napoleon in his scoring of history as a concerted fable. We want something beside history; we must have a principle, — and myth is symbolic resultant of the struggle of the human mind to represent, in the shape of some double meaning of an event, or significance of a natural object, that sense of the Infinite, of God and Heaven, which haunts it behind all the shows of sense, hovers over it in visions of dream, and transcends for it the vistas of time. Unlawful so to affront the understanding and give fancy the reign? No, — rather pity to be of intellect so hard as to be poorly satisfied with the surface of things, and not feel their *mystery* buoying them like a flood and folding as the air, unconscious of which an apprehension of the universe is but one line in advance of the brute. Nothing to do with metaphor, only with plain matter of fact? The world is God's metaphor; all its solidity his shadow, all its shining a ray of his latent heat; and the sincerity by which you feel constrained to disown wonder in the creation, or the reports of it made by religious men, is by you mistakenly assumed and misnamed. It is no doubt a good, bare, bald, homely honesty of a prosaic mind; but amounts not to that sincerity whose quality is to meet the Divine work and spirit in their whole amplitude and ever-quickening breath. This is all imagination, do you say? Yes, all imagination it is!

And what is imagination but the eye which sees heights and depths never revealed to physical science or the dogmatic brain? "Prose and Poetry from my Life," Goethe called his book. There was more reality in the poetry than in the prose. It is this half-seized, elusive, incomprehensible, immortal reality that gives to the mythical element in sacred narrative its charm; holds the old picture on the page; makes an illuminated missal of the Bible, with its marvellous word-paintings, and keeps the spell in Paul Veronese's Canvas of the Marriage in Cana, and Correggio's "La Notte," and Raphael's Transfiguration. Not that things, of course, sensibly happened just as they sketch or the biographer relates; but, by means of what is supposition, if not even superstition, in such happenings, invisible glories stream through the chinks and crevices of this cloddy, stony world; raise noble suspicions of destiny beyond the dust; and make sceptical Sadducees of the market and the street stagger under the stress of divine possibilities, as earthquakes shift the proudest architecture of the city from its plumb line. Nothing against reason, but much above understanding and individual experience we must accept; and surely shall, if we ever, as we hope, get up out of these old clothes of our bodies into glorified forms; after all not so surprising as are the first garments with which the good Father fits us!

But contradictions, inconsistent with each other or our own nature, must be from our standard left out. A clergyman says all his feelings recoil, and his reason revolts from some article of his authoritative creed, which, nevertheless, he must hold and preach! Hold

and preach it he may; but believe it he does not! It is but held in his will-worship, not divine worship. Nothing is believed that has no intellectual harmony, but is by the stomach of the mind thrown off. The development of intelligence deprives error of its *inward* lodging. It cannot be accommodated longer. It is *unthinkable*, when we come to think. No ecclesiastical position but must shift and conform to the alteration of things, which Church of Rome or Greek Church cannot resist. Every new sect presumes it has reached the final station: will die, if need be, in the last ditch! There is no last ditch! You have seen the curious terraces left by successive subsidings, age after age, of some inland lake. Each generation assumed its level would last forever; but it sank and sank. So the river sank out of the great lakes one by one, — and is sinking and wearing the rocks away, till Erie shall be emptied, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence added a new reservoir to the mighty chain. In the social alteration we have a part to act; and that part is to let the moral sense not only into our heart and life, but our mind and speech. A minister asked me what he should do with language of worship in his liturgy which was resented by his feeling of reverence and truth. I told him he must not enact any untruth. He must explain himself frankly to the folk. There must be no mistrust about his mental position in regard to what he was vital part of. It is this claim of sincerity, in which ecclesiastical commotion finds its cause, as Dr. Hayes tells us strange rumblings precede the splitting of icebergs from the glaciers in the Northern Sea.

The line between the acceptable and impossible in

tales of wonder is yet to be drawn. In the Report on Spiritualism, by the London Dialetical Society, various fruits were brought as if created on the spot, as the wine flowed in Auerbach's cellar in the play of Faust. *Tricksy* jugglers, more expert than magicians in Egypt, seemed to be roving, with full swing; for who can impute such doings to the Lord? But against spectres there is no law! Science cannot say or unsay aught about Macbeth's witches on the Scottish heath, or Hamlet's father at the Danish court; nor whether Jesus walked on the water, or Mr. Home floats to the ceiling, as Madame Guyon in her ecstasies could scarce keep her feet on the floor. But no truth can be built on a portent. It were to build spirit on matter, as popular religion does. In the multiple of trivial marvels we shall have to petition for the natural laws! Why are we so indifferent to the extraordinary accounts? What then? is our question to the unaccountable things. We can build on them no better ideas of God or heaven; rather have our conceptions belittled and let down. Sceptics may be convinced, Sadducees silenced, but believers are not exalted. Spiritualism and Materialism, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, pass each other; the latter rising, the former coming down. The one refined, the other coarsened, which is the real *Dromio* when they meet? Both disappear in thought. Materialism, like a Japanese official, commits Hari Kari, the Happy Despatch at the temple door. It is suicide, by its surrender to pure force in correlation, and a relationship unsearchable and unseen. If by spirit we mean that which is its own essence and proof, spirit is all there is; the

elements are its servants, and matter the marshal of ceremonies to introduce it to itself in every diverse form. There would be no *matter*, save to keep us at a certain distance of arm's length from each other, that we may know as we are known, recognize God in his work, and not run all together in one confused mass and mere mighty deep. Nature cannot drive out its parent, the supernature. "All must come under the head of science," one of her spokesmen says. But what is *science?* One of the words we play and conjure with! There are other words not to be discharged of their meaning, — *sentiment*, *intuition*, *inward light and sight*, *voice* and *ear*. Cassius says, *Brutus* is a name that is as fair, sounds as well, and weighs as heavy as *Cæsar;* and when naturalism flouts Christian faith and hope, we ask: "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?" We own his discoveries; let him be hospitable to our ideas. As diamond cuts diamond, let science and devotion meet! An unanimated form, a recited liturgy, may show as little feeling as the Mohammedan repetition of Arabic prayers, and be a *dead* language as much as *that*, in which only some bodily posture gives the sense to every line. The Romish Transubstantiation is better than our Supper, if for that superstition only this mechanism is put. A minister, finding, when the child was brought, no water in the bowl, yet scooped his hand into it and baptized with air, playing a trick on the people's eyes. What signified a rite so insincere? Unitarianism being a past issue, and nobody minding how another may worship God, in the singular number or some threefold or manifold way, what shall the new

departure be but this question of sincerity, putting our basis *without or within*, to which Radicalism points? How the hold weakens of external evidence on thoughtful men! Why do we turn the volumes of prodigy with careless hand, and read with incurious eye? Wherefore such surfeit of astonishment, apparitions so many vagabonds, the bulky book of their revelations such a dry herbarium? How comes it, the ghostly doings tempt so little appetite that Mr. Huxley declines attending to them? Why do I take refuge in a volume of Shakespeare, and leave Owen's "Foot-falls" unnoticed, and his "Debatable Land" without any survey? Because by these mortal performances my immortal instinct is not fed! Through this materialism of spirits the heavenly glory oozes out, as lightning through conductors; and is insulated, or made potent only in thought. Manifestations waste the substance. Mediums are leaky vessels. The celestial jars crack, the apocalyptic vials break in their hands. Expression is the ebb of feeling. Demonstrations run away with faith, if we had any at the start. Convince coarse doubters as they may by running glory into the ground, yet the eternal belief is sustained, not by sensuous communications, but by musing, by loving, by work and prayer.

Sincerity is more than veracity, or the exact squaring of our statement with the fact. It is such presence of reality and truth in the mind, that whatever we do or say is a piece of nature, utterance of spirit and token of God. This genuineness some would sacrifice to generosity. A certain doctrine, social, theological, or political, is said to be doing good; so we preach or tolerate though we think it unsound. But it is unhallowed

offering. It is a way like those where city authority warns us travel is unsafe. Many temperance reformers take the position that alcohol in every shape, light wine, lager beer, or the slight film in a little bottle of homœopathic medicine, is a bane. They fancy, if the community can be so persuaded, sobriety will prevail; whose cause indeed, with drunkenness the source of half our crime, is so important, any philanthropist would gladly be a fanatic for it on every honest ground. But what if I do not believe every drop of vinous fermentation is only pure venom? What if the sentence of science and experience to my mind be on the other side, and I have the witness of the best men and doctors that some form of spirituous ministration is beneficent to heal; as James Martineau, in England, eighteen years ago, when the Maine liquor-law so raged as to silence the Atlantic roar and be heard in England, expressing his astonishment at such a statute, told me he had been lifted from extreme perilous prostration by the use of wine! Then I must act and speak on the best of my knowledge and faith, and not drop a pinch of my sincerity into the flame of the altar dedicated to human good, to save a nation of inebriates, not convinced it were for real good more than incense of an old recanting Christian on the shrine of Jupiter. Let me say, *Taste, touch, handle this dangerous thing for pleasure*, I will not! I would not eat meat to make my brother offend. But I will heed the duty of health, and walk as I would others should; doing nothing for the sake of example — for nothing is well done so — but doing what is right, true, beautiful in every circumstance, so presenting an example,

if that be the want, which all Massachusetts, the United States, every nation, men and angels might follow! Sincerity is always personal, the sense of right in the private soul, while it is the bond of the community; yet not conventional in itself. This is the meaning of the proverb, "Corporations have no soul," which is true not only of moneyed, but of political, philanthropic and religious ones. We talk of an ecclesiastical consciousness; an ecclesiastical conscience is a different thing! It leads to Jesuitical reserve, suppression of truth and profession of falsehood to save the denomination; and, though association is supposed to make men generous and humble each in himself, there is no individual conceit so gross as the self-importance of leadership and of our superiority to rival orders, in church or state. "Our Body," as if it were ours, and the spirit had left a corpse! No Body is sincere. Policy with the best aim turns mercy to a pretence; as when, many years ago, a whole medical society in Boston voted the alcohol a poison, with which every member of it prepared his medicines.

Sincerity implies an object in all speech beyond the speech itself. We hear conversation celebrated as the head of the fine arts. But it is spoiled by being its own end. "*Making conversation*" is ludicrous. Talk for the sake of talking is poor talk. It is to be hoped what is called "*eloquence*" will enter the list of those "Lost Arts," described by our friend in his lecture thirty years long. Goethe says the writer's business is not to make beautiful descriptions, but to describe beautiful things; and the speaker's vocation is never

to listen to his own voice, but lodge his meaning and enthusiasm in his auditors' hearts.

There is an insincerity, arising when the imports exceed the exports of the mind, and all one's views are borrowed till there is no vision; as a monument is covered with inscriptions to hide the nature of the stone; as the immigrants overcome what is native to the mind. How many garrulous, wise-looking people ought to be put on a spare diet of books and company, of concerts and interviews, to save them from pretences, and to recover their own mental strength and health! Something rude and strange would refresh us more than this artificial state. The caparison of a horse does not add so much beauty as clipping and shaving takes away; and a little genuineness were worth more than affected courtesy. But for this we need mighty working of the Holy Ghost.

Sincerity is a man's truth to his light. We must not call him insincere because he is not true to *our* light, if he be true to his own. Yet sincere no one perfectly is till he is true to *the* Light, which is no man's, of that unsetting Sun, by mortal or angel owned only as it is followed, and found as it is sought, being eternally conformed to the mind's eye, and one with sight.

Can a man in the pulpit act as if having the feeling of his subject of which he is devoid? Delsarte, recently deceased in Paris, whose system has been expounded in this country, taught for actors all the bodily signs of thought and feeling on a scheme and scale. When we are dead to the occasion, shall we, like a runaway soldier, desert; or fish for our emotion with this muscular line and nervous bait of assumed gesture and

simulated look? Rising with a well-written discourse in the desk, but conscious of no interest in the topic, shall the preacher turn his back and flee like Lot out of Sodom, and like those Jesus told not to wait for anything in the house; or shall he do the best he can, and rather than disappoint, run the risk of sacrificing his audience to his manuscript? Is it within mortal power to produce an equation between sentiment and speech? Must we use the best language and assume a lofty manner to lift the lagging soul to a higher level, ourselves in despair of absolute truth? In this business of spiritual communication flesh has its part to play; but it can assume no responsibility beyond the meaning of its silent partner. Were matter or a material compound all that is signified by soul, still we should want harmony in the atoms, and however in practice failing, no contradiction on principle could we afford. What I best remember of Henry Ware, professor of pulpit eloquence in Cambridge, is not any particular discourse, but his dropping one of his lectures, declaring himself fruitless and leaving the room. Abandoning on the spot whatever function to teach or comfort a man has no heart to, would improve the ministry and bless the church; for no bands, black gown, or white surplice, can, like organic pretence of a lowly or sympathetic mind, cover falsehood in the clergy or turn Satan into an angel of light. Sincerity may consist with reserving what a third person has no right to know or a congregation cannot comprehend; but not with any conveyance of a sham. Paper counters are gross offers all the more that love and wisdom are of supreme price.

Let not the standard down! Our consciences are

like clocks and watches which do well in the maker's or repairer's shop; but, moved about and exposed to varying temperature, blows and dust, keep not correct time. How easy to regulate ourselves in our imagination alone! But in the wind of passion, under the assaults of temptation, amid instances of impurity and heats of strife the works in us get out of order, and the chronometer divinely fashioned cannot be relied on. How many a man proud of his time-piece for not losing a second in a week, is himself the sport of inclination and has wasted his days! "He is a soldier that never won a battle, an orator that could not make a speech, a path-finder that always lost his way, and a millionaire not worth a cent." Such an one may be put at odds with himself not by lack of ability, but by too many tendencies which in superabundant vigor neutralize each other, while inferior, but better harmonized minds sweep into success. Sincerity is the working of incompatible elements out of the character.

But, in defect of feeling, why not take elocution for a substitute? Because a true elocution expresses and is never put instead of the mental state. It is simply the means of getting our thoughts fairly out. It is as the midwife of Socrates to the soul, for delivery not of fictitious, but real emotion, which one may have, yet through organic failure be unable to impart. Art is not falsehood. It never contradicts nature. It loses its name and becomes artifice, with a tinge of affectation or syllable of a lie. It is heart produced. If one may publicly palm upon us signs that do not answer to his inward mood, why not in private too? What line of number or circumstance or occasion parts

mendacity from truth? Eloquence is spontaneous communication; elocution is the skill of honest talent to convey ideas which the spirit does not transpire. Nor will the actor on the stage, if more than a supernumerary stick, for internal reality put any bodily airs. It is by no show or pretence of passion that Kean, Kemble or Booth becomes master of the theatrical situation; but by power to let loose the motives of the character they would represent, whose traits they must realize in imagination to incarnate in appearance. Concrete fact is principle in its last and weakest form; that in which feeling ebbs and is spent. There are tales of those on the boards abusing their calling by being gross in the embraces, or too sharp with the daggers required by the passage in the play. But feigning itself must have a certain veracity when it is the business in hand.

But the casuists ask us, Shall a merchant bring home his business cares, or hide the anxieties of the market, smoothing his brow? They know not woman's nature who fancy she would be more content with the fair weather of a false sunshine than with a genuine cloud. Of all things she dislikes secrets in her spouse; however man has been so much the jealous lord as to drive her to have innocent ones of her own! Her delight is in sympathy, and a share in all his troubles, if possible, more complete than in his joys. To have him suffer alone she altogether objects; what was she made for but to relieve and console? When he is absent her solicitude wakes, watches his return, and imagines every disaster to which he may be exposed; and she were ill-requited with his concealment of his care and

cheated out of the privilege she most prizes for her sex. When the supreme master of human nature, Shakspeare tells us, Percy or Brutus keeps what is in hand from the wife, what repining and grief! Portia considers the withheld confidence a loss of love. Lady Percy will break Harry's "little finger" unless he divulges to her what he is about; but he, man-like and lord-like, answers with the proverbial distrust of any woman's keeping a secret. Better for womanhood to be taken into counsel, with such suspicious enterprizes of assassination and rebellion on foot! At least the masculine burial in silence of great undertakings and important plans is treason to one's help-meet, and of a piece with her exclusion as an inferior from the after-dinner talk, club, vote, dissecting-room, civil office and legislative hall.

The advocates of concealment admit it to be a question of more or less. The effect on the body may be different of medicine in a large or little pill; is homœopathic hypocrisy no hurt but healing to the soul? By what process shall we subdue all our naturally truth-telling members and organs to the semblance we would maintain, and make pretenders not only of our lips, but our manners and our looks? In this frame of spirit and flesh we have not only one articulate speech, but a hundred tongues of nerve and motion, color and form. Countless infinitesimal lines and shades must be schooled to our purpose to complete the assumption or misrepresentation. It must come from a manufactory more minute and subtle than of leathern visors or paper veils. A masquerade on principle, not for an evening and as a play, will be a very painstaking and expen-

sive affair; and, although society and fashion make successful approaches in half the conversation we hear, it is a somewhat original system of ethics to introduce into pulpits and conventions and deliberative halls. If I may feign the feeling I have not, may I diguise the feeling I have? Be sure there is no exception to the law of truth! Everything in God's universe rushes to expression and publication. No seed in the ground or scud in the air tells a lie. Innocent duplicity, to do good? It cannot be distinguished in the end from appearing like the flower and being the serpent underneath.

In the game of politics, to talk of sincerity may seem satire. In case of a nomination disagreeable to them, have individuals the right to bolt? Does not an argument in convention of his prerogative to violate at pleasure the conclusion he helps to form, insult membership, and stultify the body to which one belongs? In what capacity is he on the spot; as a delegate to the meeting, or one of the human race! The committee on credentials would not admit, nor the president recognize, nor the assembly listen to him, as a man, if he were not also an integral part of the association, amenable to its policy and accepting its common law. Whether to put himself in this representative predicament, is the question beforehand to decide. We cannot combine incompatible claims. A man will not be the slave of his fellows. But neither must he be their tyrant, breaking all bonds with those who will not indorse his judgment and abide by his will. This is the principle of secession to enjoy the benefits of union, but be free to nullify its duties and eschew its

tasks. Women, sometimes, insist on entering into all the pursuits of men; yet are sore at any omission of peculiar courtesy to their sex. The cake they had eaten they would still have!

How far to come under party-obligations, is a matter well deserving to be discussed. Nothing better than an administration and an opposition, has yet been devised for the management of the State. Yet the moral sentiment, like so much oxygen in the air, will make its way into all civil arrangements; the sense of justice prove superior to every written constitution; and the higher law fall upon the card-castles of unrighteous expediency like "a meteoric stone." In the church a concerted order of proceeding is still more sure to be disturbed. How absurd in reason, were it not an attempt at oppression to determine doctrine for the soul by a vote! The form of worship may be prescribed; and there is no infringement of liberty in what every one observes or neglects as he will. But a debate on the concerns between the human spirit and the divine, with a view to embody the results in a binding creed, all dissenters from which shall be under a ban, is a very tragic comedy to play. No wonder David attributed a sense of humor to God; for, if he that sitteth in the heavens can laugh at anything, it must be at the travesty of his own nature in our metaphysics. If he hold any one in derision, it is the theologian presuming to put into verbal propositions for all time the terms of peace with himself. Yet, in learned addresses, such projection is still assumed of the divine system in a perfect letter from a human hand. Even liberal Christians dream that the faith of churches can

be carried in sentences to synods by persons authorized to pledge their constituencies to articles which the synods frame.

But in fine, though truth be no private property, may I not withhold my thoughts, as a troop of soldiers reserves its fire? What is the truth but my thought? It is no abstract entity, but the mind perceiving the relations of things. Thought and truth are one; and thought, if more than faint far-off heat-lightning, cannot be concealed; but will thunder and strike. As well wrap fire in woollen, as conviction in carnal folds. It will burn through! You can put a paper in your secretary, and lock it in a secret drawer, whose spring none knows but you; but a persuasion in the escritoire of your breast were like a live coal in your bureau. But the people are not prepared? What you so dread will not keep, but spoil like the preserved manna. Because Jesus was not understood, and had much to say his disciples could not immediately bear, what a conceit that there is nobody to comprehend us now! In this day of agitation you will be appreciated. Never fear anybody will be overset, or the glass in our houses shivered by the wind of your gun. As reasonably might Daguerre have kept back his photography, or Leverrier his new planet, as any thinker those ideas which are better sun-pictures and stars in a deeper firmament. The worst infanticide is of the births of the mind. By the vanishing from cowards of the vision, it is avenged. Bolting may be immoral for those who join a party with their bolt ready made. So Judas bolted; and even a chief-priest were out of place if in the conclave only as a spy to betray. But the neces-

sity, in conscience, of bolting in fact should teach us that parties have had their day; and shall the man, refusing to be a political, consent to be an ecclesiastical slave? Let Orthodoxy or Heresy, Free Religion or Christianity, have no servant in my soul. I will not be a slave to myself, or follow the shadow of my own mean and mendacious past. I claim a liberty, older and more than Christ made me free with, of the sons of God.

V.

SEX.

AN æronant says, the voice of a woman can be heard twice as far as that of a man in a balloon. How well it deserves a hearing as it rises clear and shrill out of inveterate wrong! What misfit of the sister to the brother's side she was taken from not to divide but multiply human nature, lie the blame where it will, when the worst feature of our civilization can have *Social Evil* for its name! The way out of our narrowness may not be so easy as the way in. The weasel that creeps into the corn-bin has to starve himself before he can leave by the same passage. As the last step in medicine is learning to prevent disease by anticipating morbid action or inaction in the cells of the nervous system, so prevent the disorder we call sin or crime! An idealist biting his nails being asked what he was thinking of, answered, of what a wretched thing this life is. Truly much uneasiness, of which all this running round the world, which we call travelling, must be to get rid. How few happy marriages, we exclaim. Marriage is mischief, cry the Free Lovers, and use for their picture only black. Is life a tragedy, comedy, or farce? If it be a symphony, the music is

too deep for our ear to catch. What way out of domestic trouble?

Is it to strike at the family? But that is the block or brick out of which the fabric is built. Father, mother and child are the human trinity, whose substance must not be divided nor its persons confounded. As well reconstruct your granite out of the grains it is disintegrated into, as society out of the dissolution of wedded love. This orderly pile of houses in rows along the streets, this immense hive and honeycomb, with cells so distinct, yet joined together, is the community. Wedlock is the foundation, Church and State the second and third stories of the building. But what abuses it covers, and what a whited sepulchre it sometimes is, full of dead men's and dead women's bones, and all uncleanness; so that a new school of honest reformers is provoked to disallow the bond! We must listen and answer; for the foundation of marriage is among the things that must be discussed, however breaches of its law be punished. When the parties to the contract "till death do us part" wake from their dream of delight, and become conscious of stronger affinities, shall they not illustrate the experiment of chemical combination on which Goethe founded his tale? "Shall they," wrote one, "stand looking at each other with murder in their eyes?" What business with murder in their eyes, more than with poison in the cup, death in the pot, or pistol in the hand? Hatred in the heart is murder in the eyes for anybody; and they would be assassins together or apart. The plea of *no more love* is confession of crime. Love is duty, not inability or fate. With it we can get along

with any mortal; nor could we live with angels discarding its bonds. The illusion is not choice of the wrong person, but the supposition of magic in any person to hold another without conscience by fealty of the fading flesh. But infinite selfishness revolts at discovering that the universe is not made to minister by some eternal decree to its delight, with a match made in heaven for its acme and crown. "I think she will make me happy"? If that be your design in the relation, be sure very long she will not! If we abolish marriage for its disappointments or even its corruptions, why not annul society, government, the church, for the same reason? But no evil can equal anarchy, and any rule is better than none. "Is there any king here?" asked the Greek sage, on arriving at a town, ready to shake off the dust of his feet. But what in case of uncongeniality or disloyalty? I knew a woman love an unfaithful man, forgive desertion, shield him from others' rebuke, call attention to his good qualities, and cast a cloak over the bad, fold him to her bosom despite his offence, and open her heart for the refuge that had failed elsewhere till ruin stared him in the face. I worshipped not the Virgin Mary, or her Mother immaculate by the Pope's decree, but this woman, whose quality I knew better than of those enshrined antiques; surperstition having in my devotion no jot. How was she consoled? Not by pouring her tale into the ear of any other man! She coveted in no third person the dear deceptive sympathy of sex. To her untouched purity and intangible love there were no solace in being unfaithful herself. Beware of having wounds healed or handled by a physician who will find

his own account in the cure! There are counsellors who are traitors: there is a pity which is hypocrisy; there is in the distressed citadel an enemy that beckons the caller and opens the door; and the worst treason lurks hid in a tear. Some magnetism of human kindness we need to sustain life. If home lacks, we must seek it abroad; as, when his own board fails, a man goes to another table or stands at a booth in the street. But let it be pure food, not tainted meat! God's curse on the sympathy that is a trap for the unwary, like a bit of cheese or kernel of grain in the closet or the woods, for some poor beast's life; the escape from trouble a strait to torment or whirlpool to devour. Blessed not who surrender, but endure! Suffering is God's tool to cut life into beauty; and he that bolts from trial, would shake off the Supreme Designer's hand.

The attempt to destroy marriage is, in the guise of freedom, a doctrine of individualism reduced to absurdity, gone mad and run into the ground. We reach this destructive extreme through a false notion of society as our creature when it is our creator, prior to and no more made by us than God is. The community is formed; but private human creatures do not by any will or bargain form it, as is imagined by the French or American democracy that would put the individual before the whole. Pure individuality is an empty figment; and the preacher of a man's and woman's right to do as they list irrespective of the common law is an individualist, not an idealist. He postpones the integer to the units and integrity to caprice. We are not all sovereigns, as a Yankee said of us in the House of

Lords ; but there is one sovereign reason, holding the statute-book in its political hand, which the soul may appeal from, but the citizen obeys, from respect to the general order essential to peace ; no maxim being more a mistake than that individuals give up part of their rights to secure the rest, when this consent bestows rights they never could buy. Have the Apache tribe more rights than the inhabitants of Massachusetts? The common law may work particular harm ; but none comparable to our oversetting its bar into universal wreck. If for opposing any unfair decree my blood must run out or stagnate in jail, it shall quicken other circulations, or be gathered up every drop ! Marriage is one social verdict, a sentence of the human jury we are bound by.

But what is marriage, — a ceremony of priest's word or of a wedding-ring? Is it not one heart — part and counterpart in two bodies — without whose revolving chime the marriage-bell rings in vain? Marriage is twofold, half in the outer sanction society must have for self-protection from being disordered and dissolved. The pledge is to my companion and to my kind ; to the community around and posterity before. The double seal must be on the inner table and the written page. Is the bride always more anxious than the bridegroom for the printed proof, because of more fear of a broken vow? Conjugal purity and fidelity are not only private virtues, but pillars of the commonwealth, which they are enemies of their race who pull at. Fornication, adultery, desertion, incest, mutual and self-abuse are not only sins and vices, but crimes ; for society is no doll, idol, lay-figure or thing we have

done and can undo or undress; but a live power we live from and must serve, being not its producers, but product ourselves.

Easy divorce is no remedy; for how wanton marriages will be multiplied as obligations rashly taken are lightly laid aside! People do as they please enough now. We do not need to be made reckless by law. The whole range of our charter requires no narrowing of respect for engagements, of keeping appointments, and heeding one's word; and only a licentious temper wants more liberty than it can spin into duty, such being of the nature of what Shakespeare calls "liberties of sin." Tough is the material, and hard the task; our life is stitched into our work, and in our heart-strings the needle finds its thread, which our hand is held to the toil of providing till no more wool is left on the spindle all whose web is another's. As well I remember the long afternoon buzz of the wheel that turned the white rolls into yarn in the chamber where I was born, so I know how woman stands by the distaff whence man receives the precious stuff so painfully wrought. But that for every one is a true signal which the King was to give Quentin Durward in the tale. *There is a heaven above us*, and no persuasion is possible but that into some other or unseen part of this world the overtaxed and exhausted flee. "Who are these in white robes?" Such as "came out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Mostly women, the innocent blood, their garments are so strangely bleached by, that of no far-off, long-dead, supernaturally divine victim, but their own! But what unwholesome, menda-

cious flattery that woman is victim alone! Domineering women plenty in ranks of fashion set to the spouse the stint to supply their lavish unprincipled luxury of show. Who has not seen the female tyrant hold the reins, and brandish the whip, and order her mate, as she flirts and sports with other men! Not the ordinary variety, but the monstrous sort. Long-suffering sex, true the proverb of your having more fortitude than men! Why not, with so much more to bear? Your fortitude is our accusation. Your patience is our imposition. Yet imagine not in lower loyalty a relief! Causes exist of divorce; but oft cannot the mismatched have judgment to live apart, without invoking authority of law? Live together as they will, no name or form of marriage can consecrate a loveless chamber, or make it aught but a haunt of shame. But the ceasing of love is deeper ignominy; and no audacity so affronts heaven as to plead its lack for an excuse of abandonment, and apology for new attachments, where roving fancy leads or low appetite may lure. *Selection*, it is called. It is sophistry, profanation of love, apotheosis of lust, depraved logic, destitution of imagination, sentiment or romance, and rebellion against the instinct of truth betwixt soul and soul to promote insurrection of the flesh, with whatever honesty and personal purity from promiscuous habit it may be combined.

Unrestricted intercourse is not the remedy, but worst stage of the disease. No impulse of our nature, wherein defects of self-government must not be supplied by enactments which are the security given; the heavy bond each and every one is under to the common mind, without whose weight and general prevalence the

appeal to the Higher Law, of which occasion makes a necessity so grand, is a pretence or delusion like the Anabaptist, or that of the Fifth Monarchy Men in England, whose rule would have been the ruin of the realm. *No custom-house officer and no soldier* may picture the ideal state. Who prays not for decease of the office of the gun, meant and made to give pain and destroy life? No red-coat or blue-coat, but every man and woman to do as they list? It is a vision of what might come when all is gone to glory! Perfect freedom in our acts and relations? Freedom to build such a bridge as the passengers were drowned and burnt under at Richmond, to rear tumbling architecture, or to make kindling-stuff of negroes in Louisiana, or to steer live cargoes of passengers on to the rocks at Cape Race; or for the passion to rove, which Goethe says "believes in no rights but its own, all other rights vanishing before it?" Well does *Mittler*, in Goethe's novel of "Elective Affinities," score with his sharp tongue whoever by word or deed strikes a blow at marriage; one passage being of a husband angry at his wife's looking over his shoulder as he read, but delighted when it is done by the girl he doats on, and proceeds to kill by the remorseless attraction her invincible purity finds no escape from but in starving to death; the most pathetic posture in all modern romance. The not spotless Goethe, when war threatens Weimar, makes the woman, he had lived with, his lawful wife; and many suitors for one mate show in what scenes utter freedom would end.

Abstinence or a solitary life is not the remedy. For humane reasons some nobly maintain the single state.

They who, without such, stop in their persons the vital current in which the generations flow, are thieves, having received what they never repay. Such bankruptcy is of how many of Shakspeare's exquisite sonnets the ingeniously varied theme! The power, that presides over, would not quench our passions, only restrain their madness, and purge of all foulness our human clay. It uses us, but forbids us to use others. Has a man such fondness as elevates the woman, and a woman the devotion a man is raised by; and does impulse in neither debase? Do both love without seeking for love? Does the sister remember none will love her who respects not herself, and her male brother judge that his judgment judges him? Then, though by no statement of social science the sexual problem be solved, it will be settled in life, in harmony through difference and the charity that is truth.

Regeneration is not the remedy, but right generation. We have learned, said a social agitator, that whoever is born at all, is well-born. But how many are as ill-born as the man of whom Jesus said he had better not have been born! Not well made, said one of some puny children. Not half made, an old man replied. Untrue parentage is the root of all evil; and, if the priest's charge to those at the altar to confess any impediment were obeyed, how many couples would part before they were joined! Though no civil or ecclesiastical power undertake to withhold, save for nearness of blood, the conjugal privilege, there are stronger reasons often why it should not be assumed; and what are consumption, fever, small-pox, cancer and meningitis, idiocy and madness, but God's witnesses, reporters

of the sin, gaunt ghosts in court, judges more dread than sit on any bench, not pleasant to look at; sentinels that do not cry in the night, *all serene*, like those I heard in Teneriffe! We care for improving oxen and horses, roses and grasses, more than women and men, whose vital organisms, receptacles of guilt, conduits of shame, are how often monuments of ignorance and vehicles of death, that have no right to be here; and it were better to propagate poisonous plants, serpents and wild beasts.

But what help? It takes all sorts to make the world, which we must take as it is and do the best with, as we have the poor always with us; and Quetelet's tables will tell us how much crime and disease must be in the coil which we cannot unwind! This is the Fate, in Turkey, of the Mahometan captain who, as his engine breaks, lets the ship go down, saying, Great is Allah; when a Yankee would put his prayer into ingenuity to mend. Optimism is piety in theory, but in practice the unpardonable sin; and acquiescence in things anywhere as they are blasphemes the Holy Ghost. We do not give up a field to stones and thorns, or leave a swamp or blind drain to breed typhus and venomous flies. We at least complain of unhealthy nuisances in the neighborhood, of foundering steamers, sinking causeways and crashing trains, which in the worship of Mammon are part of the order of service; the temple, as we so religiously say, being the whole world! Shall these devotions, old as any sacrifices in Mexico, or suicides in Japan, go on? Yes, until we have a better race. Nature is honest. The working of every invariable law is God telling his children the truth, and our *ac-*

cident, as we call it, a pretty phrase for a human lie. Every explosion, conflagration or collision, is veracity above and falsehood below; order on one side, but disorder as it comes from and touches us; and when arrives the saved remnant, to whom every house and hotel should be open to atone for the iniquity of the mishandled ship they paid their passage in for the freezing breakers of the cruel shore — while the unmurmuring dead are blasted out from the sunken deck, and the living claim no damages — we get rid of by passing them on in irregular, dangerous night trains, like cattle-cars, with no chance to sleep for a week. Does no action lie at the divine bar?

We are yet an inhuman race. We do not begin fair. For a better start goes up the cry of agony from the elements of humanity in creatures not existing, dumb to the ear in the womb of futurity, yet our clients to-day with their weal or woe hanging on our counsels and acts, to hallow sex from impure indulgence and consecrate it to its end, in that line of worthy posterity on earth which has too an immortal reach. But a perfect human form how rare! We have been all more or less hurt on our journey hither. We have met with some accident in our nature worse than being overset in a carriage. Says a wise physician, there is an evil inheritance in our frame, a poisonous humor more universal and injurious than all the effects of intoxicating drinks. Much is said of the coming man. But the woman, his mother, must come before he can! Without a Mary there would have been no Christ. One man, but not one woman, in a thousand Solomon found: yet, when found, what a power in the fair figure, not

to fling our sins in our face, but to burn and shine them away! No individual prophet, but a true womanhood is the desire of all nations, redeemer from transgression and Messiah of the world; the heavenly Mother as well as Father we need, and have not had because of the long oppression that has kept the woman out of her rights, her faults thus arising from her wrongs, like those of the slave. Open to her the path, she will show as many *elect* as does the man; and the preacher be shamed out of that proverb reckoned as Holy Writ, though no high thought, but scorn of base experience, inspired the pen.

Sanctified from birth is no senseless phrase. How the annunciation to the Virgin rolls and makes the globe its perennial choir! But what a biting satire to suppose in human history incorrupt conception but once, for seers to predict, an angel to herald, a heavenly troop detailed to sing, and painters like Murillo amid clouds of cherubs to draw; a superstitious miracle in what should be a common event, the human father in a single case eliminated as if through him the inevitable taint; and God insulted in the notion that the constitution he is the root of is unclean, and purity in a solitary case among countless millions smuggled in at the postern and back-door of this great palace of the soul we live in, by illegimate casting into the shade of disgrace of every lawful birth! Elsewhere is normal attraction, the planets not whipped into the traces. So the time is at hand for no binary stars to draw more smooth than man and woman that belong together. Jesus was no exception. Both genealogies contradict the misinterpretation by which Luke introduces him

through the broken boundary of law. God keeps that fence up; never a missing rail or gap in the wall of his holy city; only Jesus was the child of love and purity. What atheistic misanthropy will pronounce him sole offspring, when there are thousands beside? The kingdom of God is a solecism, but for the hope that such will be every child at length, in the decease of the convenient or mercenary marriage, in abjuring profane pleasure as the end, and in devoting the sexual correspondence to an ennobled kind, which it is a tragedy embracing all others to miss. Had but Job and Judas cause to curse the birthday? How many babes ought never to have been! Said the old minister to the indecent boys in the gallery: I am sorry you came. Though pity fold a living thing, yet compassion would how often put it out of pain, commiseration be glad when it is dead, justice denounce the deed it presents, however covered with forms of propriety and law, wisdom prevent the arrival of the wretched freight, and truth pronounce the so-called illegitimate cargo of sound stuff and precious goods dearer to God and man than the protected flimsy article that has passed test of social custom and paid the established toll, adding to the king's revenue not a jot! Refuse, O priest, to bury the heretic in holy ground? Nay, find first the heretic, and refuse to baptize him in holy water! What matter in what soil the worn-out corse may rest and rot! the more sacred the better, if the relics of sickness and sin are put away; for at the quick term of a miserable existence men and angels should rejoice. But hesitate or weep in your welcome of a being that begins an incarnate malediction and

blot! That first step is costly, not the last one into the grave.

Whence, but from the missing of a mutual ownership, whose yoke would be liberty and rest, this universal complaint of *want of sympathy?* You have parents, partners, all friendship of kith and kin, but not sympathy. No man, cries David, cared for my soul. It is the general malady. We are all in this case. If you could but find somebody to understand you, how your felicity were made! But none enters into our secret thought, encourages our aspiration, answers our affection, meets us half way, or heals our wounds. An Eastern maid came across some thousand miles of land and salt water to call out in London streets the name and become the bride of the traveller who in passing had won her love; and how gladly we would take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea or make our bed in that low place the psalmist calls hell, not to escape God, but to find a man or woman to comprehend us! I think with comfort, said one, of my coffin, I am with this question so perplexed. The malady is unharmony. Gross pleasure is not our object; but a hunger, there is none to feed, a thirst more burning than the sailor's in mid ocean beside his empty casks; and this drinking the brine of ungenial companionship is our woe.

Incompatible tempers; so unhappy connections are explained. But God is not mocker more than he is mocked. He means a concord, a symphony, of which all Beethoven wrote are but sign. But one wilful instrument untunes the whole orchestra. The player said, — *It is my own violoncello*, when Mendelssohn

reproved him for a false note. The chicken from the egg and the egg from the chicken; how escape this Hebrew ring and vicious circle of the new child from the old parent and the new parent from the old child? Friends say, prayer helps them not; many collects, canticles and Bible-readings leave us the same; the gilt hand-book of petition, the handsome copy of the Scriptures on the shelf or under a pile of other volumes on the centre-table is not accepted as a legal tender for the debt of sin or entrance-fee into heaven. The keeper of the gate of paradise, above or below, takes no such bribe. You shall deliver your soul only with agony of Pauline groans as you grapple with inordinate desires and board this piratical ship manned with cravings for your neighbor's goods, only by slaying with the sword of the spirit the covetous heart. He, that preaches faith and is the victim of lust, is a wolf with but added disadvantage of sheep's clothing; unlike the true shepherd he quaffs another's blood instead of shedding his own, refusing to lay aside the robe that must be stripped off! All sin may be pardoned but the covert it hides in, which must be broken up.

For preventive of mischief, which we dare not fathom, acquaint the young with their own frame. What avails proficiency in grammar and history, music and French, learning the size of the earth and distance of the sun, calculating a transit or eclipse, the philosophy of seasons and tides? The occultation of no planet is so baleful as wanting knowledge of the laws of their own body and soul. Hence what customs, which we know not how to analyze into the proper proportions of calamity and crime! At early dawn I saw that dismal

coach, no window lets light into, the prison-van at the station; and men and women enter for no pleasure-trip at its inhospitable door — one youth with yellow curls the last — all bundled in the dark together for court and jail. The shadow of the little vehicle reached far against the rising sun and seemed to fall on every temple!

When, for temptation, shall instruction be put? Take the world as it is? No, mend it at every point. So thinks the ant lugging the sand-grain to make or repair his house. So think I lifting back from my beach with an aching back the round or ragged stones that the sea, which ages do not weary, has washed down from the cliff. The bee or beaver is example for our house-cleaning and putting in order the world. But reform is patchwork without renovating the race, which it will follow every way, as floods the moon. But how bad blood runs debauched and drunken, foul or inflamed, from father to son, and a haughty temper goes down! I knew of a certain family that never considered others more than their gravel-walk! Grace has a hard time in the house which secretes enough of it to renew a run-down colony. It will be captious, howsoever you are kind. Against stubbornness and stupidity innate, the gods strive in vain; and it is not wrong to pray with David, that such a generation may be cut off. We mourn not when proud and quarrelsome clans disappear more than when snakes and bears vanish or are driven from the wilderness or wood. Individuals let us cherish and bless! Be just to the copper and ebony as to the ivory color in mankind. But, if red skin and black should be sloughed off in course of nature, Providence will make no ado; and, if peevish

or lascivious people fail of issue, there can be no humane lament; for a grander strain of vital inheritance is our want, of which all the benedictions that shall make the music of the millennium must be composed. Right relation of man with woman, and of all women with all men, is the missing master-string.

The proper personality of woman is of all truths most important to affirm. Is she the victim? such let her refuse to be! When she stands on her feet, is her hand of worth. There are, says a woman, too many of us; but wherefore, save to be independent, is she in excess of the population, with right to vote in something more important than a political election, namely, the disposal of herself? Her masculine mate carries his refusal of her peerage even into heaven, giving to angels, save of his own gender, no name. The *affable*, *faithful*, *executive* angel? Oh, ill-married Milton, whom thy own daughters wished out of the way, and who dost demoralize still with thy treatise on divorce, is it only and always some translated or prototype man, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel? The Florentine Dante learned from love to be more courteous!

Liberated womanhood be our motto, not Free Love, if that mean, instead of spiritual option, licentious practice and various choice. For freedom is not a principle. Truth, goodness, justice, beauty are principles, or all one; but freedom is a mode, room for principle to act in, as space is God's opportunity and workshop. First, law, then liberty to keep its line, while the motive of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" heads the programme of all its music. The colonial struggle and task of African emancipation have, for the time, made

freedom our foremost thought. But, in logical or psychological order, the stage is not of so much concern as the play; and a play of folly or iniquity is not worth the candle or the boards. Duties must make the equation with rights, and obedience is the cap-stone, if liberty be the cap. The trumpeter in Hunt's picture with his cry, *Freemen to arms*, and the angels that blow through flaring tubes on the canvas of the old painters their long blasts, call to no privilege which is not equity, and the equivalent of honor; and, while we hearkened not, the gentle breeze of humanity rose into the whirlwind of war, and sounds of harmony were wrecked in discordant screams.

But it is nobody's business what private tie any woman may have with any man? The ruffians in the streets took this view of adultery in a famous and often cited case. It is captivating to the natural man, old Adam, primeval creature, aboriginal beast; and were society an accident, not an essence, it might be true. But, for no sharer of a common nature, is there such prerogative of privacy or isolation. What thought or procedure so sequestered or hermetically sealed as not to poison or heal? Is my plague or small-pox mine, so that you have with it no concern? Let there be hospital and red flag, for public warning of infection that is worse! A quality cannnot be insulated like electricity. Human hearts are not dumb-bells. Their softest pulsations how loud, and they vibrate how far! No hiding of goodness; no spiritual quarantine; communication is unavoidable, and publicity is the moral law. The fond word; in doting ears, may make a continent its sounding board, press and parlor its whispering galleries,

mortal breasts its chambers of reverberation to ring it on to the day of judgment, after all the noise of the gale and resonance of cannon have died away. In your secluded opportunity you are on your honor, and peril too. By her whom you insulted, in her sentence on you to a visitor, your character is wrecked! I think of the affront when I think of you; I read the mark on your forehead when I meet you; and by no struggle can you loosen the cement of what from your person every wind blows abroad. Tremble in season beforehand at the exposure, which is not at the mercy of any impertinent meddler, and comes by no whim of gossip or scandal, nor can be withstood by any resentment or dignified silence, nor disposed of as an outrage of eavesdroppers or reporters, but takes place by a law! Who counts the spies in God's employ, detectives which no cunning outwits? He has sheriffs with writs for violators of statutes that cannnot be repealed, and whose adjustment must be not of them to us, but us to them; and whoso, however honored, would shield his fault by assuming secret self-appropriation of its knowledge, is blind to the retributions of history, and has not read the roll of names glorious but for a single blot.

Pure individuality exists no more than a single magnetic pole. You are your brother's or sister's keeper: hence the right of search into whatever on your premises is harbored or done. His neck is like any other man's, said Cromwell of Charles I.; his blood is like ours, said the French peasant of Louis XVI. In the human solidarity are no interstices; we are atoms in the sum; and whoever fancies himself a larger

monad, with peculiar rights and title to grasp, should remember the text: "When the Lord maketh inquisition for blood he forgetteth not the cry of the humble." What a clamor against lordly abusers of their strength to the undoing of the weak, such as the Roman Virgil or the Tuscan bard never heard, rises as we listen to the last decrees!

Yet we are wronged by rumor running into extravagant surmise of guilt. The old dogma of total depravity is dead; but a modern lie takes its place of imputing actual impurity to all mankind. Hamlet's word to Ophelia, — *Trust none of us*, is construed not as an unjust slur, but sober advice; and it needs not Isabella's speech in "Measure for Measure," to her brother, to convince us the clergy are no better than the rest, so widely on grounds of fact or fancy their conduct is brought into doubt. Why should there be a different standard for them? We keep no clerical laundry to wash all the cloth worn by the profession; nor have any of its members more title than other men to rest in silence under accusations of guilt, as though reputation for them were a peculiar defence; but rather, if innocent, they should cry out like John Bunyan, — I defy any woman on earth, in heaven or hell, to witness against me. The curse of celibacy in the corruption of the priest claiming special prerogatives has reached beyond Rome, to prove domestic life the true condition for all. Says Francis Galton: If the Protestant, like the Catholic clergy, had never married, Berzelius, Euler and Wollaston would not have been born.

Marriage is arraigned as a conventional arrangement,

not a natural law. Is civil government, religion, worship according to nature? Is only that savage state *natural*, from which man has a natural and irresistible tendency to depart? Is the crude planet all of nature here, or is every structure of beauty part of it, as much as the balance of land and sea? That marriage answers to nature would appear from a recent report in France that health and life are quadruple, under its sanction, beyond human thriving in unpermitted ties; and we need no argument of its bearing on issues larger than organic force; for the perfection of man is to be more than a splendid animal; and only a partial analogy for him can be drawn from the vegetable or brute. To leave out his moral nature is like omitting the base line in a Coast Survey. We must not propagate insanity, infirmity, or disease; but instinctive fitness of the manly and womanly in any pair is more sagacious than any rule science is yet prepared to apply. The gypsy fruit on the family-tree, sometimes of large size and wild fascinating flavor, is more commonly puny and sour. How it is flung away, a foundling on the door-stone, or floats a wretched freight on the sea, or is abortive through violence of sin and shame! We must not press physical values too far. There are qualities to propagate more precious than crude strength.

"For nature crescent does not grow alone in thews and bulk."

Isaac Newton could have been put into a quart when he was born. Was ever more in less cubic contents?

The sun and moon and all the host of heaven shrank to revolve in that little rim, and hung their gravitations on the thread of that quivering life; and a puff of wind to blow out that tiny flame would have extinguished the glory of the firmament. But on what carnal plan could the great astronomer have been forecast? How lay the train for a Moses, Milton, or Kant? "Thine eye saw my substance yet unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written." What faculties have been wrapped in frames too frail for any prudence to plot! We saw Channing and Allston walk the street, pallid and faint, while they moved the world with their eloquence and art. If Plato's scheme was barren, how shall smaller speculations succeed? Instinct may be illuminated, supplemented and regulated, but not displaced; and no cut-and-dry terms which any social theory would substitute for wedlock, has better promise than the so dreadfully refuted reasons of state in formal contracts tried by royal blood.

Love exceeds and outlasts lineage. What further issue do the gold and diamond weddings contemplate? The door, which gray hairs come in at to greet the guests, communicates with the upper house of shining mansions! Let us hold up the ideal union, and not suffer to what are called exuberant natures that allowance of excess which gets no example or apology from beasts in the wood or cattle in the field! If we pity those hurried away by passion and melting in hotter fires of compunction; if art relents to draw the picture of Héloise and Abelard breaking over false restraints in the church; if we must survey with interest of sympathy Schaeffer's picture of Francesca di Rimini and her

lover in the whirling cloud of hell, with Dante and Virgil looking on; if we pardon current or historic trespass atoned for and repented of; we must let none who openly or with unblushing hypocrisy strike down conventional guards of purity, plead for their offences any principle of a higher law. There is no law heeded by such but "the law of the members" against that of the mind; and no court on earth or in heaven to absolve. Any church, that stands warrant, must tremble; any Orthodoxy, that defends them, will totter; any Christianity, that dares apologize, will before Radical piety pass as a breath. There could be no such card for Free Religion as Christian corruption. In the laxity of our accredited religion a leaning tower overhangs the city of God. The wreath of smoke through the deck will soon be a burning of the vessel to the water's edge. Justice must spare no transgressor's fame, though touching him shake the centre pole of the believers' tent. Richly endowed constitutionally is the man; therefore to be more largely furnished and indulged? But is there no command over impulse and desire? Is the Decalogue gone? "The spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets." When it is a spirit not of divination, it ought to be quenched! The grave, David dug, has a voice, echoed from how many other graves!

We learn from the lower tribes. How selection of mates is hinted as they rise in rank and dignity! The fishes creeping on the bottom or in schools, such as the mackerel the water is alive with, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, live more or less promiscuous; but the birds pair. Coleridge speaks of "the wedded and

divorceless swallow." The lordly cock keeps his harem; the ram musters his flock; the goat butts whoever would approach him or his family; the bull with his pawing hoofs tosses sand into the air, and gores intruders, a terror in every pasture; and there are creatures plenty to litter and spawn, till the ascending rounds on the ladder of life bring us to that *one to one*, we call wedlock, whose sanctity is implied in the humor that inquires, — Did you tie the knot fast? Strange that woman, already suffering most from untruth, should risk more points in the game that goes so hard with her, by ever trusting all to a mood such as Peter the Great was small enough to indulge! We cannot bind the soul that would leave our side,

> "Nor detain her vesture's hem,
> Nor the palest rose she flung
> From her summer diadem."

Let her be at large, but under that duty which is deity in our affections, as among the rolling orbs! Horse or locomotive will shatter the ill-joined carriage or car; and our fortunes need the firm vehicle as well as fiery heart.

We want correspondence with our whole nature, of which marriage may fail! But does other connection succeed? Are the sharpest bickerings those by the family hearth? Married or unmarried are of course destined for each other, and going to love till the sun expires, and river and sea go dry! See the poems of Robert Burns! But his eternal fealty lasted how long? What logicians are the passions! The sophists, that talked with Socrates, had no such dialectic skill. Did

Byron's leave to choose turn out better than Burke's fidelity to choice? Unwedded Adam and Eve rose to reproaches from their dream of delight. There is no deliverance in Free Love. Oaths do not produce treachery! It is more common among those who never swore at the altar to be true. For the hundred murders, in the last twelve-month, there is no explanation in the conjugal link. Poor girls, shot or stabbed for declining importunate offers, or for refusing to submit to unbridled desires, or for a doubtful position between rival claims, or in haunts of shame, are ten to one woman slaughtered by her spouse. Injured, deserted maidens kill a hundred to one poisoned by the lawful wife. Not wedlock is the ulcer; but boundless lust. To pair off save for guilty cause, is not only a sin, but an unsettling of foundations deeper than in any Declaration of Independence or Bill of Rights, and a levelling of bulwarks against an ocean of appetite. Why was it made so deep and stormy? Why harder to curb than the Equinox-gale, or sea beating on the Hollander's dykes? Love is the life-preserver; hatred is murder; and what is hate but the sensibility averted that might embrace, as Othello's smothering was his once so cordial hand.

Our affections must not be slaves held to service. But is all debt or duty servility? Then wipe the word obligation out of your lexicons and laws; for nature's necessities are tyrannies, and the gravitation despotic that binds atoms together and "preserves the stars from wrong." There must forsooth be no centripetal or centrifugal force; no curve of discretion, but flying off

at a tangent, till universal dissoluteness and disintegration be the name for God!

Principles are not abstract, but relative. Is freedom a principle? So was slavery when the captive gladly paid service for life. The marriage-roof protects more free love worthy the name in America, Germany, England, than wanders without proper home or cover in Italy, Utah or France. Is the buffalo, whose black-horned head you will have perhaps nailed at your gate, free because he gallops over the prairie with the herd? Freedom is, not to brandish rifle and tomahawk, or break bounds any way; not to slip in gutters, be bruised against stones or torn by thorns, but to conform to law; and, however we so baptize the propensity, on whose neck we throw the reins, it is a false christening.

Love is not an appetite, but sentiment. It is absorbed in its object; and may be known by that test. It never absorbs its object into itself. It rests in it, and does not rub round it, to come back again with the self-pleasing motion of a dog or cat. It is discipline as well as delight. The finest offspring is not of those who as tame echoes blend so you cannot tell them apart; but of a spirit high as it is gentle, neither party disappearing in the other. How I hate to see some meek woman vanish in her usurping mate! Better the step elastic as an Arab racer. I never, said one of *our* Sultans, consult the women in business, — not even their own. But action and reaction form the several wills, make the best concord, with reason for curb; and at the first goad, to burst, like unbroken steers, from rectitude, is chaos worse than the earth's "without form

and void." Free love is not to desert and pick to pieces, as in the village shop which one called a dissecting-room, where scarce the victims' bones remained.

Be marriage then not abandoned but improved! Its old formula has been well ridiculed: *With this ring I thee wed*, is sorcery; *with my body I thee worship*, idolatry; *with all my worldly goods I thee endow*, a lie; — the man knowing, instead of imparting his own riches, he will at once seize his wife's. *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:* that, let me add, is blasphemy, to associate the sacred adjuration with earthly stuff; and some have refused to repeat at their marriage that part of the vow.

Is not constancy of one to one the inward bidding? In Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" a martial band recedes with music, throb after throb, in every fainter sound, till it slips at last over some hill-side and is no longer heard. So, unheeded, at length inaudible in the distance, goes the angelic troop. Let us make the still place in us, and we shall hear! Sometimes we are at the secret door, and look into the celestial window, with vision of beauty and voice of truth, when some sceptic opens his carnal lips to call the doctrine of the Spirit delusion: there is none, or but a painted window or door! But it is no error to affirm the Spirit's teaching; only to claim it as our word. If it be mistake, so are we all mistakes; even the soul itself a mistake.

It is one thing to question the purity of the advocates of transferable affections; another to deny the purity of the transfer; as would a jury of women, from the concubines of Solomon and the seraglios of the

Turk, to the anachronisms of Brigham Young. Nature resents the lion's share of affectional privilege, and pleads for home. When the sparrows on the trees find ready-made the small houses of painted wood to shelter them better than any nests from the sun and wind; must they not have, in their slender breasts, some dream of the merciful power, above their own, that has fashioned and bestowed the refuge, wherein — with free rental and no warning to quit — more delicate feelings may unfold than if they were ruffled by the storm or blown about in the exposed hollows of sticks and straw which alone they could build for themselves? So what supernal goodness substitutes the human household for the wild perils and loose wanderings of savage life! Scream as we may at the bad, the good prevails. Spite of foul tramplings, and ordure in the streets, there cannot be of mud so much as of pure air; and misunderstanding is part of the purifying plan. Nice work asks sharp tools; and there is no measure in the keenness of those with which our character is cut and carved. By workmanship, silver has a price beyond gold, and wood is wrought into more value than rubies. Into what may not the vilest substance of our nature be shaped, if we hark to the teaching and yield to the hand? In Goethe's drama, Iphigenia defends her chastity, ascribing her firmness to the gods. No god hath said this; thine own heart hath spoken, answers Thoas the king. They only speak to us through our heart, she replies. Have not I the right to hear them too? he rejoins. Thy storm of passion drowns the gentle whisper, adds the maiden, and closes all debate.

But can the affections submit to the will? As when I hear music or eloquence, so when I see grace and beauty, can I help being drawn? Doubtless there is a charm betwixt particular persons of sex, which no human ordinance, other relation or previous ownership of supposed property can disallow. It is an education for Petrarch and Dante, and for thousands beside, which no college could afford. It is no weapon, but a shield. No outward intimacy is its aim. It moves with the respect Mars or Jupiter has for his sister planet. It holds a gracious distance and keeps a heavenly harmony. There is no end or bound to its anticipation of joy. To its surety a promise seems profanation; and thanks but rising dust. To bar it out is to resist our Maker and our make; to scorn it is to laugh at the Holy Spirit; and to restrict its love or aim to external lines of posterity, is to discard the divine image and deny immortality. But unlimited liberty of a fleshly bond is such secession and nullification of a deeper than any civil order that with it no state or society could exist.

We have an account open which we need better to understand. "Limits of Human Responsibility" for the title of a book? We have not found them; and they must be extended farther yet. God is the Former of our bodies and Father of our souls; but we are creators too. The tools, that tunnel the hills, are more admirable than the rocks and earth they displace; the ship and engine nobler than the watery waste they cut; the picture from the hand of genius has a value beyond the landscape, in the inspiration of the artist's touch; Lafarge's lily is handsomer than any in the pond, being

the type no individual flower can match; and the road humanizes the pasture or forest through which it is made. No field in France conveys the suggestion of Millet's picture of the "Sower" which threatened a revolution. But we are self-creators too; and must not father or shoulder off the miserable specimens of our humanity on God. We have a hand with him in our kind. "God made me," said the little negro, "but Massa Lincum make me free." But how we botch his work in our offspring, as if human creatures did not choose the multiplication of their own sordid sort, as much as of the scrubs and brambles at their door! Great sculptors leave their works to be finished by inferiors; but what poor apprentices we are! I think I see the Lord washing his hands of us! Jesus was his Son; but what courtesy to call this common brood his children! "Blessings of Providence"? Grim humor in the grand phrase!

> "Stuff their nine brains into this hat!
> Give their nine lives to this cat!"

God answers somehow for all that is; but what is God? Not only Being, but better Becoming. We must rise and go on to keep up with him.

> "Thy sandals seize, gird on thy clothes,
> Or I must leave thee here behind."

Not God's children, but Satan's, invite a new flood that would cover the highest hills of our civilization. For the human product be on guard! When distress and danger came with birth of children, a husband said his wife should bear no more! I am not of their mind

whose humanity is their only deity. But the opinion is more hazardous which blinds us to the fact of self-transmission as our task; and there is no safety in abjuring, for this office, some decent ordinance and rule. Give the woman perfect freedom; and, with her greater native delicacy, will she submit to no ill? To such possible safeguard all-hail! But it is no experiment untried. To what, in or out of wedlock, with right to her own person or not, does she not submit and consent, generous of nothing so much, and often so falsely, as herself? Would that for her sake and ours, in the trial-balance, she could appear as never misleader, but always misled! But she determines the issue, fair or foul, hardly less than her permanent or shifting mate. I saw the simple awkward boy standing to be gazed at by the comely girl older than himself. Part with wilful power and part unconscious influence flowed into him the magnetic current from her half-shut gleaming eyes. The artillery would have played harmless on another; but who could divert the aim?

"Half sank he in; half drew she him."

It will be salvation when by what we call *Sex*, its mission is fulfilled.

VI.

TEACHING.

AS the Greek word for teaching is the same with that for child; and the modern writer who said, better one be not born than not taught, no doubt accepted this double sense: so in the nature of childhood the quality of instruction is involved. In the same old meaning the child was a subject, and the son a servant, and learning was obeying too; not limited, as with the moderns in the multiplication of studies, to one branch or to one faculty in the subdivision of the mind, but taking for its province every topic and the entire soul. Moreover this secondary significance, that youth should yield as well as understand, implied it did not arrive perfect and right, pure as white paper, or to open as a flower; but needed tutoring. The child was a patient, bringing disorder if not depravity, with it. Every man, says the medical proverb, is born with the disease he dies of: with a physical tendency, which is spiritual too, to error and ill; and, as the prime skill of the physician is to know what is the matter, every teacher should be acquainted with the constitution of every child in his charge. What is doctor but healer; and such, as well as expounder, is his office, be he doctor

of medicine, theology or laws. He prescribes; and his lessons are compounds or specifics for the health and life of whoso he visits in his rounds, adapting his skill to every case. While a complex civilization leads into so many specialties of art and accomplishment, and some dexterous manipulation may fetch fortune and fame, and one is considered educated who can handle the tools of a profession, though not grounded in knowledge; and universities send forth graduates who have but a tongue, a trick or scientific knack; it is well to recur to fundamental principles. Yet no philosophy or religion has yet carried us beyond the old heathen as well as Christian conception of parent and child. Peter and John, driven out by the Sanhedrim, and moved to articulate the spirit of truth in one voice — for Luke, the narrator, says they spoke together — could find no term for their master in their prayer, but *Thy holy child Jesus*.

But why this term so strangely applied to a man full grown — the man of men, the greatest manhood in history — after he had finished his course, was dead, risen, and gone to glory? What is a child but one just out of the womb or the cradle; at least still young and small and undeveloped? It is the offspring of human parents: is it yet a child of God? No, it is not in itself child in any sense. The child is one in whom the filial consciousness has waked to recognize a relation to a father and mother. What does that little soft lump know of what you are to him; of the tender affections that grew betwixt the young man and maiden, and had their issue in betrothal and marriage; of the love that was born before a true son or daughter

could be; or of the sacred yearnings rooted in the past and branching into futurity, that make a blessed family? When presently the little creature can not only suck and cling and cry and lie in its crib and begin to creep, but makes some response of a fond look with a smile or a kiss, will salute your friend who comes to see you, gets to be cunning, as we say, and seems dimly to conceive who it is to you and you to it, how proud and pleased you are! Yet it is not aware of the bond, cannot love as you do, and will not till it becomes a parent. Parents are perfectly loved only through the grave, across the earthly horizon, in heaven. As the rolling moon draws the Atlantic, how the tide of emotion rises and heaps at the sepulchre, and goes flowing far into the unseen! Who wants them back to sight, when away they are dearer than ever before? The *imagination* of a father is more than his presence; the memory of a mother more than a mother could be. The deep and lively compunction for the failures of duty to them we cannot forget. The thanks are loud in the heart for their fidelity and patience, when their mortal sense is shut. But they must hear the tardy acknowledgments! We, gray-headed men and women, are children at last of those that begot and bore us.

Are we, however, even yet children of God? Not unless we have that *sense* of a tie with that Infinite Spirit we are part of, which is how late and long in unfolding! You are his child when nothing comes between to dispute his claim, and the earthly instruments of your being but express that thought of his which you and they were made by. Then you are

young with immortal youth, have an insurance no company can furnish against death, and shall never grow old. The oldest angels, says Swedenborg, are the youngest. They have the most freshness of feeling, zeal of enterprise, and simplicity of purpose. What is childhood, or what is age? Is that slight organism, that has just begun to breathe and wail, or laugh and crow, a child? Has it just commenced? No: it is very ancient, born old. It is a delegate from other lands. It is a representative of ages, and continuation of creatures before the Flood. All its ancestry are rolled up smooth and small in that fine bundle you bear and nurse and rock to sleep. Very ancient dispositions slumber in that weak bosom, and will soon mightily arouse. I have a friend, who took a child to adopt and rear, on the theory that all children are as white paper, born free and equal and completely pure; and that all in the character to come depends on education, circumstance, and surrounding influence. She had to modify her religious philosophy before she got through! Our Declaration of Independence is a *glittering generality*, or *blazing ubiquity*, true only in some legal sense of just and impartial treatment of every citizen and human soul. What more unequal or more bound than those babes? What is that particular infant, you for good reason so especially prize, but a mass of impulses and inclinations, the bequest and heir-loom to it of the immemorial human race — to say nought of pre-Adamite tribes — in the line of its descent? Will it be the heir of your property? It is the heir of your temper! Your inclinations slumber in the cradle of its brain. How often the anger, avarice,

lust, pride, as well as good affections of its progenitors, are ready, at a touch of temptation or encouragement, to start, as a seed in due season sprouts and manifests itself after its kind! Do we not have the bitter tansy, smart mustard, deadly nightshade, poisonous ivy, fragrant apple-blossom, sweet, lowly lily of the valley, — all within an hour's walk? O my friend! I see your mother's *eyes* in you: I am sure also of your mother's *good-will*. I trust you as I did her. Does it not look like its grandfather? Its grandfather it is, come again, as the Jews said the new prophet was but some old one, — Elias returned. Did the grandfather drink, defraud, sit long at table, lie late in bed, make ventures of speculation, follow the flesh? Look out the grandchild do not the same! Beware the power of hereditary tendency! Watch the stream, from the past, you and yours are borne on, and like some predecessor may be wrecked in, unless you navigate with care! What is your baby? A chip of the old block! Hew and smooth it into some form of grace and vessel of honor.

When Calvinism ran into such extremes as infant damnation and paving hell with infant bones, we met the blasphemy with every creature's divine origin and claim. Wordsworth wrote his wonderful poem to glorify the child:

> "Thou, whose exterior semblance doth bely
> Thy soul's immensity."

But the Liberals went into extravagance the other way. So there is a weakness in our whole system of training. We have looked at the cherubs in Raphael's and

Murillo's pictures; we have gazed at the figure of the blessed babe on the canvas of Correggio; we have written our essays and stories on the ground of this native innocency, resenting the indictments of human nature in the old theology. What sentimental lessons we give to the children in our Sunday-schools; what sentimental hymns we sing, and sentimental tales we write in our newspapers and magazines! How we spoil the little ones with this seraphic self-consciousness we nurture them into from the earliest years! We are surprised when, in some uncleanness, spitefulness, greed, cruelty, forgery, an unangelic nature is manifest; and, by the demons our cherubim have turned into, our painstaking has proved fruitless, and our fine philosophy belied. The Orthodox are half right, and we half wrong. It is time this flattery ceased, and a wholesome breeze blew in at the windows of our nice vestries, to sweep away our fond folly, and startle us with the truth that, if we are kindred with God and He is responsible for us, we are put at school on trial, with a law of retribution for misconduct, as of benediction for faithful work.

A divine childhood is the perfection of man. But it is no possession by inheritance. It is an acquisition of time and toil, the hard earning which home culture, church instruction, and youthful docility must combine to secure. *All serene!* cries the Spanish sentinel, walking the rounds in the city of the Holy Cross in the island of Teneriffe. But the sound of the syllables implies that lurking robbery, murder, or the incendiary's torch, may at any moment appear from ambush, with a blow or flash, on the scene. We must stand guard and

pace the walls of this human city of God, knowing that only on condition of our watching against evil will good prevail. Only right generation can dispense with regeneration. Our children, in their moral nonage and minority, are our copies and echoes. They are we over again till they become, by our care and their own, themselves. Knowing our weakness and sins, and how far in God's eye we have been from entire rectitude, we are to provide defences against their repetition of our mistakes, and lead them to a new departure of right. They are not persons till they have worked the most ancient clay out of their composition. Are your posterity to be like you? What will you be like? "Increase and multiply," said the primeval command. But what? The thorns and thistles, or the grapes and figs? If there be inducement to an unspotted life, a motive that wickedness cannot resist, it is the coming out of your loins in endless succession, while the world shall stand, of the unfailing resemblances of your character and will. Must not all the attributes of childhood,— love as aught more than fondling; trust nobler than that of a kitten or chick; learning with a thirst for knowledge beyond superficial curiosity; and genuine simplicity above mere freedom from bad design,— in the first bare miscellany of caprices and whims, be acquired?

I look not back after my childhood, but forward! I feel it as something to reach, not to leave. O young people, these hoary and wrinkled ones, your elders, smile at your esteeming them so old! Some very young folks I consider much older than I am. I see them practising old errors of which I fancy I am rid.

Some young, very conservative ministers seem to me like antiquarians — veritable voices of antiquity — older than Pharaoh; and, though I am a score of years in advance, I cannot resist the impression they were somehow born before I was. Not the number of the earth's revolutions, since you dropped on it, measures your age. There is, as the heathens fabled, an elixir of life, a fountain of immortal youth. Every prejudice you throw off renews your age, till you are more a child in your "Father's house" of "many mansions" than you were in your spring-time or college days. Every conquest of passion is rejuvenation. I confess I did not feel very young when I was a boy. I fell into a gloomy epoch in religion. I bore the weight of the world's iniquity, all the way from Adam, on my little shoulders. God seemed to me not a perpetual original and presence of joy, not one who created the world; but one who made Sunday, and built the church, and settled the minister, and would punish little boys that walked out into the pasture and picked flowers in the garden when anybody was preaching. When women fainted in church, I thought they were called to the judgment. I walked about, hanging down my head, saying over and over again, hour after hour, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* I knew not what sin was; was not conscious of having committed any; but was oppressed with an imagination of evil, which stained and cumbered the earth, and on which the sun was weary of his business of shining, and the grave gaped to swallow it up. How sad sickness was! What a calamity death! The churchyard a horror, and the heavy black crape worn for departed friends

clothed the universe in mourning. *Hung be the heavens in black!* writes Shakespeare. To me, they were. The color strikes a chill to my heart through all this distance of miles and years. But the feeling of *age* in youth, from all this mysterious theological misery, I remember so vividly, it seems to me I have grown younger ever since, the world fresher. The sun gets up blithe and cheerful now; not as a melancholy sentinel to watch the wickedness of every man, and be God's flaming eye to portend wrath.

Give your children a cheerful religion. Teach them God is love; but not that they are perfect, or began as accomplished saints. Their nature is but the material of character. They have an immense work to do, and we on them and with them. Any self-complacent notion, such as we liberal Unitarians are apt to nourish, that, by the attributes of animal childhood, they have any advantage or beauty over their seniors, is falsehood and ruin. Where, but in our religious misconceptions and injudicious instructions, is the root of intolerable vanity and conceit in our girls and boys, as if they did not get nonsense enough from us in the blood, without our taking pains to nurse it! I know a little boy who rules the house with a rod of iron. Father, mother, grandmother, as well as cook and waiters, are his tools. Queen Victoria or the new Emperor William, dreaming to exercise such tyranny, would not be endured for a moment in parliament or camp. The monarch of all he surveys is who but this fellow, that has what he wants? He takes what he wishes, and breaks what he can lay his hands on. If flowers are brought in and presented to the lady, he seizes them for his own.

He drags everybody, or turns the cold shoulder, as he will. He screams and yells, as if he would split the roof-tree, at any denial, till whoever opposes him has, like the animal Colonel Crockett covered with his rifle, to come down and yield the point. He takes the handsome articles from the shelf to wheel through the dirt in his barrow; for his mother says, *Nothing is too good for him.* He is told to his face how beautiful he is; and when he refuses to greet a visitor, and shrugs and turns away with scorn, his father says, "I am treated just the same: half the time he won't have anything to do with me." This is the idol of the family, bowed down to and worshipped, — a little god, O false devotees, that has your heart and honor more than the Great One. How long before he will be a true child! How far his youth is before him! What trouble by such unwise indulgence is laid up in store for him; and how the needful discipline, now withheld, will come sharper in many a curb from his fellow-creatures, and in providential pain!

I do not say, then, with Richter's dreamer, *Give me back my youth*, that wilful, undisciplined thing. My youth shines *before* me. I come from the west; I travel to the east. I do not think young people are always respectful to us! The president of a religious association, calling on me to speak, said, by way of compliment, he did not like to think of me as ever to grow old. I could have told him I had been growing young for fifty years. More *glory in the grass and splendor in the flower* every spring. The brightest hour of boyhood was when my father took me out of the prison of the parlor on Sunday afternoon, to a hill-

top, with his spy-glass, to look off on the sea. But I feel in no prison now. Was not Father Cleveland, for whose hundredth birthday Boston prayed, young as any child in his straw chariot?

Thy holy child Jesus. *Holiness* generates and constitutes childhood. Not bright cheeks and fine hair make it, but humility, reverence, obedience. I love children. I have all the fondness for them God will allow or pardon. But most of the true children, whom I know, have lived long, yet not passed their prime. Jesus was more child in his mortality than when he was born in pain at Bethany, sought and adored by the wise men from the East, borne by Joseph into Egypt, or disputing with the doctors at Jerusalem. What lovely and noble children of God we have known in what we ignorantly call the decline of life, when it is but such a slope as that Alpine one you may have gone down, into a sunny, blossoming, and fruitful land, more pleasant and abounding than was ever known before! I remember plunging from the pass of the Stelvio into Italy; in an hour or two, from the precipitous region of frost and death, reaching the sunny and grassy plain. So only our revered and beloved ones have gone down, not into the tomb, but into delightsome scenes it might unfit us for our remaining tasks to have unveiled; so I covet not the manifestations.

They are children still. No young man or maiden, no lowly and respectful son or daughter, is more a child, can be one so much in simplicity, candor, warm and unobtrusive love, as some at fourscore; no misses of fourteen more free from forwardness and pretence. Of the arrogance and exaction it grieves us to notice

in our juniors, there is in their gracious dignity no trace. They make no claim, and would hardly knock at the door of heaven! But that is a door which opens to the faithful without being touched. *Well-preserved* do we say? Duty is the life-preserver. It makes their faces clear as an infant's asleep, in their shrouds. The silver cord is loosed for them, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the cistern; the dust goes to the dust; but that which is neither cord nor bowl, neither pitcher nor wheel, nor any manner of dust, goes unto God who gave it. What is any monument to the advancing soul? It lives in the future: it leaves the past. It recollects not itself, and would not have us recollect it. In ecstasy of faith, hope, and communion, eternity is present: time disappears. Even remembrance, so delightful to us, fades before the morning glory we speed on to. *We* have no memory because *God* has none.

Such childhood is never life's commencement, but its last attainment. To use the Greek idiom, it is the *childing* of the soul. It was the childish things, not the child-like, that Paul put away when he became a man; for all greatness and goodness must have the filial trait. The simple Newton describes himself in his splendid discoveries as a child picking up pebbles on the shore, with the heaving main of truth stretching away boundless and unseen.

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, Nature's child,
> Warbled his native wood-notes wild;"

and, were there not intellectual argument enough against Lord Bacon's having written the matchless plays, there

were fatal disqualifying in the low cunning of that politic man; for the real composer must have been one of those, not wise or mighty, in the world or their own esteem, of whom the apostle says were the elect.

> "So she keeps him still a child
> And will not let him go!"

The lines will fit all supreme merit of naturalist or moralist; a philosopher like Spinoza, a sage like Socrates, a saint like Fenelon or a lover like John; and the masters of arts, who bring about their ends by trick and deceit, in private or public affairs, are monsters of artifice, a brood threatening to the land more mischief than ever did its old inhabitants of wolves and bears. Individuals, very able in party-management and parliamentary debate, who contrive to be prominent, to effect the passage of large measures, good or bad, in State or Congressional halls, and have great weight in administration or opposition scales, may yet be far from being either children or true men.

But the Lord has ways to make the wisest in their own conceit children again, and turn to a benediction of knowledge that proverb for decrepid folly, — once a man, twice a child. One of his tools of pain, a fit of sickness, a sharp disappointment, a wasting grief, will cut and mould us as infants in arms once more. Then all our wiles drop like the fashions of our handsome or stately dress, to reveal our genuine shape and temper, as the pen-sketch of Thackeray shows the form of the French monarch with and without his insignia of honor and regal robes. To one who has trod the brink of the grave and felt its sandy edge give way under his

feet, to one for whom the boon of life has been in the scales overweighed by distress, to one who has tasted the cup containing not gall, but treachery, overreaching ceases to be prudential and the knave becomes the fool. O God, he will say, let me cheat and equivocate no more! All I had or am in this world was in pawn. But I have redeemed my perjured or spendthrift life. On the verge of ruin, I have from the just Judge and mighty Disposer bought my forfeited existence back.

> "And in the light of truth
> Thy bondman let me live,"

is not to any abstract Duty my prayer. Out of chastenings sore and terrible, childhood is the lesson I have learnt, with graduation beyond all that first innocency knew. Sacred poetry errs not, speaking of

> "The Eternal Child."

It is no individual man, but the soul from which all that is manly and womanly is a twofold branch. In an instinct of dependency or derivation, German mystic and American dogmatist alike make piety to consist. We are children of that from which our quality is drawn. So by a metaphor we style one of bright warm temperament a child of the sun. They were "sons of thunder" who would call down fire from heaven, and the devil was father of those who would lie and bewray; while even the Pharisees' indignant claim, out of that shameful brand, of God as the real parent is the spirit in every breast affirming its own nature, origin, and end. Are we part of that we spring

from? So far dependence is lost in communion, and trust becomes assurance. In conscious identity with deity we cannot conceive of death, or experience degeneracy, or be in any state diverse from peace; for the parent shares every privilege with the child.

VII.

TRAINING.

THE impossibility of reducing to unity all qualities suggests for our culture a certain balance. *Not too much* is the Latin motto; not overdo or o'erstep the modesty of nature, Hamlet's advice to the players. If all be the same as ever, as Hebrew sceptics said, and will be the same a thousand years hence and there is nothing new under the sun, yet all is change, evolution the wheel that never stops, development the blossom never in full bloom. No individual Jesus, but *Difference*, is that Son of God which is of eternal generation, and of which no metaphysics can give any account. So our wisdom is to avoid excess or defect, and preserve the air, yet please with the variations of the tune we play. Every motion of body or mind is to trim the boat; and nothing within our reach is absolute. It is always a question of more or less, and an impression grows that we have taught inordinately, and not trained enough. We have neglected the material part in favor of the intellectual, and at the cost of the whole. We admit the gymnastic, not like the Greeks as education, only as exercise and recreation for the new mental tasks alone considered worthy an immortal soul.

Base-ball is a nuisance to annoy the passers and hurt real estate. But physiology is informing us that the entire man or woman, of which the boy or girl is the bud, is the subject in hand, and the object a perfect physical as well as spiritual frame, while a class of political and moral monsters that infest the market and senate to mortify honest merchants and honorable men, hint the importance of moral as well as logical lessons in our colleges and schools.

But how lead this human nature? Learning to speak in different dialects disputes the palm with science as a method, and is thought by Max Müller and other philologists, to be the impassable boundary between man and beast, though it is a question if the dog, horse, monkey, parrot, do not take the sense of some words beside the sound of their own names, which they recognize when their back is turned. How far they discriminate and classify, it is impossible to say. "If a pig could say, *I am a pig*, he would be a man." What germ of humanity is in a brute, biology may some day decide; meantime human genius is shown less in the number of tongues spoken, living or dead, than by proficiency in the natural language understood so largely by the brute, and used by the actor on the stage. We run into such diffuse writing and talk, the point now is to reduce the number of vocables, and have "more matter and less art." The ringing in the belfry makes me more religious than the sermon in church, and the music of the choir is more touching than the verses they sing. A venerable clergyman, being deputed by his brethren to thank Madam Sontag for her free concert, prayed that when her time came to

go, she might sing more sweetly if possible in heaven. We shall not be able to carry Bible or hymn-book thither; perhaps mortified that we cannot pick up a word of English or French, or remember the sectarian terms in which we now contend; some new language displacing all the old ones on which an oblivion will fall more fatal than the old confusion of tongues. But we shall utter, somehow, the universal language of love, comprehended by the bird that hops after the crumbs, and the fishes that come in the pond to be fed. How ashamed will be contentious theologians who cannot any longer denominate God or Christ, or angels as they did, nothing left of the Babel they so laboriously built. Let us begin with our children the only conversation we can contine!

Industrial Education hints an idea holding, more than any other, our future destiny. I remember when a boy how the great kite, I flew, pulled so hard I had to be spelled by my playmate; and this idea now draws upon a thousand heart-strings. But the flaming sword, that turned man out of Eden to till the thorny field, has bequeathed such a prejudice against labor that one of its champions has said it cannot now be elevated into a sentiment. Still sticks the Eastern contempt of matter as something God would not soil his hands with; and so, like an artist with apprentices, he employed demons to make the world. The Prussian instruction is mainly a soldier's drill; and our civilization will be barbarism on system, a polish on the weapons of war, till everybody is taught some art of peace. If Adam and Eve fell when they had to work, whoever enriches not the earth falls lower than they or

their children; for Cain was at least a tiller of the ground and Abel a keeper of sheep. Yet how we misinterpret as pure spirit the image we are made in! But God has a hand as well as a mind. His hand is that infinite executiveness, of which ours is a little figure, ever at his Sabbathless work; and the Greeks well expressed action rather than reflection in the head of the Phidian Jove. Is the brain, in our scholastic expression, the organ of the mind? We are learning that the mind is in every nerve and fibre, as God is in all nature, the great coat which grows out of him, and he cannot shake off. We well say *grasp* of a subject; for speculation is but heat-lightning, and eloquence an aurora, aside from the actual world.

What an amazing elastic complexity is the hoof of a horse striking the ground and rebounding with the weight, in a moment, of a ton! But more marvellous the hand, half whose wonders Dr. Bell did not tell. Man's superiority to the beast is not in his cerebral convolutions alone, but this shaping of the fifth finger as an opposing thumb, for numberless combinations of delicacy and strength, on which hang all the art and architecture of the globe. Of the magic of these meeting flesh-balls, Signor Blitz gives in his legerdemain but a sign. What are all our religion and government but things handed down? Christianity is a tradition which we should have heard only a faint rumor of, save for the recorder's hand. Think what it performs in the service of the soul! Michael Angelo, making the chips fly from the marble in his zeal; Ole Bull, with his fingers plucking out harmony as he stoops like a hawk over his violin; William Hunt, when his

brush will no longer serve to get close enough to his canvas, rubbing in the color with what his pupils call his wonderful thumb, are witnesses as well as every driver, rock-blaster, cabinet-maker, or engineer. Could we have had Raphael, all he was in soul without hands? No, said one; Raphael was the result of his hands! Napoleon called his army his extended hand. Arm is the simple stroke; army the compound battery. In the old rhetoric explanation was the expanded, demonstration the closed hand or fist. There are faculties, of weight, size, form, which can be exercised only through the hand. The properties of matter it assists the eye to discover. Its culture makes the artist. I can see what he wants, but I cannot do it. On what delicate shadings depends a Dresden Madonna for its difference from a daub! What at first painstaking and at last spontaneous graduation of speed and pressure distinguishes Listz or Joachim from one that pounds the piano or scrapes with his bow! How, but in nicety of touch, is a vase or vessel of Benvenuto Cellini diverse from the blacksmith's horse-shoe or nail? More complex convolutions are behind in the cunning artisan's brain, but they are deepened and refined by his expert hand, so inspired he often knows not how it acts. The hand is given in marriage and lifted for an oath, and is one-half of eloquence. An Italian in Milan, whose voluble speech I could not catch, guided me by a swift play of gesture through a labyrinth of streets. Goethe's Ottilia, clasping her hands to her breast and turning them bent slightly outwards, signifies a renunciation her lover could not resist, Amputation of the hand locks up mental power; an armless man is

doomed to perpetual imprisonment. A soldier taken in Cromwell's wars was found to have fired his piece with a bit of crooked iron tied to his stump of a wrist, — probably the first man that fought on his own hook. When the babe's eye opens things touch it; the infant learns distance by feeling it out, makes a mud-pie, and afterwards a picture or park.

This is not materialism. We feel that the muscles are tools. I am sensible that some dress is needful to my existence, yet suspect I am not confined to any, but can slip off a gravestone as easy as a morning-gown. Man is proteus, with many masks, or sets of colors in his locker. Was it necessary to detail an angel to roll away the stone before Jesus could get out? He was never under it, but sat somewhere, and smiled while Mary wept at Joseph's tomb. Our organism does not constitute us; there is a silent partner in the firm, of which the body is the business member and travelling agent. A man is not sea-sick while he commands the horizon. But the nerve must serve the will, for we have not made up our mind till we have made up our body. No conception but is improved by execution. Beethoven composes better for performing. Letters are not a nurse of imagination so good as nature. We consider memory a mental process. But it is in every fibre. As I resumed gymnastics, after a long interval, my teacher said, How well you recollect! I answered, The muscles have a memory of their own. I attend to my oars scarce more than to my lungs, and row as easy and unconscious as I breathe. Inventions are suggested by and must be verified in things. The grandest posture on this continent is not the landing

of Columbus, or of the Pilgrim Fathers, or throwing the tea into Boston Harbor, or signing the Declaration of Independence, but Franklin tempting the thunder-cloud to prove his electrical suspicion, and making every telegraph-wire and ocean-cable the extension of his kite-string. Vocal or literary expression gets its power from dealing with the actual world. Turning my father's grindstone while he held the scythe, walking barefoot on the stubble-fields, driving home the cows through bolts flashing from the sky and shaking the ground was more help to my speech than Primer or Bible. Why do some ingenuous thinkers impress us so feebly but that only their mouth and not their hand is in their oration, while in every sentence of Cromwell we feel his sword?

To know how character in the Commonwealth enforces this doctrine we need but think of some names: Washington the surveyor, Lincoln the rail-splitter, Clay the mill-boy, Webster on the farm, Banks the blacksmith, Wilson the shoe-maker, Boutwell the grocer, Grant the tanner and teamster, Greeley the printer. Look to your laurels, O graduates, lest the mechanics shove you from your stools! Hugh Miller, stone-cutter and geologist, Shakespeare going from the play-room to the quill, not thinking as he stood in the little Globe-theatre to shake the globe; Mrs. Stowe shaping Uncle Tom's Cabin amid her own kitchen-distractions; Napoleon, when he handled a musket on board the *Bellerophon* and showed the difference of the French and English practice, hinting the steps he rose by, prove this partnership of hand and mind. Orators thinking on their legs and students finding their ideas in a jolt-

ing-car hint the connection of material with mental force. A great preacher said his thoughts came to him not in his study-chair, but on a brisk walk, or when he took his razor to shave, as if that careful task concentrated to the kindling point his powers. Playing with a pencil enables our conceptions to be born. A string in the hand promotes the inward crystallization. I knew a man, a dull scholar, who, the moment he began to handle stocks and certificates, became a great financier. Morton, risking murder in his painless extraction of the etherized patient's tooth; Fulton, propelling his boat with steam; Bigelow, inventing not from theory, but the exigencies of the factory; Morse, detecting the requisite composition of india-rubber after self-sacrificing experiments, which Forceythe Wilson said put Mother Nature out of patience with her secret, and forced her to say, at last, Take it, my child; and our other Morse, harnessing the lightning with his wires, not to put a girdle, but send a message round the world in forty minutes, are illustrators of the same point how application reacts to perfect conception.

But manual cultivation has yet wider bearings on every moving question of the day. Take that of Woman's Rights. Let her vote: what right has man to say whether she shall or not? But what is her vote worth save as representing herself, her independent share in the common weal. Her vote is her value and her virtue; and what are all three but her hand? A hand she has, not to give or throw away, wait for a man to take pity on, load with rings, shield from the sun, and hide in a glove, or treat with any fashion or relic of barbaric decoration, but put to various wonderful

use. Why did the woman hanging out clothes in the back-yard beg to be excused for her appearance? The sailor, farmer, mason, cabinet-maker, offers no apology! Was a woman made to be looked at, in a carriage? Is she a silkworm's residuary legatee? Shall she never learn the little worth of our loud adoration? Said a beauty of the once many courtiers kneeling at her feet, I have emancipated my slaves! But where is the mistress on a plantation, or in a ball-room, when her slaves are gone? Helpless for, or blushing at her own work? But all human creatures are handsome, not idle, but at their stint; the husbandman in the furrow, and the mariner at the main-sheet. I know not how I appear preaching; but I am comely cleaning my sidewalk. Production is the test; to consume more than one produces is to steal; to shirk this law is to be dependent, another's tool; and what does woman's subserviency, being a majority of fifty thousand in Massachusetts, mean? There is no sentinel of her castle but self-support. Less inclined to grossness than the stronger sex, she will not sell herself for the dollar she can earn. Despise not the acquisitiveness which is her refuge! The education is a curse that puts notions into her head and no skill into her hand. The poor girl goes to school with the rich, and learns to scorn her mother who cannot read, to covet her mate's costlier dress, and to steer for means of like adornment into temptation in the course of study. Taught to create value she would disarm the tempter. I admired the hunter, on the St. John's, proudly bearing his game away when the steward ridiculed his price, and told him to eat it himself; and I wish to see every

woman widely free of man's solicitation or contempt, knowing that, if we hold nothing so dear as the instrument of our pleasure, we hold nothing so cheap at last. What my comfort requires commands my money; and education to afford it will be an artillery to sweep crime and mendicancy from the street, till petty commerce cover no more beggary; soap and engravings, books and tin pans, cease to be hawked round by ragged traders pleading poverty; the mean merchandise fall off from our entries; our door-bells rest from the pulls of impertinent and unwelcome supplicants; our ears rest from grinding musicians, and buyer and seller meet on the equality of price. For the most part we make a false distinction of labor and capital. Expert labor is capital, head-power through the hands; and money its creature and tool. Can I lecture, sing, write, legislate, cure, or keep accounts? The exchange with a millionaire, who may fail, were not in my favor! Any handicraftsman, artisan or editor, is more secure than speculator or trader. Women-artists are capitalists. All hail to their Declaration of Independence! But ability not to please only but produce will be their Fourth of July; and power to say No, to whoever would take them in charge. A great painter smiled at some sketches by girls, and said, Women begin, but men go on. Why do they stop, as negroes are said to do, in their studies? Because they look to marriage, which a distinguished man said they were made for? But they cannot all be married. There are not men enough to go round! A noble woman said: The fact is there are too many of us! Not so, if your talent were brought out. But if some relation with man be

the indispensable support, sustenance for the body is downfall of the soul. The ornament of the family has become something else. Mephistopheles counsels Faust to win Margaret by leaving a box of jewels in the drawer in her chamber. How often has that gem beyond all price of pearls, that diamond of the first water, a woman's honor, so lost its lustre! A sailor on the cape, being asked by a purchased lady, why he had refused to take her to row, answered, Because you have on you gold enough to sink my boat. Earn your own living; for not to contribute is to rob; the receiver is not only as bad as, but is the thief. Children of the rich, making drafts on the accumulations of the past to which they do not add, are plundering as much as did the soldiers at the sack of Delhi. Some young women, who listened to this sentiment, said they never should cry to hear the speaker again. They would cry for soothing syrup! They were born, as the Latin poet wrote, to devour the fruit. I should be ashamed of what I had begot, if it were but to eat an inheritance! Good for the betrayer not to have been born? The betrayer not of an individual but his kind is the non-producer; and a man's shame to slight his offspring's industrial training. I feel, said one, as if I were little of a father, and as if my children were very much a part of their mother! We talk of neglected children. Do we know whose and how many? Let them strike for freedom, and insult us with their individuality, rather than be underlings of our luxury, dissipating their minds with unwholesome novels, and their bodies at unhealthy tables, and setting base examples to be emulated by those in need. When what

one can do, not have done for him, is the badge of nobility, will be the new era for every class. Ten thousand "Little Wanderers" in Boston? What a satire on a Christian society in the name! Arabs in New York, gamins in Paris? Not for lack of wit! "Shine your shoes?" said a lad flourishing his brush. "Shine your own!" said the gentleman looking from his polished boots to the boy's dirty brogans. "I will, sir, if you will pay for it!" What better might the talent not do, that now carries a blacking-pot through the street, or thrusts a newspaper in your face, if, in Napoleon's proverb, to talent we opened the career? But Niagara weaves, and the river of God runs to waste.

Hand-culture will make labor happy. Because ignorant it is a drudge. If intelligent, it will be no more content in pulpit or senate than shop or field. Unskilled labor strikes. Nobody will ever walk down my stone stairway to the sea with more pleasure than the Irishman who laid it, or anchor in the ravine with more pleasure than the miners who cleared it. Toil need be no slave. We must look at the joiner's or plumber's bill before we decide whether capital oppresses labor, or labor capital. A carpenter who does one day's work in three for fifteen dollars, smokes among the shavings, runs off on pleasure-trips, sequesters the refuse lumber, and doubles the time of his contracts, has no tyrant to employ him if the bills are settled in perfect peace! It is well at least for mechanic as merchant to claim dignity for his task. Sometimes he resents your hint because he thinks he knows his business better than you know what you want. We need a weight of will

in this great middle class to break the political, railway and military ring. Material we want in the common mind to found an art-museum, an International, not a party, a republic better than Plato's; and it can come only from handiworkers. There are two organs in the brain, Constructiveness and Destructiveness. Only the first can keep the last under. Satan has the refusal of an idle hand to pick the lock, wreck and rob the train and plot all harm. Its training will put down morbid fancies and premature passions, nip ingenuities of crime and prevent the secret and solitary as well as social vice that rots the constitution in youth.

Temperance is an office not of law but the hand. No wonder, amid this ruin from strong drink, zeal against its sale and use is the only fanaticism left! Make out your police-report of offences; then scrawl *drunkenness* through the list. Have Prohibitory laws, if they will prohibit. But is Suppression of Intemperance enough? Do we but drive the disease in? Does rum suppressed break out opium? Shall law wrench from the German his beer, and leave the Yankee his cider, and the fine lady her cologne? Shall we break the glass, and shall not the pipe go next; or where shall a sumptuary law stop? Succeed to shut the dram-shop, quench the distillery, forbid the imported liquor; drink from the grape's natural wine-skin; put, as Father Taylor said, all the alcohol in a cave and roll a planet to the door; yet the appetite unslain and unsubdued, an evil angel clad in no white raiment, with horrid resurrection from the dead will roll the stone away from its sepulchre and sit upon it to mock your pains. Sobriety will prevail when labor gaining knowledge ceases to be irksome, is

rid of its ban, loses its load in delight, makes the welkin ring with its voice, and is not pushed into extreme efforts or excessive hours. It will no more greedily crave the *smother of brandy* my wood-sawyer begged instead of the peaches I offered, on a hot day. We take the consequences of liberty. What men want they will have. Our business is to make them want what is good, as the Greek sage said he was temperate because he followed his desires. To labor is to pray; and it will be to enjoy, on the arrival of true work with Industrial Education by the same train.

Health will be a passenger too. The soul working long alone is an active poison, as Novalis said; too few hours of exercise worse than too many. We slight this whole shop of tools in our natural frame, and then take the loose and rusty machine, it becomes, to the gymnasium or lifting-cure to recover its use with superfluous expenditure of power like steam blown to waste in the air. I remember Dr. Wayland's benevolent humor about races and regattas, skating and jumping to restore one's tone, and the smile with which he would cry, *Productive Labor*, as he came in dripping from his garden and orchard to change his dress for his desk. Do people, who direct their servants to take out undriven horses, that pine in the barn, for exercise on the road, reflect on their own condition? We save ordure and cast vitality away. The wild transport of the recess, the college-enervation of students from the farm, the stretching and yawning, after too much of one posture, accent the voice of abused nature. Use of every power is the ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure.

Industrial Education bears how directly on wealth.

What a bee-hive it would make the State! What a beaver-dam it did make of Holland, whose work Darwin should quote in proof of animal descent. Social science is exploding the sentimental superstition of poverty as a boon. There will be no more professors of it in the Romish Church! Riches are bonds to keep the peace. But that they were so heavy, what considerations beside could in more than one crisis, such as of the sloop *Caroline*, North-East boundary, and the Alabama Claims, have availed to prevent war with England? How instructive the case now of those thrifty Russian Meunonites, like the old Quakers begging for a home in any land that will exempt them from military service, but no nation, save ours, so little expectant of quarrels or involved in dispute as to dare bid them come! The North was loth to fight because diligent and prosperous; the South willing because lazy and poor. Wealth is a stirring and sensitive ant-hill for the hoof of battle to crush. England is not the coward she is called for waiving once and again her light to interfere in Eureopean complications; rather like the traveller in Scott's novel not liking to trust Rob Roy near his heavy portmanteau. What spendthrifts are standing armies! Stop needless leaks, and how the cistern of every public treasury would overflow! The three curses of the South, said a Judge in Georgia, are rot-gut whiskey, pork and tobacco; and how they go along with quarrelsome habits and the trailing of guns! Diligence and temperance will banish want and woe. The increase of value by skill has been shown by the comparative price of a pound of iron as crude metal, nails, needles and watch-springs. But what is

added to pigments by the brush? Turner can make his picture worth more than the thing; merchantable when wharf and ship have dropped in dust and decay, his surface solid and his subject a ruin. Rubens introduces his wife in a painting into kings' galleries. Raphael converts a woman from the street into Madonna, Mother of God for worship; and on the cold canvas what warm kisses and tender touches in old Italian cathedrals I have seen lavished! The language of art is a translation of things. Some philosophers say we must think in words; but, in whatever symbols, let us think things; think the sun, moon, man, woman, not those arbitrary terms we converse about them with. Verbiage is the fault of our education. We teach a child to name a thing in half a dozen languages, ancient and modern, before he knows the thing. First the thing, then the sign is the logical order, which we reverse. The living creatures passed before Adam and he named them; but we get the names and hunt after the living creatures, or suppose we know what we never saw. This is the argument for natural science against philology and metaphysics, that denominations become barren without acquaintance with fact, and vague designations wander divorced from experience in our speech; as students go through college and talk of the electric fluid without ever feeling the electric shock. In the village, children are shut up in a school-room as the place where knowledge is caught and confined for them to get. Near by is the record of the tremendous hammer that has pounded the hills into boulders, pebbles, gravel, sand; of the old ice-cap, mother earth wore on her head for a million years, melting with cli-

matic change; of the sea rolling back from the land and pursued by rivers through the hollows it deserts; of cakes of frost as vessels bearing cargoes of stone to scatter along the shore; of the molten trap jutting through the granite and the granite again through the trap; of scratches from pre-Adamite avalanches on primeval rock. But the little human Adam is never taken to *this* show, knows not what a theatre, bigger than his little stage with a green curtain, he is always in; understands not the compass and cannot tell the North Star. Science doubtless has its superficial technic and conceit, as Heine says there are those who fancy they know all about the bird because they saw the egg-shell it came from. Yet its revolt against our scholastic terminology, as chaffy food, is not without cause; and it is one reason for giving the English language a larger place in the classical course, that a thorough study of our mother-tongue will keep us closer to Nature, to things and thoughts.

But are not the scientific explorers materialists; and do we not owe the present irruption of materialism, to overwhelm sentiment and enthrone the senses over the intuitions, to their inordinate zeal? I answer, it is the human senses they employ, that carry an intelligence and purpose for which matter cannot account. The eye, ear, touch of many a brute are just as quick. But of their senses what does beast or bird make? No plan of creation, classification of objects, notion of their own origin or guess at their fate. Despite Kepler and Columbus, what is the earth to them still but a flat surface, a leafy covert, a grazing-ground, a fish-pond, never so much as Hamlet's "foul and pestilent

congregation of vapors." What to them is gravity, magnetism, music? When did they see Sirius, send a telegraph-despatch, or make up a weather-report? They have no conclave of workers, to cut and polish a lens to search into space, whose objects they do not cling to, nor fear into its bottomless gulf to fall. But how much more than all this the human senses do, with causality, curiosity, and a conviction of the unity of the universe to help! All hail to the material science, whose door of sense opens into spirit, and whose mortal steps lead to immortality; whose resurrection is of no one dead body, Lazarus or Jesus, but myriads into loftier forms; in whose "chariot of fire" go up ten thousand Elijahs; while this earth of clod and stone, she flings in our face, dissolves into pure force, and becomes an exhaling drop of dew before that Immense Determination whence all starts and wherein all ends, not to be lost but live forever.

About destiny wise men will not dispute. Argument is fall from grace. I will not put on the power, that made me, the slight of a doubt. If we are phantoms, extemporized for this little play, *it* is phantom too. No destiny is no deity! To priestly inquiry after the prospect of his soul, the dying Heine answered: *God will pardon me; that is his business!* Something more than wanton, even sublime is the Bohemian reply from a conception which turned extreme unction into a sham. With us all, the fearless and unselfish moments are moments of faith. At times, unselfed, we see the glory that waits; and, though we lose the exaltation, cannot forget that we saw. Meantime, as investigation goes on, quarrel abates and the folly of

exclusiveness appears. Idealist and materialist would benefit their congregations by an exchange of pulpits! Browning could preach the best sermon of matter, and Huxley of mind.

But is not hand-work a necessity and curse, of which machinery will take the place? What shall make the machine? It was thought the iron-horse would supersede the dray-horse; but more are needed and bred than before; and tools seem but to refine and multiply the functions of this chief one that fashions them all, and has its patent of nobility in its deeds. I heard an artist maintain that the hand is the most expressive part of the frame. The word *hand*some hints its charm. There is a hand that has in it no heart, that is a claw or paw, a flipper or fin, a bit of wet cloth to take hold of, a piece of unbaked dough on the cook's trencher, a cold, clammy thing we recoil from; or greedy clutch with the heat of sin, which we drop as a burning coal. What a scale, from the talon to the horn of plenty, in this human palm-leaf! Sometimes it is what a knife-shaped, thin-bladed tool we dare not grasp, or like a poisonous thing we shake off, or unclean member, which, white as it may look, we feel polluted by! A woman, who now sings among the seraphs, told me she never, from courtesy, had to touch a certain man's hand, without going afterwards to wash her own! What is the matter with your hand when youth or maiden drops it so quick? Many a lady's soft hand gives a less pleasant sensation than the laborer's horny one, though hers never had done any hard work: so moral is flesh itself. A well-used hand is the healer of sin or sorrow. When the bereft

woman asked, What shall I do? *Work*, was the reply. Doing is indeed our defence.

From Industrial Education will come the community. There is none now. What we call the community is a cage such as the great tamer kept various animals as armed neutrals in, naming them the Happy Family. Our peace is a truce. Society is a series of planes, less united by any circulating element than the plates in a galvanic battery. We touch but at points. When the noble New-England preacher, who saved California to the Union, was referred to in a fashionable circle, one said, I never before heard his name. Napoleon said, There are cellars in Paris where I am not known, and have never been heard of. Go into places out of the way, vessels, ship-yards, wharves, railway stations, in your undress and without companions, to mix with all you meet, and you will have revelations of human nature! Would the omnibus driver, had he known I just came from a funeral, not have kept a civil tongue in his head? Would the boys I inquired the way of, have been so saucy to their own minister? Did not the lad take me from the dusty road so humanely into his chaise because he was happy, going to court a girl, as he said, and therefore ready to be kind to any common creature? Would the carriage-merchant have doubted whether he could even tell me his prices, if he had suspected my pecuniary responsibility? These gulfs between what we call classes are measures of sin. By the sharpness of the lines between divers orders we may reckon our distance from the perfect state. Common education, to create value, will be true fellowship. Shall it be compulsory? Why not

the republic require competency in the citizen, whose mind cannot be unfolded without his hand? What a relish its practice would give to study, while a child must have the largest organ of language, Combe or Spurzheim ever saw, to care for descriptions of what he never beheld and cannot conceive. He that can sketch an object with a pencil, understands it better than he who but recites all its titles in every tribe under the sun; and Goethe, who knew all, in the apprentice-system in Wilhelm Meister, foreshadowed what the German Father-land is first to try.

But shall we have school-houses combined with shops? Perhaps we perceive not in what small compass the means for modelling, moulding, drawing, building, and machine-making may be brought; or what wide scope, to select and sift the talents, we should open for choice. Possibly we have yet to learn what education is, beyond a series of tasks in sentences and mathematical figures. Was Horatio Greenough educated, when glued to the bench for a Latin recitation, or loth to demonstrate the sum of degrees in a triangle; and not when he picked up a piece of plaster in the street to carve the head of a Roman emperor? A boy, who went fifty years ago to fit for college, could not take in the Greek grammar, but showed his talent to be an engineer as he came home to put a water-wheel in every brook. Lead your pupils wherever Nature's finger points to the study of things! Michelet says a man always clears his mind by doing something well with his hand. The world lies before us, the subject of our experiment; but not a tithe of it touched. Our cursory look at anything is not like that of the artist who

proposes to represent it. I knew what mountain meant after mounting the Wengern Alp, and what a river was when I had followed the course and waded in the bed of the Androscoggin. Why not take a lesson from the creature we would give one to, so inquisitive not of words, but things, wanting to handle everything, from dirt and gravel, bugs and worms, to the moon and stars? Candidates for degrees are examined; let me suggest a Board of little boys and girls, such as I took in my boat, from whose shower of questions about the birds, crabs, sea-weed, gray rats that ran from the stone-wharf, or green stems that grew from the crevice, I went back to read my book of philosophy and write my sermon with a sense of relief! But we say Hush! little people should be seen and not heard, with a sort of soul-murder quenching the spirit of curiosity, when their queries put our acquisitions of knowledge or character to the test. So they grow up after and like us, without chemistry enough to cook a meal, or skill to row a boat or harness a horse in haste for the doctor, or knowledge to restore one from fainting or hold the blood in an artery, or suck poison from the bite of a reptile, or rescue any mortal in body or soul. Let them inherit and improve an educated hand, not like the show-pipe on an organ, but a most miraculous organ itself! Abraham Lincoln, born to hew and draw, sink an axe in a log deeper than any other man, and fight off the roughs from his flat-boat in the Mississippi, educated his hand for the helm of state, and to sign the great Proclamation of Freedom in which the Declaration of Independence was complete. From tending sheep he came to shepherd the crowd of Disunited States,

to subdue political rams and encourage the timid flock, keep them together and get them along, lead the territories ready to bring forth, and bear the weak Borders as lambs in his bosom; with a pull from the heart-strings on his pen above any tug at the plough-tail or mainsail, and a crash about this civil Samson's shoulders louder than of any Dagon or temple at Gaza; and a speech over the soldiers' graves that cast into the shade all classic rhetoric. Let him teach us to cultivate the hand, which we must have, before we can lend. When the iniquitous law hunted for the fugitive slave, it was, in yonder village, the hand of a graduate of the hammer and plane that took him ragged, wayworn, and wet, not only into his house, but his own bed, with a benediction sweet as heaven's, to win a love, great as for wife or child, from the bondsman to the benefactor whose hand had been to him as the hand of God. When the pilot, Paul Elson, makes a raft to carry off crew and passengers from the foundering ship, and swims after to recover those swept away, till he himself sinks exhausted in the waves; — no, not he, only his body sank, — to be survived by those he had saved, what will you quote more beautiful of Moses or Jesus, as if aught better in any sacred story could be? When a young girl, seeing a child ready to be run over by a drunken driver, springs in front of the cart, seizes the bridle at the bit, and forces the horse back on his haunches, standing an angel of deliverance between life and a vision of sudden death, who of either sex will not envy and emulate such trained ability, as well as disposition to act?

"True heart and faithful hand!"

Covet not the wings of angels till you have found the use of the hands, which can do more than any pinions! Let us not think to plume ourselves; cherub and seraph may be good for a figure, but impossible in fact. The organ hereafter will be something finer, yet corresponding to the hand which is our seal of honor here.

But hold no narrow notion what it is to do! Men must be handled in a battle or the mill, as well as tools; and there is a hand of the mind which we call the will. Outward stir is not labor, nor the gross result its gauge. No measure more false than manual toil. If Jesus worked on the bench when he was a boy, he did more in bulk, but how much less in amount than when he talked in Galilee and Samaria, though I doubt not his carpentry had its share in his tongue; yet what insignificant figure, in the sum, the boards, nails and boxes he planed and drove and made! His vision was action; his beholding his hold on history, and his suffering doing, more than rubbing the ears of corn, casting the net, or helping draw water from Jacob's well. His sweat in the garden was from a sorer stint than in any July meadow; it being easier to exert our will than to give it up by marvellous effort of will within, and to check the iron wheels, than put on the brakes of patience. At first, certain female reformers spoke as inspired; afterwards, they appeared with the nation's weight on their shoulders, and God stepped out! Labor is confined, not defined by muscular force. Its grace has more mouths than the Nile to empty by. So many men, so many hands; but they are good hands or poor, according to their conscience and intelligence. The hand of Turner, Thorwaldsen or Rubinstein to

have its value measured like a trench-digger's by the clock? What is in the hand, lead or gold? It is a bare vessel; the contents are all! One player is a gambler on his instrument, another a revealer; the hand we move becomes another hand when God moves it, as the wheel driven by steam, or a head of water does more than that turned by a crank. "Excuse my glove!" What better is it than the kid or goat or calf as a good emblem you hide it in? How much less worth than the stones and rings you load and cut your flesh with! When peace means avarice and hypocrisy, the steel gauntlet is preferable to the velvet cuff. There are actors not on the stage, yet playing a part with their hands wherever they go, every motion a pretence, every gesture a lie; and good and brave was it, when on the platform once in Faneuil Hall, a sincere man refused to take a sycophant's hand. We can afford to let the dramatic entertainment go on, which selfish artifice makes the world a theatre for, if we deal frankly at each encounter. Let us not only direct, but discipline our hands; our main business right enterprise and just restraint. We Yankees so love to finger, that *Hands off* is the placard at the store and Fair, and warnings not to touch the pictures posted in the galleries; as if it were muscular and not ocular detection of beauty in canvas or stone. But is there nothing to keep hands off but a picture or a peach? To touch the painted Madonna or statue of Apollo were a trifle, to rude and unapostolic laying of hands on a human being! The boxer hits from the shoulder; but combativeness subtly reaches down and oozes through the finger-tips, as more of the electric

fluid streams and tingles through its conductors than startles us with any shock. My lightning-rod draws more silently from the air than from any tempest! We are channels, or suction-pipes and forcing-pumps, all the valves opening one way, as certain persons are *suckers* upon us, in vulgar speech. I have no right, said Dr. Wayland, to lay my hand on your shoulder; but that hand gave more than it took! We are at peace, said a countryman, in our house, because we keep two bears, *bear* and *forbear;* but if, as the poet tells us, it is forbearance not to pluck the wayside flower as we pass, are there not flowers of innocence and living beauty to spare? and, as the old Jews purged themselves with religious rites, do we not need more than ceremonial purifying for every relation of life? This real baptism will serve better than any poring over the plague of our own heart; and the worth of work is to express and promote a state of mind. It has been said of certain fair neutrals and ciphers that, though they add not to the common wealth, they contribute themselves, and "beauty is its own excuse for being;" to be looked at and admired at table, in a coach, or at a party, though, like the lawyers Jesus reproved, they lift not a finger. But was woman ever more splendid at a dance than she who saved the two youths from drowning on the beach? The Concord preacher, who was "good at a fire," could not have been more graceful in the desk. A weak member, like a cake unturned, that cannot move a chair, wash a robe, carry a child over the stream, or bear furniture from the flames, is none such as Hagar, when cast out with Isaac, had; but despicable and not worth a cent. However held up and displayed with gewgaws, it is not

deserving of acceptance in marriage, or counted a fit subject by any artist. How many alive, like some in pictures, know not what to do with their hands! From whom but One whose hand was never shortened do we derive, as one spring connects with another under ground, and a chain of water runs from Superior to the sea?

The motto is, service. Not for myself, but for you! Can I say a word to teach, lighten a burden or heal a wound, roll the stone from the sepulchre or unbury affections long dead, lift the pall from some dear one's coffin or keep it from settling on your own; convince you that the shroud is nothing to you, as Socrates told his friend they might do what funeral piety they pleased if they could catch him after the breath was gone; then that is what I am for, and myself is my sacrifice. True communism or internationality is not to stop work because another profession gets more than mine, or to beat my brother in the same calling because he will not stand out with me for higher wages, or to grudge him his better pay for a cheaper article; for the commission to work is for its proceeds not to my purse, but my kind; and, live high or low, let me bring all the honey I find to the hive till I die. To make humanity the means, instead of end, of our ambition, is to blaspheme that Holy Ghost whose worship in the beauty of holiness is better than the daily offering at the Hebrew shrine, for it is an imitation of God. "I am that I am." But he is too what he becomes. The universe is himself produced. He is no eternal monotony, but versatility of benefit beyond all scientific ken. Christianity is but the cloth of one pattern which

his mercy wears. All is material for us, to build a den or temple, a house or tomb. But the sweat of humane labor carries off impurities not of the body only, but the soul. Planning for your race will occupy your time without newspaper or book; but all will be tragedy on earth while man is so cheap, and the financier hunts through the day for the lost cent in his columns, and the human fraction is of no account. No pure felicity is our lot:

"Evil and Good before him stand!"

The artist, whose attention I called to a brilliant scene for his pencil, said, "There are no shadows, and it will not do;" and the shadows round our mortality have their charm in the great limner's canvas. But let the substance be solid and sound! Work the clay out of our composition, we will say; for as refuse in the body, not eliminated through the perspiring pores, becomes fever, palsy, congestion and cancer, so an idle unprofitable life suffices to generate ill humor and waste good temper. The father who said he had kept his son to the grindstone, rated not too high the value of diligence.

Training implies indoctrination. We hear of children, without prejudice, forming their own opinions! Such independence, if possible, were a curse. Thought is transmitted like blood. They must share our circulations and be set in mid current of the best ideas of the time. Growth in mind or matter is the law. What is not garden will be tangled wilderness and swamp. Wise was the Jews' telling their sons God's ways and laws; for truth is no individual possession but a tra-

dition, not hid but transmitted, cleansed and enriched as it goes; the human brain it is strained through refined and enlarged from it as with increments of a crystal. The head meliorates in a bee or bird; why not in an African or Chinese? With all our pioneering, we must, like Alpine travellers, hang together. A footpath is better through the forest than breaking one's own track. How we praise a good road! Such should a church or constitution be. Why despise customs and institutions, which are but moral railways? Some new question of improvement is always on hand, like teaching the sexes together; for change is in order. Only see to it that, in this human train, the coupling do not break.

VIII.

FORMS.

WE all proceed on some theory of the world, either as an eternal substance of matter, an unfolding of invisible atoms from below, or a projection, like the precipitate of a transparent solution from above. The six days' creation, as labor reckons time, or as enormous periods, is exploded if only because a day, anywise construed, is what we want an understanding and account of; for what is a day but the lighted room which all these shows of heaven and earth appear in? The scientist brings his report of facts, and laws they fall under; but the learned creature does not include himself in his catalogue, and coolly takes for granted what we are most curious about.

> "Lord, how it looks about! —
> It carries a brave form,"

cries Miranda, of Ferdinand, who in turn thinks her the goddess of the island. Her question, "What is't?" must be solved somehow, and we must be sure of the witness before we accept the testimony. We can rest in no idea but of infinity taking form, the idea of Job. "Lo, these are the Border of thy works, but the

thunder of thy power who can understand?" The notion of evolution, while we are thoughtless of involution or anything to evolve and care but for what comes to the surface as the foam of this everlasting deep, is ignorance but one remove from the brute's. The soul is satisfied only with the unfathomable life of which every manifestation is some figure; and we are confirmed by the study that drives death everywhere out, finding instead of that phantom only living force, of which shape and color are the decoration and dress.

What right to this idea, asks the materialist, and the metaphysician joins hands in his cross-examination. But ideas exist prior to the sun and moon, and do not submit to question on any logical rack. It is no individual whose title is interrogated, but the human mind; and the trial must be had in every tongue, there being no language above pure barbarism and the beast, but has the terms that stand for the eternal and immense. In a fight with human speech in all its sounds and lexicons, philosophy must have the worst. The least attempt at acquaintance with myself shows me the door out of all finite particulars, and compels me to say, — Before Abraham was I am; and I was loved of God before the foundation of the world. The investigator who steps with phenomena and his nice arrangements as a sufficient explanation, further than which there is no need to go, is as a man who wishes no exposition of himself beyond the family Bible or register of the town. Doubtless I was born in wedlock; the date is correct, and my surname no mistake; there is some resemblance of features to those by whom I was begot and conceived; certain traits of talent and dis-

position run in the blood, and I am an instrument of a particular pattern in the grand orchestra of mankind. But, as Miranda says, "'Tis a spirit;" and that is what no almanac can measure and no cradle contain. It is absurd to suppose any mortal beginning of it or end in death. Through all familiarity with myself grows my surprise, and I must push my explanations gently, and in my interior motions balance myself carefully with outward things in order to preserve reason and keep sanity in this cracking and crumbling clay.

I have not got the dimensions of my nature, as of the garments I wear or house I build. The vein, I mine, runs and widens out of sight. I can fit my child's foot with a shoe, but not him with any speculation I weave. I see a great genius in music, painting or poetry hurled like a new celestial body into the firmament, to sing and send down melodies never heard before from the upper chime and to sketch on a bit of paper what no visible scene suggests, and then withdrawn in a moment as a flaming comet slides out of sight; and of its origin or onward track what has genealogy to say, save to wonder in some case, like the Christ, if it could have grown on the family-tree! Is it but a form, like a bubble blown but to break, or an informing essence no chance can make or mar? All matter turns to motion, and motion to heat, and heat to force; and force to will, and will to thought enacted, and thought to will reflected; and if my loving and thinking in this wondrous but not vicious circle be not abiding power, to me there is none. Change is not destruction, but transfer, in a wave that

bursts or a wind that lulls, in a leaf that puts forth or withers away; in birth no more and in death no less. Decaying wood passes into lichen and moss; the coal is part of the sun alike in the quarry and the grate; and the same luminary uses the same air-currents, to burn at the tropic and freeze at the pole, and has for its equal offspring the snow and the rain. The fish we cannot eat is phosphorescent, and the punk we cannot carve is nearer than the green tree to fire; — are we in our dissolution more akin, than in verdant youth, to the celestial spark? All is trivial if but finite stuff mounting to nonentity; all is dignity, if every flitting phenomenon be some ghost of being without bound. There is a poem in which a grass-blade pleads its case as a homely sister against the pomp of the gorgeous rose, whose splendor is only a different dress; nothing so small but with its share of measureless glory, and that is done to the greatest, which we do to the least.

That there is any nothing, but spirit, is empty conceit. Some of the sailors of Columbus imagined, in the long Westward course, there was no end of sea, and insisted on turning back before they were lost in the waste. But there is no waste of nature to be lost in. "Out, brief candle?" It is out into itself again, its equivalent in some other form; and there is no annihilation of the flame of life. The bottomless space, unstirred with any consciousness, were a ghastly tomb; but, as the room an infinite vitality inhabits, works in and contains, it is a manifold mansionry. That the earth was ever "without form and void" will answer for a fable of the fancy, but is neither poetry nor truth; form clings to creation closer than a shadow, and there is no void.

Not decease but change is the universal law. A witty clergyman said when he considered the faces in a congregation, with features departing from the line of beauty so many ways, the eyes too near or wide apart, the ears too long or loose, the mouth uneven or the countenance unequally bisected by the nose, he took great comfort in the apostolic declaration that we shall all be changed! But Paul delivered indeed a sublime eternal decree, of which all science is the handmaid. We are so used to being that we lay out our wonder on continuance. But being and not continuance is the marvel; and cessation is beyond possibility or rational belief. I am amazed at myself as a man, but shall be less so as an angel with whatever new sense or faculty or provision for other journey; for not any outfit is my surprise, but the willing power in me, the fire and locomotive of the soul, be the road I take and scenes I ride through what they may; and it is no wise or profound, but cheap and commonplace conclusion that there is no more road for travel because I stop at a way-station or am switched off from the main track. If there is to be, O scientist, any destruction, let it be some of the force you talk of; let it be a beam of light, ray of heat, drop of the electric or magnetic current, before we go to heart and thought! Let gravitation be interrupted and not the tendency to the truth; let the system of the sky be suspended, not the wisdom of society; let the North Star and not justice drop from its post; let the sun stand still on Gibeon, but not the goodness that traverses the circuit of nature and blazes in the human breast!

It is not strange that men in all time and every sort

of religion have found it so hard to conceive of any termination and have universally held to transformation even when they knew not enough to see in its types natural processes. From migration of the birds they have gone to transmigration of the soul, not stumbling at the difficulty, our materialists cannot get over, of extricating it from the body; for the veracious instinct has not suffered them, with ancient sciolism or modern conceit, to hold flesh as the substance and mind the accident, one of the properties of matter; but matter rather as "the frail and weary weed of mortality that clothes us" in time. Transfiguration of a prophet, Jesus on the mountain? All is transfiguration; but what is transfigured? Tell of perdition? There is and can be none! Talk of being confounded with Deity? No such confusion! As the schoolmen say an atom cannot be crushed, this fiery particle in us cannot be quenched; for this curious primordial creature, which I am, once in and aware of itself, is sure that the essence which is its constitution is to be disposed of only by being somehow preserved.

All our associations and affections so hang round some visible or imagined form, that even the Lord is a man, and Bishop Butler can expound the love of God only by a boundless increase of our regard for the good of human kind. Finding how the soul feeds on form, and without it would starve, beside natural we invent artificial forms or put on the natural a peculiar stamp as on coin from the mint, that we may have a sort of holy money current to pass for religious faith and loyalty, a legal tender in the kingdom not of this world; and the loftiest scorner of ceremony is not quite inde-

pendent of this meaning. For though there be no refuge like thought, which we retreat to from all disappointments and wounds, we live largely in sentiment, and sentiment craves attachment like a creeper. It is the vine that makes porch, of house and temple, beautiful. One art, that of music, the express organ of feeling, at once emancipates from outward leanings, to float us in its waves of sound above ritual, and make hearing a substitute for sight. A divine composition is a delicious dissatisfaction with this world. It is shame at all we are or have been. It is a descent and hint of heaven to convey what we never saw or experienced, and an Elijah's chariot to go up without death. It is resolution to a better life, worthy of the friends at our side or dear ones whom it glorifies with invisible revealing and impalpable touch. A musician cannot be an infidel though a metaphysician may; and when we are in the musical state ordinances are vain. Rowing on the open sea I heard a soft mellow breathing, that came and went; and, looking from my oars, saw a porpoise rolling in the brine. How it refreshed him to rise from the gross water, he inhabited, and get an inspiration from the air! We live in two elements. When in the upper one we straightway expect more of others and demand more of ourselves. We are mortified at the facts of our existence and esteem all conduct mean. Observances then are needless; the pure ether is enough for the time. But we cannot abide on the mount. There are no tabernacles! We might as well pitch a tent on Teneriffe to stay all the year round. We must come down from spiritual vision and anticipation, to our journey and our task; to shake hands

and say, good-morning, to our fellow-travellers and fellow-toilers and to all the decent conventions by which we can understand and get along with one another, in religion, government and social life. But let us bring the elevation with us, have some light of the transfiguration cleave to our garments, and not, like Peter, leave the fine emotion at the top. For what do we meet and worship but to embody the unspotted beauty and clearer equity? Forms are but vessels; they will have that in them which we pour out from our heart. Let the free-thinker, to whom they appear confining and close, remember that the slender vials are corked to hold precious essences and odors. Culture may take the place of conventionality. It is noticed that scholars and artists, as a class, care not for preaching. They are willing that poor ministers and superstitious priests should admire and purchase their pictures and books. But an artist said: I get nothing from these fellows that write and read aloud their transcendental essays. How when they praise his landscape or portrait? Be devoted to your specialty; but this narrowness that cannot look or pass beyond its lines, is meaner than fighting; for soldiers exchange on opposite sides, tokens of good-will when not engaged in conflict. It is no more worthy of respect than the despised close communion at a Baptist table. Surely the arts as well as the sciences have a common bond; and, as thorough information is the well-understood basis of excellence in any department, he will be a less noble painter or sculptor who is that alone.

There are dawnings of eternal ideas on the soul so much more glorious than forms that these are apt to

encounter intellectual contempt; and every fixture is mocked by the ever-shifting scenery of the created scene. An accredited form is modest as a bank-bill, and has as many uses. Its range stops not short of the grandest motives and deepest wants. A certain stability is needful in the universal flux. Friendship is delightful, thought is consoling, nature is beautiful; but a well-ordered state is convenient, to prevent interference, hush altercation, reconcile misunderstandings and arrange disputed bounds. We have two appeals to our own reflections and to Cæsar; the civil establishment or law. Let us as often as we may employ the first. We love our kind; but individuals are less to be relied on than is Reason in her roomy court and with her dry and steadfast light. When the wind with you is west, how I enjoy your atmosphere; but how chilly the easterly turn which the climate of so few people is quite without! A late traveller tells of an island in the Pacific Sea where the air is such balm that pulmonary consumption cannot go on. That island is no man and no woman! No mortal has breathed, on whose geniality some qualification must not be put. Even Jesus is criticised as having, with his all but perfect sweetness and light, some heady Hebrew inheritance in his blood. But there is a refuge, of musing, in every bosom without taint, as in certain spots of Oregon and Minnesota purity withstands decay. Of this quality solemn sacraments are the external types; and therefore the provisional appeal of the half-developed is to them.

Our spiritual philosophy scorns formality in favor of sensibility. But what is the proverb for fickleness but

this eternal love? Is it an extravagant fancy, in the poet, that a flower squeezed on sleeping eyelids by Puck or Oberon should make or mar affection, and between divers persons shift it back and forth? How many a one has waked and looked on his partner with an altered eye! How many a mate hesitates at the altar, or flees in horror from the marriage-bed, and how many a dream of delight, as with Adam and Eve, has been scattered by the morning sun! Whence the most denounced yet most dangerous theory of our day, but from the manifold infidelities arising from caprices of this same heart which we praise and flatter so much, and put all bonds and instruments at the mercy of? The nature of disloyalty has in all ages been well enough known. But it remained for our time to exalt inconstancy into a principle, for men and women to declare when the mood is over the companion ought to be left; and for the maiden to affirm that in crossing and sundering prior obligations, with her own innocence for both sacrifice and sword, is nothing wrong! Perjury has become a virtue; and prostitution, as a vice, has passed over from illicit intercourse to be a name for keeping promises and fidelity to recorded vows. In such a revolution we hunt round, as for the survivors of shipwreck, to see where conscience and purity have sunk or still swim perilously on the flood. Is it because we have heaped such eulogy on the affections, that they have taken the bit in their mouth to run away with us; and by a law of nature is a false doctrine concerning them so dreadfully avenged? If aught be everlasting it is a holy love. But how many a selfish humor is falsely so baptized! Be sure of the

holiness, and that you are unselfed in your regard, and then take out your warrant of endless duration! But so many a whim of appetite palms itself off for the unquenchable flame, that we want the engagement, betrothal, written security, seal on the document; the form as the pledge and poise of the sentiment still.

It seemed, said one, looking at some ancient pictures, that they were the realities, and we men and women the shadows gliding over the floor. Three Napoleons have looked at the paintings in the Louvre; and the thunder of their cannon and lightning of their eyes have gone; but the silent Madonna of Raphael, Conception of Murillo, and Wedding-feast at Cana of Paul Veronese, shine in the peaceful galleries still. We must not make too much of our emotions until we are certain they are divine, and derived into ours from the bosom of God. Of the individuality and egotism of passion, we must make nothing, but to extinguish as more threatening than any other fire. My thanks to you, said a lowly woman to her benefactor, are but rising dust. Under that speech was what should last when all the dust of the globe should cease to fly! But such is the fugitiveness of much pretended inclination, that we learn the importance of an order in human affairs imposed against particular vagaries by the common sense, as for restive horses and unbroken colts we respect halters and the chain and post. The keys of trust, the oaths of office, the symbols of alliances and leagues, the flags of nations, the lilies or stars,, the paper engravings and colored cloths, the understood language of union in some community, enterprise or cause, go under the name of Form.

Children are born and old men die, and families, root and branch, vanish from sight, and generations pass while they endure. Their meaning is adopted and conveyed, as by every wire in the air and cable under the sea the electric message goes; and but for some such communication, there were no posterity or human race.

First, Form is not surface, but the base of beauty, outside and centre too. We say of something, it is a mere form. But our body is a mere form, and our spirit too.

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

When we talk of a formative, as of a vital principle, we imagine a power or unseen sculptor that fashions every character, from the saint's purity in visible shape, to the villain "quoted and signed to do a deed of shame." But no appearance can be destitute of grace. In deformity is beauty, as there is nought that will not sparkle in the concentrated light of the sun. Form is the whole of nature and substance of art. It includes color in the light and shade, of which Goethe taught that all the tints of the rainbow are but proportions. If the earth were or ever could be formless and void, it were not beautiful, and to us would not be.

Form is, next, communication, for which words do not quite suffice, though one spoke as many tongues as those conceited Corinthians who called their hubbub a religious meeting. How many a handsome form is the stenography of speech; and what a silent eloquence, beyond that of Webster or Kossuth, is in good manners; and how all the Fourth of July orations are condensed

beforehand in the banner by which the procession is led! Great events and virtues ask, more than fleeting breath, graveyard marble and inscriptions, pictures and statues, soldiers' monuments and memorial halls; and with all the scorn of giving a stone instead of bread, better some of us starve than leave noble achievements without trace of grateful recollection. As the vineyards round Vesuvius tell the volcanic heats better than any list of eruptions; and the reefs and still lagoons are the mausoleum of myriads of insect-workers through a thousand leagues of the Pacific Sea; so some solid register and warm cherishing of historic honor spring from the instinct of mankind.

In the amber of form is preserved what is precious of the past. The progressive schemer says, of whoever savors of the ancient order of things, what a fossil! But note the value of fossils! On them rests the entire philosophy of our day. The antiquity of the race back of the Mosaic chronology, the similarity of structure which make the animated kingdoms one family; the arms, tools and utensils that show the ages of stone, iron and bronze, dug from caves, imbedded in sand or rock; the present resurrections from countless sepulchres, the shells on mountain-sides and skeletons of elephant and mammoth in polar ice; the germs and dots of primeval life formed into line whose rising continuity reaches the human heart and brain, are all fossils. The animal instincts, graded up into the conscience and love of the human soul, while still present in the surrounding brute-life, are reminders of enormous lapses of time. Why should the scientist laugh at the theologian's antiquities, while he deals so

largely in his own? A parchment, manuscript, Vinci's painting of the Last Supper, the carved Procession of the Golden Candlestick in the Interior of the Arch of Titus, some rude engraving of an early baptism in the river Jordan, tell more than all the superimposed strata of the globe. Why should the scholarly critic smile at the worshipper's reverence? The one is as fond of rare books, old copies, strange versions and costly volumes with the author's name in his own hand, as is the other of his ancient Service. The transcendental price of some Shakespeare Folio, or of Boccacio's Decameron under the hammer, is as much a superstition as any Lord's Supper or Jew's Passover. I cannot allow my friend to decry present and past, to-day's newspaper and Asiatic tradition in the same breath! The use of forms is to preserve what may be more worthy than aught transpiring now. If it be foolish to think the former ages better, it is more unwise to esteem the last every way best. You inform me that evolution, ever finer and higher, is the law. Into what loftier poet has Homer or Shakespeare been evolved? Why do you scarce care to read any poetry less than a hundred years old? Wherefore new editions and translations of Aristotle and Plato? While the genius survives in a single breast to need the Greek food, or for mere shame that humanity should leave its treasures behind on the march, the volumes reappear. Are the old worthies outstripped for not having been able to make a steam-engine, as a radical reasoner said? But Titian and Michel Angelo must have taken their brush with them to paint yet where they go, and in their majestic presence, despite cerement and shroud, do we not stand

with bare head? What sublimer saint or type of sanctity, in these ends of the earth, than Jesus the Christ? Is the planet evolving into grander trees than the olives of Judea or the California pines? Monte Nuovo, near Naples, is the last height the elements have thrown up. But its measure is only a few hundred feet; and the old Himalaya hills look down five miles on the surveyor's glass. So on whom of our contemporary bards do Milton, and Dante, the Master of Tuscan song, not bend their compassionate gaze? The upheavals of revelation in Egypt or Palestine may deserve contemplation more than creeds of our Synod or conversations in our Club; as revolutions in Mexico or Spain, China and Japan may be pregnant of issues so trifling as not to merit mention with overturnings that first received the name; and in certain ecclesiastical customs those immense occurrences are conserved. Is anything transported from far coasts or tropic waters, dredged from the sea, embalmed in spirit — bugs, fishes, scorpions, snakes — more precious than the relics of mankind's struggles to embrace the Infinite and compass an immortal sight? Impatient of the slow motion of the mighty host, some solitary horseman gallops forward for an observation, but soon rides back. So every spy, we send out, returns to the main body with his report. It is better to halt for a straggler than push on so as to break the lines. For every lost companion we must wait. Strong meat is good; but, beside wild game of new and strange doctrine, we must have milk for babes.

Form is justice as well as love. The spirit in man ever tends to excess, and threatens to break bounds;

and, for its restraint, we must have modes of procedure by general consent, for person and property; to punish offences and repair wrongs; to prevent revenge and put for private seizure a common decree; law for Lynch law and courts for vigilance committees and ku-klux clans. To what a sea of passion these forms, on slips of paper, say, Thus far and no farther, like wide beaches and rocky shores! Without this legal hem and girdle all men, like so many untutored children, would run to and grasp, each all he could, of those playthings of possession we amuse ourselves with. International Law keeps a strong power, like Russia or Germany, from being the bully and oppressor of the weak, and forces the proudest of nations to pay a fine of millions for malfeasance. Mind the great curb-stone on the world's highways; not knowing whom any collision will crush most.

When harm or delay ensues from ill-advised or over-strict adherence to form, we ridicule it as too much Red Tape. Did it not starve Crimean soldiers because the authorized distributor had not arrived; and deny stimulus to the fainting prisoner, Foster, because the physician was not on the spot? But informality would have a harder reckoning of unhappy results. Nelson saves the naval battle by insisting that the letter to the enemy should be duly folded and sealed so as not to betray haste. How much may hang on a bit of wax! Bonaparte, inventor of diplomacy, frightens the Austrian ambassador by dashing to the floor a precious vase, as the image of a broken realm. Like notches in a windlass, cog-wheels in a mill, the nice adjustments in a clock, or successive chambers ending in the He-

brew Holy of Holies, are our legal forms, certified elections, organized assemblies, rules of debate, motions, amendments, previous questions, divers readings, gubernatorial signatures or vetoes. They are so many gates for equity to enter and lock iniquity out. Justice may not always be done; "the law's delay" is a proverb of centuries; without some appeal mankind would go mad and tribunals be overset; interruptions, men are called to order for, may serve order best; the hiss or clap, for which the galleries are cleared, may scatter senatorial fog, and outraged nature contradicting a false witness with impropriety promote truth; trials by jury failing to convict crime must be put on trial, and when lobbying in the Legislature is the power behind greater than the throne, it must be ventilated by a Republican breeze; nevertheless the forms are dykes against mischief, and secure a reasonable ratio of right. If they are not the river of God to cleanse the stains and bear the great treasures of the world, they are canals to irrigate the territory, and further, however slowly, what would else stop on the way.

In society, forms introduce such as have claims on each other, and protect from injurious approach. Your boasted want of ceremony must have some grace and bounty for its excuse! We are on our good behavior every hour, as with a ticket of leave. That man's look, said a woman, was an affront as he passed. Our accosting or aversion, the warmth or moderation of our greeting, graduated by acquaintance or relation; the glance of a moment or steady gaze; the dawning smile, whose lines on the lips no science can measure,

having an infinity beyond the cycles in the sky, are forms, conscious or instinctive, to show the polish of culture; a spontaneous goodness or barbarism in its rough bark. In them lurks the reason of others' like or dislike they know not why. While they express our character and design, an artist in the studio of the breast, unseen and unawares, makes a memory-sketch of the countenance which is itself the record of ten thousand mingling strokes from all we have intended or indulged. "What a piece of work is man! In form and moving how express and admirable!" But it is made by itself! Did Jesus on the Cross draw all men to him? Are you a refuge, wherein a forlorn woman feels secure against others, and safe from yourself, *within* the shield you hold over her? While you stanch a flesh-wound, does sympathy, finer woven than any linen or cambric, check the more bitter bleeding of the heart? Can you win the confidence of a child, that small citadel so hard to take? It is because of a sentiment vigorous enough to stamp itself in the habit of your frame; and if, deserted, you retreat on your love, no fond devotion is a posture so grand.

Dress or address is form. Every article of apparel is part of the history of the race; and beyond the pyramids dates the cuff of my coat. The reason why we resist the approximation of the female to the male attire, is in the importance of indicating difference of sex; the woman's naturally greater privacy giving her the privilege of seclusion in her apparel, that the sphere of her sensibility be not invaded; and, while men trade and wrestle, no debenture on her delicacy allowed. She must be protected, put what you will on the Free List!

Marriage is a form, and the form parts not from the substance. Spirit, in order of thought, precedes and survives, yet ordains and constitutes form; and cannot, even in God, exist out of it. So Paul shrank from being unclothed, except to be clothed upon. So Wordsworth says, "Not in utter nakedness we come from God who is our home." So Jesus says how fatal the lack of a wedding-garment; and so the elder in the Revelation asks, "Who are these in white robes?" Christ's leave-taking is with no abstract lesson or forlorn abstinence, but a feast of bread and wine; and Louis Kossuth, pleading for Hungary, cried, We will take the Last Supper and go to the field. We feed the survivors from the Halifax wreck with no heap of provisions thrown down, but from tables neatly spread with every clean dish and white cloth, the sacred household form as pleasant as the savory meat to the eyes of those escaped castaways, hungry from the devouring waves! If forms are not interiors, neither such is the bark of a tree, bridle of a horse, soldier's belt, virgin's zone or guide-post that points the way; all hinting a certain stability in the moral as the material world, and equal need of direction. Like beacons on headlands, or red posts at railway crossings, how many signals in human looks, whose neglect is occasion of worse than any overthrow on land or foundering at sea! There is a geography of morals as of the globe; a latitude in opinion as on the ocean; a chart of conduct as well as a map of Coast Soundings or Behring's Straits, and a projector, Moses or Jesus, to draw the one as well as Mercator or Bowditch, Newton or Kepler, for mensuration of the other. Rocks and

shoals and quicksands must be laid down, and not left to ever new private discovery. We despise not the remains from which we construct our theory of the animal realm; why disparage the relics that embody the experience of the race? "Vestiges of Creation" was the title of the book that began the scientific revolution; and, amid the footprints of successive creatures populating the globe, who so blind as not to trace one Power in its unvarying track! No teaching from Him, who makes the whole earth his record, of our respect for the past? What are those ancient cliffs but planetary æons from his eternity rolling back, or caught in some wondrous embalming of time? The seams of trap-lock, showing the lines of parallel force, or holding up an enormous figure of the cross, the granite gorges, the wasted overhanging branches with infant buds that moisten the eyes looking at the picture, in which the former ages and last mornings that shone mingle their tints, are lines in the register of God, that show his elemental work. So, in every custom, the action of human nature appears. Much is antiquated, and must from present practice be dismissed. But the obsolete instructs us how to lay out the new ways. From Eden forsaken, streams light on Eden to come, and from Paradise Lost we learn how it must be regained. Form is forever. What we are we must appear. The time is at hand for the wilful man to give up his will, the proud man his pride, the miser his avarice, the sensualist his baseness, and all to be formed anew by the Spirit of truth. But that spirit is in us only as it comes out, to prove us ever in it.

IX.

VALUES.

SO much creed as this we must hold, that the world is worth making. One doctrine is intolerable, that the universe is imposture, and life a curse, that all is wrong and there is nothing but would better not be. Let us listen to the Sadducee and the infidel, the atheist and the materialist; but wherefore should the pessimist speak, have his portrait taken or his theory entertained? There are hard places and sore extremities for Hamlet's soliloquy to occur to any man; but by all creatures together it cannot be pronounced! We are let down into pits deeper than Joseph's; but the cord does not break, and at length we are drawn up to ask forgiveness for our doubt. If we query about there being aught in ourselves that deserves continuance, we do not question so concerning our race. Some members of it we insist it were a crime in heaven not to immortalize. All excellent men confess their debt to good women; and I think the conviction of benignity at the centre springs always from such acquaintance. They suggest opulence, as a physician said a true nurse fills the room. I met a deep-bosomed, great-hearted sister, to whom I had rendered, in her sorrow or joy, a

service infinitely larger in her memory than in fact, and so to be requited by her magnifying affections a thousandfold. But I saw in her friendly motions not gratitude alone, but an outbursting good-will that craved its objects everywhere. Her love was uneasy without perpetual exercise. It was said Napoleon must have all Europe for his camping-ground or be driven back to gnaw his own heart. So this kindly soul must keep its theatre of benefits ever open; and I was sorry I did not suffer her to take me in her carriage and drive me on my errands, such a denial of her own happiness my refusal seemed to be; like the man in Scripture, whose fields brought forth plentifully, she had no room where to bestow her goods! Such a person stands for Providence. It needs no other argument than this bounty incarnate. No wonder she could rush into the deep and rescue drowning men! To certain persons tired of impertinent importunity a friend said, I see in the ocean of your goodness there are soundings. But there is infinity in human love.

The value of a thing is its use, what it can be sold or bartered for; and what has in the market no such gauge we call invaluable. We speak of the value of a home or good name, of our institutions, government, or religious faith. How much in our possession can have no sensual reckoning! We cannot eat a piece of carved stone or of bronze; we cannot wear an oil-picture or a banner; we could not sell Bunker-hill Monument. England would not for it pay a cent! Nobody, up or down the street, wants to buy the babe to which your life and fortune are pledged.

A man is measured by his scale of values. It was

asked, respecting the granite shaft, What is it good for? and Mr. Everett answered, What is anything good for, and does anything do any good? Patriotism, heroism, self-sacrifice, are intrinsic goods. In the soul is worth that puts all else, death itself, under foot. The stars wheel round and shoot at it arrows of light only in seeming superiority; and time draws out its endless piles, like ruined stretches of a Roman aqueduct, in vain. Things but pretend to be its masters, and it only appears to be their slave. *We must take things as they come and make the best of them* is a mean proverb. Rather the soul makes and predetermines all things, and turns every element into its servant. It was no profane speech when Louis Napoleon said of the overflowing and destructive Seine and Rhone, Science must teach the rivers to know their bounds. Our command of things is concurrence with their laws. The English are said to be drying up rivers by imprudent drainage, for irrigation, of the swamps that are the slow feeders; and Americans by reckless clearing of immense north-western woods have opened a path for waves of polar cold, against which the forests were a shield. So the transcendental theory of our making the climate comes true, as by crossing and culture we make breeds of cattle and new species of flowers and grass. We choose our own weather as we decide from the signs what spirals of the storm and billows of the sea we will encounter or avoid. If the balloon shall carry passengers through the air above, as well as the lightning messages under the sea, it will be but another triumph. For the history of races and the study of our frame inform us that we are not only co-workers but self-

creators with God. We settle, by our dealing with sex, the sort of inhabitants for the planet in ages and generations to come. Self-made man? It is a self-made mankind; and, after freeing the slave, and righting the woman, we may hope to discover the value of a human being at last.

The artist has *values*, of color and form, for his picture; and man's faculties are the values for this panorama of the world. We are its appraisers. If the mountain be to Bun but a squirrel-track, and the primrose but a yellow blossom to the boor, till their inventory is changed, their estimate must remain. I must ask of everything, Does it serve my turn? The sea is to its finny tribes a fish-pond, the flats a home for the flounder and eel; the beach or ice-cake for the seal a basking-ground, and the crags to the chamois a garden-walk.

> "While man declares, see all things for my use,
> See man for mine, replies a pampered goose!"

And it were as easy to alter its opinion as that of any other feather-head. Main force of authority will only bruise the brain-cells; and pushing our creed against capacity to accept it is another shape of Mohammed's sword. A tree takes from soil and air its needful food; and certain persons by too much enriching killed a magnificent oak. Guano must be sprinkled with a sparing hand. It is some person's misfortune to be cultivated more than their talents can bear, till their whole intelligence is plagiarism and a lie. If the course of instruction fit not the nature, it hurts. Father Taylor thought it a pity Dr. Channing had

not been educated, he had such a splendid mind! The Bethel-preacher rated not Cambridge so high as the college of experience and university of events.

It is part of wisdom to reckon others' genius and temper right. I would make greater account of you, O friend, my kith and kin, if I could! If you are but partner or boon companion, to pass my time, I cannot, with any groans or sacrifices, convert you into an inspiring soul. A type is as unalterable as a tile. The acorn will come up an oak, if at all. One thistle or briar may be brought into brighter blossom or finer perfume; but the thorns will not be abolished nor any fruit appear, although a process of fire or flood disclose germs of better things. Call not caprice my incapacity to think of you better or otherwise; I cannot alter your weight in the scales or your girth by the tape. What we are to each other is the fatal fact. I ask of sun and moon, and as curiously of sickness and death, what they can do for me; and, of my fortune, a money-dividend is not the sole return. The school, institute, museum, students' hall has for the donor no quarterly pay-day; but the stocks are poor that yield not satisfaction for character, however splendid in the market the investment. Well do we call worldly goods *means;* to clutch them is to gather no honey, in our care of the hive.

By the same question theism must be tried. Is your God a serviceable deity? A divinity independent of his offspring, under no obligation, blessed absolutely in himself, able to destroy as to create, to extinguish the universe and feed on his own glory, a solitary consciousness, with naught but offended jealousy left

over the ruins of nature and tomb of mankind, were worse than none! Atheism is better than this theological lie; for atheists are benefactors to rub and beat piety out of its malformations, as by blows and electric shocks some rough practitioners restore a distorted frame. But how, with every step of science, motion of thought and transport of communion, the adorable One vindicates himself from slanders behind his back, and by ever more manifest unity rids us of the chaos which else existence would be! His light from every centre makes the shadows none too heavy for the background of the picture, and bids beauty rise on the canvas even from colors of blood; while ecstasies of trust, deeper in refined society than in any wild desert or monkish cell, prove that no petition is laid on his table for neglect. He puts himself on his record! He is his value to me; and in vain you tell me he is more than I think. He is my thought beyond which I cannot get, but of which my wonder is part; for I wish not only to apprehend but to stand in awe; and, as I tremble at the deeps of being, find joy and fear to be the same. Handsome presents alone from him I do not crave. For unconditional favor I have no thanks. This veneer of universal salvation and smoothing-plane of unbounded grace I despise. Let the Lord loose his terrors in my conscience of right and sense of desert! When I am complacent to injustice and cruelty, uncleanness and fraud, let the Deity I serve be so! But, till then, I admire his thunder, and watch with delight the bolts that pierce palaces, and fell pharisaic iniquity, and rend my own flesh. He has but the range of my idea. Stairs to heaven or steps

to hell for a bed, or the uttermost sea to fly to, are only, as I so imagine, part of his abode.

Somewhere, between his personality and mine, must the line be drawn? Impossible by the Infinite or myself! Thomas Jefferson, being rallied on the subject of dignity in official form, affirms himself unconscious of any difference of feeling in writing to the humblest or highest of his race, — a sentiment surpassed by nothing in his famous Declaration. Where my author ends and I begin can never be told! "Whom I shall see for myself," says Job. Will you point to the pious register? Though it come in folios of sacred books, I must adopt it, or it is nought. I am auditor of the account, whoever kept it, Moses or Paul; and they must write *errors excepted* at the bottom of their page. David's psalm has its prosperity in my ear. I am judge if his harp be out of tune; when the chords ring with health, or sob on the minor key of grief and remorse.

A certain valuation we must make of our own mind. Gold, brass, pinchbeck, lead, are figures we freely use to describe the human qualities. Every soul is a house, its powers the occupants and its acquisitions the goods, whose sum passes the skill of any administrator, assessor or consignee. From a particular habit or direction prejudice arises for or against one sort of talent or special pursuit; and natural science, knowledge of the material world, seems now to have got to the head of the class, till we are assured nothing but matter in some form exists. The understanding for king, and the senses for cabinet, make our court, at the bar of whose conclusions all else is summoned. In places of

learning physics crowd the classics out; how things are made being held of more concern than what in any or all tongues, has been said of them. Place for the Naturalist and Mathematician! But, in the audience, shall they have the first hearing, at the board the highest seat? Let it be as Bacon said, a question of utility, only let us construe use in a generous way! How, at your table, is what is best in me strengthened and fed? Your dish of facts and diet of laws suffice not to satisfy my taste. I want pictures and music at the feast.

> "And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Shall pass into her face."

"We are debtors to the flesh not to live after the flesh," but to cheer each other with greeting and conversation while we eat; and to be omniscient of details or omnivorous of books is but the gormandizing of the mind. If I confine myself to prying into the method of God or nature, I indulge a single appetite, miss a broad culture, and end not in realities, but words; and as respects nutriment, of all things logic has the least. My friend laughs at the Bible-stories and calcines them with his criticism, till they seem, like substances in a retort or under a blow-pipe, to pass in vapor and smoke. But I get hungry in his laboratory! He has analyzed and dissipated the bread of life, till none is left. Nothing remains. He has only his experiment on which I cannot be sustained; and I begin to suspect he has made some mistake in his so acute disposal of Moses and Abraham and Ruth and Job.

But must not every tradition be subjected to the test of

reason? Indeed it must; yet he is a monster of reason, and not a rational man who has succeeded in reducing all his faculties to one and that the inquisitive or sceptical. In his clear philosophy is no food. Freedom is our claim. But of what shall we be free? Of all association with the past, and old heir-looms? Our liberty were a mental void! It would be like the room in the parable, empty and swept, but not garnished. It would be the Louvre or Dresden without the paintings and statues that tell of every age and style of art. Rather be our breast a suite of galleries and corridors echoing with the tread of generations as they gaze at the sketches of time. The religion of Jesus, says a late author, is the religion of nature; but away with all the commentaries! Nay, the commentaries are an action of human nature on his speech, more precious than all his words! He, that limits himself to the business of an advocate or adversary, to prove or disprove, subdues his energies to one narrow and barren line. Christian and freeman may not be the same; but the synonym for liberty is not Anti-Christ enslaving himself to the proposition that Christianity is tyranny, and none can be allowed to call it anything else. We cannot reduce our native tendencies to one lowest term. Science will never abolish literature, nor verity displace beauty, nor goodness, that river of God, give way to art adorning its banks. Let us beware of partiality; for in vain is the old commandment kept, and the graven image broken, if we bow down to some notion, and worship ourselves.

Is there any security? We are told, by careful investors, of solid stocks they rely on, till from some volcanic centre rushes the tidal wave. We talk of

real estate; but the ground opens and cliffs rock on the shore with the panic in the town. An excellent woman wishing, some half-century ago, to have her funds so placed that with regular certainty she could draw, was advised to divide them, against possible failure, into three portions: the first in the Newburyport turnpike, the second in the Middlesex Canal, and the third in the Charlestown Bridge, which had the pledge of the State. The Commonwealth declined to redeem its honor in pawn, and the Lowell and Eastern railways left the hilly turnpike and slow canal behind. But beauty is no fleeting vision, honor no dissolving view, goodness no stray beam, and love no failing spring.

> "The dearest treasure mortal times afford,
> Is spotless reputation; that away,
> Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone. In the circles of business is a list of traders with their several credits by some committee assuming authority, set down as on a sliding-scale. But there is another unwritten catalogue, whose enumeration is just as familiar in men's mouths, on which the last may be first.

What will a man take for his soul? He will take back pay! Our representatives deal with the guilty money as persons did with the umbrella tied by a secret string to a hotel door, which every guest, as he left, took as if it belonged to him; but at the end of the string, dropped it, without looking round, while the owner sat behind and smiled; or like the shoppers to whom the teller, for an

experiment, gave on purpose from the till a few cents of over-change, which most of them looked at furtively, and slipped with an innocent expression into some wallet or fob. But how the public conscience-money burned in the pocket and stung like a hornet! Watching the uneasy motions of the legislators, is a comic and pathetic sight. At various intervals of time come into Capitol refusals to take the additional sum to which they had no more title than a carpenter or road-builder to go back on you for double the dollars agreed. In other instances, the amount taken is returned. A third class think to transmute this plunder into gold by giving it away, making the Treasury their alms-box! The boisterous agitator and engineer of any immoral measure, may affect to be a delegate of the populace; he represents the pit. Plenty of vile, of villains, but they are not the majority; not the human race; and he, who supposes they are so, will find out his mistake. A woman, tempted by an enormous bribe to sell her estate to extend the premises of a hotel, rejected the offer on the ground that intoxicating liquors were sold at the bar; like the heroine, who, when the bolt of the door, enemies stormed at, was missing, put in her own arm! How refreshing every new illustration of this anti-sceptic of the soul, better than chloride of lime, or powdered charcoal, or the California air!

But the treasure must be our own. Let us not think to climb to the main-top through the lubber-pole of authority! Over the door of the spiritual counting-room blazes *No Trust*, without the vouchers or gold certificates in the vaults of the breast.

The credit system has been carried too far with prophets, apostles, redeemers and priests. Several kinds of wheat ground together make the best flour. So Greek, Syrian, and Scandinavian grains mix in the bread of life. We question whom we will call Christian. What does your Christianity signify? When it is popular in the church to hush up scandal against its members, and with false mercy to hide offences against sanctity; when pride of orthodoxy passes over spots on robes unclean, which should, like the old Hebrew garments, tainted by the flesh, be hated and cast into the fire; when captivating ability makes hypocrisy current in the exchange of Christendom; when in sympathy of conscious guilt, the secular conspires with the sacred press to condone sensual iniquity; when the prevalence of some particular sins makes suppression of the facts the policy of safety, as cases of cholera or small-pox are withheld to prevent the neighborhood's alarm; when those that describe are condemned beyond those who commit the crime; when a female fellowship under holy banners pardons unholy men, and the atonement is perverted into an excuse; then slow suspicion, drifting in like a fog above the headlands, will wrap all the dedicated places and solemn names; and we must call to the rescue whatever unprofessing fidelity still maintains decency or keeps the moral law, and make sincerity our communion-board! If for Jesus we must have the Jesuit, let us strike for savage virtue, as wild berries are better than unwholesome, decaying fruit. When I meet a man so true he has no behind-my-back, but is an evangelist with glad tidings and greetings at the front door, I never ask to what

denomination he belongs. The soul needs no credentials. Its evidence is itself. I care not by what method! I ask not what hell-fire you are saved from, but what heavenly goodness you are saved to. There are persons like locomotives, sliding about at a station, warning us at every track to keep out of the way; there are persons that bridle as colts and bristle like porcupines; and there are those who overcome us like a summer-wind, sinking into every pore, beneath all our organs, with balm for deeper hurts. They are the elect, it matters not about the plan. Not imputed but real righteousness can pass. Sayest thou, O David, blessed is the man whose sin is covered? Nay, rather accurst! 'Tis false to speak of its cover; it is published somehow plainer than any bulletin on the board or placard on the rock. Drunkenness and profligacy as well as murder will out! Religion is but a great white-washing business in the popular creed. Washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb? Our selfishness, fraud, impurity, looks blacker than ever in that blood. It will not wash white any sins it does not wash out! The cup and platter look fouler within when only the outside is made clean.

The soul is never on the list of stocks or advertised at auction. We have ceased from the purchase of human bodies as slaves. But no property quoted, Erie or Pacific, so sure as the soul to have its rate at the brokers' board, in the gold-room or on the block. When truth is venal, and a man will lie for so much; when honor is in the market waiting for a bid; when man's loyalty or woman's chastity is not sterling, then the soul is no longer an absolute value. It is reckoned

and appraised. Every man has his price? Then date not the fall of man back to Eden, put not transgression on the shoulders of Adam and Eve! The fall is here and now; the curse is pronounced to-day, and the flaming sword waves on the walls of a Paradise, whose occupant is driven out before our eyes.

Truth is the gem to which all that sparkles on the dress is dross and paste. Purity is the pearl put into no bracelet or ring. It is the soul, whose loss cannot be reckoned as you reckon fortunes swept away in a financial whirlwind or consumed in some terrific fire. It is said the ancients missed a star, one of the seven we call Pleiades, sparkling a setting of diamonds in the blue sapphire of the midnight sky. But the fall of such a star would raise less lament in heaven than when sincerity, honesty, a good name falls from the firmament of the humblest soul! We talk of saving the soul. Have we any soul, among our possessions, left; and how much that we dare call our own? Soul, except as an article of merchandise, is not common. A man of soul we do not meet every day in the street. Soul is a certain sensibility to truth, honor and beauty, which the eye or ear or understanding cannot behold or contain. It is as a precious gum or amber which the richest growth of human nature is required to form and distil. It is the honey of a man in this hive of his body. It is the blossom and bright consummate flower which this coarse stem of flesh has the privilege to unfold; and we say justly of mean and selfish people that they have no soul, only a latent capacity, potentiality or possibility of soul. If you sell your soul the devil has got it, not you; and he scarce knows what to do with it. A man cannot

appreciate what he lacks; and any demonstration of it stirs his anger and scorn. "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you;" for what can their filthy greed make of aught that is not to be bemired and devoured? Baseness does not believe in generosity, and libels every handsome offer as not made in good faith.

Selfish people think all is selfish. They cannot conceive a generous intent. They impute munificence to mean motives, which they spy out. What is their benefactor after? His own interest somehow! There is a cat in the meal, or infernal machine in the carriage; which, once admitted on their premises, will blow them to pieces; for to them the world, with its floor of rock and ceiling of stars, as it cleaves the eternal deep, is but a shop, and its inhabitants all hucksters. So Satan's favorite trap is trade. How many are caught, till some great credit fails like the stopping of the main wheel in a mill, and the ruin overtakes all who have been unwary in their *trust;* as some Black Friday dawns with panic over the land, and neither gold nor greenbacks can be paid. Government aid is implored. 'Tis interfering with a tornado and thunder-storm sent to clear and purify the commercial air! Utter destruction is feared; but no such squall can wreck the common weal. The ocean is large; leaky and unseaworthy vessels founder or are overset; rotten enterprises, rash undertakings and over-venturesome speculations burst or sink in the financial blast, as the great balloon was rent apart. But for such providential rebuke, greed of gain would go mad, and all conscience of right

among operators in stocks disappear. Disaster is God's messenger. Insolvency is the judgment-day. Woe to those whom the lightning feels after with the sentence of its sword! But well for the community when the bolt falls! When one was asked to subscribe money to save folks from going to hell, he replied, Not enough of them go there now! It is a sad commentary when our talk is only of unhappy consequences, and not of the sins of business from which they flow. So many millions of property have vanished; but what, in the newspaper, is told of the sacrifice of truth and equity? Who has reckoned the waste of soul? We emphasize calamities, not crimes. But the prosperity of the country is not swamped. Bright spots, which we call Fairs, all over New-England, are proof that, however many swindle, more produce; and, with all honest labor of hand or brain, the hope of a nation thrives.

On the worth of the soul our toiling fathers stood. In their thrift they chose sandy wastes for their burial-grounds. But out of the barren enclosures what immortal expectations rose! The soul is not obsolete. We know the lovers and believers of our kind. We know the true-hearted and sincere. It was written of the Roman Coriolanus:

"His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death."

Of yet grander stamp I imagine a religious man. He

leans on no external things. He dissolves everything into a thought. He smiles at the trifles men contend about. He drops all dispute. He aims at no victory out of himself. He has no doubt of his destiny; for immortal life is not a question, but a property of the soul. The French Joubert is described as a soul which, having come across a body, made the best of it. To every living spirit the fleshly organs are but temporary tools.

In investments we esteem values that do not fluctuate; not up to-day and down to-morrow. Many species of property hardly trembled in the blast while the North Pacific and Western schemes tumbled with a crash. But all the bonds and mortgages will go by and by! The soul, all we have of it, will stand by us and go with us. In an old Scandinavian legend we read that the king and his warriors were in a long dark hall around a fire. It was night, and in the winter time. Suddenly a little bird flew in at one door and out by another. The king said, That bird is like man on the face of the earth; he flies hither out of the dark, and he only stays for a moment in the light and warmth. Sire, answered the oldest of the warriors, the bird is not lost in the dark, he will find his nest. The soul is the bird; it comes from and returns to the dark; only dark to us with excessive light. It will find its nest! Some recent English voyagers to Spitzbergen by chance carried with them in their cabin a swarm of flies, which they came to regard as companions from their far-off comfortable home. In the extreme Arctic cold the flies began to pine and stiffen and die. The sailors, touched with compassion for their little fellow-creatures, strove

to keep them alive by feeding them with sugar and putting them in the warmest place in the sun on the window-pane. But at length the last one turned over on his back from his tiny feet and gave up the ghost. The men said, to explain their nursing care, that they remembered they were but themselves a sort of flies, perhaps close to the same fate. But the soul is not a fly. It shall never stiffen or grow cold or fold up its wings.

With some shame one presumes to treat such a theme. Talkers and writers run to words, as a poppy to seed, with the same virtue to put people to sleep. Every one must see the picture for himself. My companion in the boat is not content with my telling him of the phosphoric blaze in the hot summer-night as the bow cleaves the smooth bay, but is justly eager to see it himself. Why climb to the main-top of truth through the lubber-hole of authority? Why limit vision to any prophet or chosen race? I am glad to read the Golden Rule in Confucius too, as the florist rejoices to find in Arctic regions some familiar plant, and the English traveller wept over a violet in bloom near the Pacific Sea. Goodness is native in every land, and truth an exotic for no clime. The Lord gives a monopoly of his witnesses to no tribe. No Protective System is established in his domain. Free Trade in goods or ideas must at last prevail; and the branches overhang opposite continents from one root.

X.

VALIDITY.

IN religion there are among us three parties in the field: Christian, Extra-Christian, and Anti-Christian; and these exhaust the subject.

Our religion, as observed and established, has a value it is impossible to increase, and to defend the inheritance, to which we have a warranty-deed, is our whole duty; or it is an antiquated superstition, an incumbrance on our property, like Turkey, "the sick man"; or it is an estate to be altered and enriched, as we put new fertilizers into our field, or the modern improvements into a house; a capital not to lie dead but changed, reinvested in a thousand forms, and run like blood in the social frame. The methodical way is not to begin squarely outside of Christianity, and end with impeachments against it. One need not refer to what he is alien from. He has no interest in a duel with it. His true logic were indifference. We are more independent of Great Britain than we were in the revolutionary war; and the Israelites were freer of the Egyptians with the Red Sea rolling between. So, when a religion is done with, you will not talk about it. Yet destructiveness is not the character of any great man, — Moses, Mahomet,

Socrates, Buddha, Jesus or Paul. They own the past which they come to fulfil. Greater offices belong to the plough and the seed than to the hammer or axe. Only to cultivate we clear; nor has the soil of humanity or any prevailing growth in it ever been all thorns and stones. It argues a lack of the historic sense, of true scholarship, to fall foul of anything the human race has loved and lived on. Possession is nine points of the *moral* law. The window that overlooks your land, after twenty years you cannot build against; and Christianity is a great window. Edmund Burke, disgusted with France, and delighted with the Feudal system, the chivalry of politics, that gay panorama of nobles and kings which was wrapped in such dire conflagration, declared, *Nothing is harder than the heart of a genuine metaphysician;* and that *metaphysical principles*, applied to actual affairs, must, *like sunbeams entering a denser medium, be deflected from their straight line*. There are crises or cataclysms in the earthly and human evolution; yet the community is a unit in measureless multiple, a solid vital organism to grow and flourish; and no more than an apple to ripen in a day, or a bud to be pulled open with the hand. The chief contributors to modern thought, in their loyalty to the inspirations of the private soul, are not enough aware of this grade and continuity, and moving all together of mankind; for the doctrine of Darwin is true of the mind and the species we belong to, as well as of animals and plants. The fittest ideas and qualities survive. With what ill grace we kick at antecedents! If you would have the lily, despise not the mud! The past is the ground for one foot of progress; the future

is in the air. Occupation of the ground is providence and strength. A discoverer in the name of some French, Spanish, English King, with a flag, asserts a right which ages wear not out, of eminent domain to continental territories. A band of pirates becomes a house of lords. Some twenty-five years ago a mouser among Boston titles brought an action against one estate whose success would have swept away a section of streets perhaps equal to the burnt district, as a common for the poor. Three-quarters of a century since an American citizen bought eight hundred thousand silver dollars' worth of Virginia lands, which in his absence, by default of protection, squatter sovereignty, and the springing up of agriculture, factories, trade and towns, lapsed irrecoverably every inch. You cannot rip up the social system. What holds the space has a certain right to hold it; and Christianity is here as an appointed fact. The past is like the staging, for sawing which away my careless carpenter fell into foolish incompetency to build. The architecture of the beaver, the nest of the bird, the hole of the bank-swallow, the hive of the bee is no original or sudden skill, but the triumph after ages of additions, finer than any gem, ruby, diamond enlarges by, to its little brain. All generations are one man whose head is bigger and brighter to-day than ever in the planetary annals, — whatever exceptional weight or fineness in some single Cæsar, Napoleon, Cuvier, it may have reached; and the abstracted student, who tilts with such fury against previous or still existing low degrees and small deposits of intelligence, would tear himself from the soil, and, like children maternally reproved

for quarrelling with their victuals, he forgets the meat on which he has thriven.

Honor the divine or human parentage, not only in the house and land, but in the faith and temper they bequeathed. Not only liberty and independence are their legacy, but instinct and custom too. Respect not only the calculated but involuntary action of your own mind. Free-will? Individual, or society is a live automaton, conscious but under influence and control of far-fetched, long descended and irresistible springs. There is an immemorial wire-pulling, of mutual dispositions and common aims, which is not our deformity, but grace to keep us in order from eccentric and erratic ways. The noble Dr. Follen carried the notion of freedom so far that he defined conjugal love as a perpetually intentional giving, an offering ever on purpose laid on the shrine. Do we want such deliberately served altars? He that debates whether to shake hands, and revolves above me a patronizing eye, or confers an embrace, has distanced me, not approached. I feel nearer to one who does not recognize me. I love more an utter stranger or honest foe. Kiss not at all, if you have got to make up your mind to do it! It is a cold salute which no beauty of man or woman can make welcome. The hands, the lips, the eyes must fly without design and irrepressibly, which mine rejoice to meet. Out with your staid and measured and wilful affections; the greeting must be in the blood! Holy pre-determination is inspiration. What care we for your idiotic idiosyncrasies and originalities? He is eccentric? Let him take his eccentricity away! I honor the *centric*. I care for your fellowship, for the un-

divided claim of humanity we generously own together, for hearty sympathy and cordial common sense, for God, the common of our souls: and worship, like manners, is of this the common tongue. It is curious that the loudest professors of liberty, who plant themselves on their own peculium, make as mechanical an impression as the official priest, because they separate themselves from those fountains of nature which refresh every person, pour on all our wheels of motion, and deliver us from being drudges any more. Thanks for not only what we can will, but has been *willed* to us, for the testamentary provisions and dispositions! I delight less in what I have done or acquired, of any supposable virtue or merit, than in the imagination which my father and the sensitiveness which my mother bestowed. I must be a faithful trustee: but the excellence is spurious which I made! Not of virgin gold, from Nature's veins, but his pinchbeck composition does a man boast. Why do I like you? For that nobility in you, no credit to you only your privilege to maintain. You never fashioned your own charm, and a religion cannot be constructed. Like a constitution it must grow, as ours has done into new amendments, to register the swelling proportions of the body politic. This joint procedure is our glory, if not closed against inflowing force. It makes me muse on greater things in the might of human habit, when the muscles of the Railway conductor's arm, from practice quicker than his eye, move towards me as to the other occasional passengers, though he knows I have a season ticket for my fare. Civilization advances beneficently, and the notion were foolish to change any whole system of

culture or manners, or public praise at once. Even slavery was abolished by degrees, and we owe the safety and felicity of the abolition partly to the brakemen on our headlong philanthropy, as well as to the glorious engineers. Our debt is to Garrison and Lincoln, yet somewhat to Webster and Seward, and even, though against their will, to Davis and Toombs.

You would do away with Christianity. Its room is better than its company! What have you to put in its place? No criticism, no negation, no philosophy till you have persuaded society to adopt and travel on some road-bed you lay, can fill the awful vacuum which its sudden exile would make. Mr. Revere, soldier and sailor, describes his encounter, on the high seas, with that tremendous kind of billow rising from an earthquake or electricity, called a *bore*. But for his ship's high bulwarks, the racing liquid mountain would have dashed his, as it did other vessels, like a foam-bubble, to the deep. Though a new island, or continent of truth, should appear as the consequence through the boiling main, what a void of destruction must attend the summary disappearance of a concrete fact, like Christianity, which, with all its groundless assumptions and obsolete absurdities, and every proud contribution of radical thinking, still best represents in the foremost nations of the globe what sanctity and trust, and piety and hope, and zeal and love are still in the world!

Yet this medal has another side. As the iceberg, a mile in girth, drops from the pole to roll and split and melt, so doubtless Christendom undergoes change, is steadily assimilated and absorbed. A great swallow

and digestion the whole Humanity has! Nothing so grand in a gospel or revelation, — it cannot take down and dispose of. Because we are appropriating the religion, getting what there is in it out into ourselves, and combining it with other things, therefore vanishes the old overawing form. We are liquidating this draft on the human soul. Not a cent of it will be lost, because it does not, as some stupidly insist, sum up all our riches. It will accomplish its object in passing into other shapes. No individual redeemer is so great as man; no plan so wide as life; no word of Bible or conception of seer lasts so long as Heaven's eternal intent.

The Church is the archive; the Scripture the title-deed; but the probate is not all of one book or in one place. There are flaws in every record and defects in all holy books. The Mosaic Law recognizes no obligation of truth; one of the ten commandments forbids false witness on the ground of its injury to a neighbor; but veracity, enjoined for its intrinsic beauty, we do not find: and in the New Testament, with its fine spirit, no doctrine of liberty on the strength of which we could unbind the captive; no emancipation but subservience proposed for woman; no rights of animals affirmed; no settlement of temperance, though the drunkard be denounced; no exposition of the principles of peace and war, free trade or protection, usury or labor, education or art, in its manifold forms and relations of utility and beauty to the common weal. The day is not so plain as that we are thrown upon reason and conscience and our own hints. Withal we take in the religion, but the religion not us. It is im-

possible to recover the first discipleship. It is hunting for the morning-star at noon-day. Christianity is not a fixture but a flow, in Goethe's phrase, a *change-continuance*, a river of God, full of water; but no two persons, far less generations, bathe in or drink from the same stream. The column of smoke from the chimney, or vapor from the hill, or whirl of powdery snow I saw on an Alpine peak, in the Austrian Tyrol, shifting each moment its particles while retaining its shape, is a faint type of this perpetual dissolving of texts ever interpreted and applied anew and modified past calculation by the atmosphere of the time, which Greek Church or Romish cannot withstand. Was the cake of field-ice, which some mariners floated on, the same in a different latitude?

But why lament the change? It is a transfiguration more glorious than amazed Peter and James and John. The Sabbath was made, and Saviour sent, for man. Gaze not with Persian idolatry on the sun; but use it as a lamp for your feet! Will you prefer the individual teacher to his object, as if he were more than truth, more than God, more than man, more than the soul? He came to preach integrity, to promote goodness; and, having done his work, went. "And they knew him and he vanished out of their sight." When he retired he was revealed. His going was his coming that second time you wait for still, and more effectually to a second sight: for we see three ways; with our eyes, like brutes or fools; through our eyes when we think; and without our eyes as we are inspired. Only the last is vision! We behold our Master as one among many, though chief. In the adoration of Jesus

as a fetich or finality, the end he lived and died for is disowned and in definitions of faith and schemes of atoning blood the standard of righteousness is lost. Shouting for the captain the officers forget to hold the flag straight; and as it leans in their hands, something beside loyalty to one's light becomes the ticket to heaven. Honesty is at a discount and hypocrisy above par in the market of the church. By all kinds of evasions and deceptions how ecclesiastics defend the ordinances and theories that correspond to no virtue or fact, keen with a phrase, and quick to wink at a crime, till the worldling finds his warrant in the allowance of the priest! We are even told that some men would be benefited by sinning, and that a wax-like perfection may be beautiful, but is sickly-looking and inhuman. O, we read too much between such lines! It is not beyond divine power to bless a human fault to our instruction, to braid into beauty the dark with the brighter lines of our being; to humble Peter with his false denial, and turn, for the rest of his mates, the cowardice of an hour into the heroism of their life. When Theodore Parker said he was glad to hear that Washington swore, it may have been because he was impatient of this patriotic myth, stalking so stately across the American political stage. Jesus is dramatized as an actor, dressed as a lay-figure, clothed with a consciousness of office, as a public functionary, with the weight of nations on his shoulders, and publishing his importance as a Messiah to all time. Doubtless he was as natural and familiar as any friend, and would not be a Christian or understand Christianity if he appeared now, but a loving and noble person, illus-

trating unawares all he said in what he did. But what a stretch of optimism is it to sanctify vice beforehand with a lesson in the temple, and to haul perfection, in its admitted beauty, to the bar; to acquit the criminal and condemn the saint, as on a principle of spiritual law! What indulgences for sin worse than Romish will be so implied! Dr. Channing told me he remembered some transgressions, not very heinous, in his youth, for which he thought he was a better man. But he did not commit them by anticipation for their supposed efficacy to so gracious a result. Nothing, not even a frankly wicked example, is more demoralizing than a dogma, to vindicate open or hidden iniquity, from the desk.

It is a delicate and difficult business to be a saint. We must somehow hit that mark without aiming at it. We must be good yet not know that we are, as Jesus denied and resented the name, and could not bear conscious merit. Is he our friend at court, so that we are saved and loved for his sake? If I am not saved and loved for my own sake, let me be hated and lost! One thing I cannot give up to any assumed primogeniture; and that is my place in the family, though I be the infant last born. If I be a bondsman, and no child, I will cry out, louder than Prometheus chained, against this worse than human slavery, whose example is set by God, and say to the Almighty himself, "Give me liberty or give me death!" If I am not free of the household, I will have nothing to do with the house. The soul, so long a minor or a slave, has come of age, and knows that it alone, beyond all proxy or

representative, is constituent and has rights which Heaven is bound to respect.

Spirit is all; without it matter is nothing. We project our religion. What is the world to me but an affection of my mind? The book of inspiration closed? Nay; it never was opened, that infinite volume! *All flows*, said the Greek; but who shall discover the fount of this sacred Nile? 'Tis an eternal deep and everlasting flux, older than any outward thing. We call this great modern bend of the current Christianity, as the Missouri becomes the Mississippi at a crook in the continent. But names import! Some great soul starts every enterprise, plants the new idea. Radicals, who protest loudest against leadership, never get Socrates and Jesus out of their mind. Clear your premises of old furniture which you prize not! Hang on your walls no pictures of what the world has outgrown. But, while you recur to Jerusalem and Galilee, I shall know the images stay in your own despite! To persuade me that the influence is gone I must have not your contradiction but your unconcern! When one said he should not have liked such an inquisitive man as Socrates very well, or even Jesus altogether, another answered, *He is hard to suit*. The soul is hard to suit with aught below beauty, invisible and without bound. Yet all the great religions have had a personal origin. None of them was born of an abstraction. Every one was an incarnation. In my free-religious neighbor's window hang the Christmas wreaths! It is the glory of Jesus that he stood for the soul. Who so much? He did not say, Let me see for you, and with my magic lantern throw the

picture down; but, Come to the summit and look with me! Mediator or medium betwixt, and I myself not on speaking terms with God? I decline anything between! We feel, touch and partake divinity. What is this doctrine of ghosts as apparitions? "Have you seen a ghost?" The nature of a ghost is not to be seen. Not only is it not but it cannot be beheld. It is invisible, incapable of disclosure to sight. Who ever saw the Holy Ghost? Spectre and spirit are not one. It is the most cunning trick of materialism to take spiritualism for its name, though there be celestial forms and transformings without end.

But the mighty conductors of humanity never die. Napoleon, after his victories, hid himself in Paris, knowing his power would grow in the mystery of his being unseen. Josiah, the Jewish king, broke down the altars and burned the bones of idolatrous and adulterous women and priests. But, coming to the sepulchre of a true prophet, he said, "Let him alone; let no man move his bones!" Even in the ashes the honor inhered.

> "Dear friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear!
> To dig the dust enclosed here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

Stern was the Hebrew passion of revenge. Who of us would unbury and cast into the fire the bones of Arnold or Booth? What slaveholder but would thrill with a sacred awe at the sepulchre of John Brown? What holy water could consecrate the spot? What party in power would rake into the grave of Jackson or Lincoln,

or Greeley or Seward? Perhaps the theory of the bodily resurrection of Jesus was invented to prevent discovery and adoration of his remains. If a bone were extant, how it would be adored! It is the dignity of virtue that from a thread of its garment we cannot keep our worship and love. Exclaim against leadership? Yet we gravitate to our superior, as the satellite cannot escape the sun. We are not the soul, but only poor part of it, and must revolve about who is more. "Cut deeper," said the French soldier to the surgeon; "you will find Napoleon in my heart." Pity it was not a better idol; but some idol the votary with no vision must have. The ideal Christ no science or criticism can displace. A spiritual model, a moral enthusiasm is our deepest need. There is a part of our nature which no knowledge of facts or laws, only personal devotion, can satisfy and abso.b.

> *"Only thou our leader be,*
> *And we still will follow thee."*

What walking cerebral prodigies and Dominie Samsons we should be, if to understand the construction of the world were our only aim, the whole being run to seed in our specialty of study, as sometimes a man seems to be only the other end of a microscope, or a gnome in a laboratory, or a worm in a book! But, as one says, *Seeing is not believing.* We cannot live without faith. It is not the providential individuals we follow, save as they are pointers to some polar star. As we follow in a race or voyage for the goal or port; as we follow Tyndall or Agassiz in an experiment or demonstration, so we copy some pattern of holiness and

truth; and no abstract thinker can escape the law. Call the record in question, prove the legend or declare the miracles impossible or unproved, and that you cannot verify the credible facts; still the divine idea, like a meteor plunging from the sky, is lodged in the human mind, buries itself in the heart, ploughs its way through history; and Strauss, that eye-opener for the literalists, and Rènan equally with Furness or Channing, do it reverence under utmost diversity of view. Myth or man, imagination or incarnation, it is immortal beauty that constrains our homage and obeisance; and over some mental constitutions a picture in the light of thought, whatever mystic pencil drew it, has more power than any canvas; for the real is not the circumstantial or statistical; it is the archetype or pattern in the mount, or plan and painting in the breast, after and according to which all is drawn and done. It is not the flesh and blood you, sitting beside me, that I love; but my dream of you, your possibility, or the at present angelic impossibility I know you will become; and he is but a pretended philosopher who holds this a bubble to prick, or nothing but smoke. It is blown with eternal breath, and rises from the far unquenchable fire. The artist takes not the gross expression in his portrait, but catches the shy, revealing look; and the hard urging on us of any definable historic individual as the only example, instead of this ideal, is profanity in the guise of piety. *Desecrated by the British in* 1775 *and* 1776 is the inscription on the marble tablet, in Boston, of the Old South Church. Does the theologian think he may violate a greater sanctuary and trample on a purer shrine, as with his invading dogmas he sub-

jects a child's liberty to think? Not only is our thought sacred: nothing sacred in the universe beside! It is God to us and God in us. You may call Feuerbach an atheist; but his affirmation that there are not two beings, but one, alike ours and God's, and no separate or separable divinity, is the sincere religion, which every sort of dualism denies.

We must have our thought of Jesus. Even he must submit to that solvent, which he has made more searching. If we find that his verbal portrait fills not, or anywise contravenes our conception of excellence, that he is not, as Pope says —

"*That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,*"

then we must stand by our perception, though the fanes of nations and high altars of ages fall. The river of God, his perennial communication must have room, whatever be crowded out! Only your dam makes it rage and riot to ruin. Let it run, it will itself rear grace and safety for its banks! But it differentiates every moment its deeps. No son of God can be religious for another. Our religion must be a fresh procession of the Holy Ghost. Even the glacier shifts its particles in its course down the mighty gorge. Like a huge icicle it grows and moves. Even the atoms of the rock dance. The pyramids stand; but were not to Egypt what they are to us. Nothing can stay! Everything must go. The Spirit says, *Behold I make all things new.*

XI.

PERSONALITY.

A NOBLE nature-worshipper says: *I cannot deny it includes thee too in its pied and painted immensity.* But, if I am included, it does not take much space! Your parlor or my pulpit will suffice as well as a continent or solar system. Diogenes were included so in his tub, and impertinent to ask Alexander to get out of his sunshine. Thomas Browne was guilty of extravagance:

"His eyes dismount the highest star."

Is the manager comprehended in the parts and properties of his theatre? Is the human actor taken in by the world which is all a stage? I imagine the Academy held not Plato, nor the palace Bonaparte, nor his closet Fenelon, nor the church Luther, nor the lecture-room the fine genius I quote. We part with spirit, lose immortality, and idolize place and time wherever we stoop to limits, or find in the elements our origin. We are capable of a devotion that mocks at accident, as did Shakespeare's love. Heine says, the old soldier of Napoleon, thinking he had committed the unpardonable sin in presenting, by order, his bayonet to the

breast of the Pope, then a prisoner, remarked he had been through hell for his master in this world, and supposed he must also in the next; but that if the little corporal had told him to run his weapon through the body of the Lord, he would have obeyed. This daring to cope with all obstacles and resist any foe shows how will and fancy stretch! Personality is the widest reach of nature and deepest secret of the mind. Are the tools without, which the carpenter puts forth his hands to, or are they and all the carpentry within himself; and would he not smile at the notion that chest or house is more than he? Shakespeare walked the streets of Stratford-upon-Avon and the boards of the Globe theatre! Yet, but that we call him an Englishman, he is an influence that outweighs England, and the world could better spare that island than his books. All its population would be a smaller loss than the characters in his plays which live forever while men and reputations pass like shadows from Church and State. Broader than the earth's parallax runs his unseen personality, from Caliban to Hamlet, and from Audrey to Miranda. They were *his* imaginations all the more as they were purged of his individuality. Cæsar had no such realm not subject to revolution and mortal fate. The Lord must take pleasure in lighting up the earth with a soul whose conceptions blaze into all tongues and stream down many generations, and whose going out of flesh must have made some stir in heaven. In such energy nature appears but the train and appendage of man. But he that despises adoration makes her his fetish. Does the Indian think the trail he follows more than a footpath to his enemy or

game, or the wigwam larger than the tribe? The explorer's ship, caught in field-ice, crushed by icebergs, with its prow to the pole, is a larger figure to our thought than all the weary wastes of billow and frost. What do our sums, of millions, mean? More or less according to our inward grasp.

On our idea all waits; and that idea is no product. In some sense, I was born and must die. In some sense, my dwelling holds me; your babe is in the crib, and your sires in the tomb. But there is an *I*, by which all these contents and consignments are disallowed. *Before Abraham was I am; I have power to lay down my life and power to take it again.* I am conscious of Eternal Generation, that I am what never lay in the cradle and no coffin can hold, but sits behind smiling at what was brought forth and expires. I know I must die? That which knows cannot die! The creature that has an end is not informed of it, and he that can entertain has escaped his doom. Does the owner add to his soil but a lump the more, or build his last mansion out of the six small planks? We shall all ring that bell, which, to warn of premature burial, was put into the hand of the corpse! It is absurd to imagine obsequies for my ideas. The least part of *Talbot*, in Shakespeare's drama, was in the room, the rest in the troops awaiting his call; and I am in a host more mighty that I can whistle to my side. The capital of all creation is in pledge and pawn for each farthing. We are heirs of one in whom disinheritance were suicide. God is mortgaged to every child, if he be more than the old Saturn by whom his own offspring was devoured. The overweight is in the soul, not the

world. Columbus tempting the unknown sea after a Western hemisphere to balance the East, casts his shadow to the distant shore and belittles the continents he unites.

Human unfolding is into personality ever more pronounced. Lost in deity? The more we are absorbed, the more we are found and find ourselves. The infant is confounded with other persons and things. But out of this baby imperfection is developed the character of Charlemagne, or Luther, reaching by differentiation its union with the Most High, as the root of a tree widens with its top. The insect, you crush, shrinks and tries to fly; but has no horror as it gets out of harm's way. The man revolts at any term. From the inevitable he would not be constituted by a gracious Power to recoil. Goodness would not create us to gaze all our life at our final goal; and the sense of being enhances in proportion to the volume and variety of gift. Shakespeare declares no work so firm as to last with the rhyme of his lover's praise; and Horace is sure he shall not wholly die.

This is the curiosity of speculation, that a creature should, with its own, doubt its author's consciousness. *Why say Him?* asked one of her friend, personifying the great Cause. Not, was the answer, that it has gender, but being personal, I must *personize* my source. We are told it is a superstition in Christians to cling to personality in the object of their worship while disowning the Jehovah of the Jews, and that their Father must go with the Roman Jupiter and Zeus of the Greek, the Infinite One not being a person but an essence pervading the universe. But what is *essence* if not being and personality? What is *pervading* but

a travesty or translation into Latin etymology of *walking through?* What is the Infinite but Spirit? But what is person? Person is life. Person is motion, from the faintest stir of the wind to the revolution of the skies. Person is sound, from the lowest whisper of a leaf to the surge of the sea and music of the spheres. Person is communication, from the smallest sign of sense and signal of nature, to the transports of eloquence and the interior voice. Person is truth, from the acting of a dot after its nature, to honesty on human lips. With an eye fine enough we should see things grow; with an ear fine enough we should hear the noise of a beam of light. Personality we cannot avoid till we outwit our parentage and escape ourselves. Matthew Arnold, in that new issue of his "sweetness and light," called "Literature and Dogma," ridicules the doctrine of a *great personal first cause* as pure assumption incapable of proof, and proposes the *power that makes for righteousness* instead. Is *Power* unconscious? Does it care for the righteousness, for which it makes? To its tendency is it blind? Not without a guidance does the ship make for port on the open sea. Not aside from some wisdom, which we trust more than rein or the tiller, do planet and comet hold their way. No game of blind man's buff do the thunderbolts play as they fly. With the *Sweet reasonableness*, is there some philosophic lack in our English author's charming pen? Another Paley in his style, has he greater draught in his thought? The exquisite taste, that pleads for beauty, drops no deep-sea line; and that enthusiasm, which is revolution and regeneration, is absent from his critical and contented page.

Let all the doctors of impersonality understand that by the pronoun is no more meant a masculine God than a male devil. There is a thought, a love, a vision; a faith and hope for the future, a moral decision and action in the present; and a duty of candor and sanctity in which is no sex, but equal obligation and an invariable call. In the Being which cannot be subdivided and where all things and persons find their birthplace, generation is without gender. You tell me God is not personal. From the unconsoling statement how much do I learn? What else is he *not?* What more important quality can you eliminate? What is personality but the focus or burning-point where all the faculties meet, the concentration in which judgment and memory flame into genius, the grip wherein every ability is hurled to accomplishment; the property, whose scale, with each new degree, is the measure of greatness? When Luther puts churches and kingdoms into a new position, it is not by reason of more learning or information than other men, but a stronger personality to wield what he knew, flinging it at superstition and ecclesiastical perversion like a cannon-ball. Not by book-worms, pedants, or antiquarians, but mighty personages, has the world been pushed on; and the human nature, they decorate and serve, honors them with the earth for their stage. When Cromwell dies, the land is shaken with a storm, a presage for the State. When Jesus expires, nature puts on mourning in a darkness for hours. He cannot go from those who would have made him king, but with royal obsequies, as for a creator of the world which allowed him so short a career.

But we must refuse personality to our deity, because what is personal is finite? What is infinite then? Power is personality. Schopenhauer resolves the universe into will, and there is no more common conception than necessity or fate. Because things will be as they must, we are not to fear death on the appointed or unappointed day; for there is no virtue in the universe to shift it from the first or bring it on the last. The immensity, which we deny to person, shall we find in time? It is but the succession and sensation which some person notes and can abolish in exalted moods. Have that play of body and soul, which you call happiness or health, yield to the transport of eloquence, be entranced with a voice, exalted by a vision, engaged in that jotting of celestial hints which we call composition, or the visit love makes to beauty, or enchained with the spell of land or sea which Mr. Webster said would hold him for hours; and how time disappears!

"We take no note of time but by its loss"?

Nay, its absolute gain is in its entire obiivion. Schiller's test of superlative merit is its making us forget the clock; and there is no such damper to a guest's enjoyment, or an orator's zeal, as any reference to it! I have a friend so polite he is never in my house seen to take out his watch, but seems to know by instinct the moment he must go to catch the train. There is something, better than sidereal time, that sets all astronomy aside. The London chronometer in my pocket does not vary a minute in a month; but no-

body wastes more time than that gentleman whom Frodsham helps to keep it to a second, while, in wine and smoke and pleasure-trips, the years run away, yet often hang heavy on his shoulders as they go. Only upon my vacancy or misuse as gaunt ghosts they intrude. With my talents at interest and my affections in flow, the dates are gone, and no time-table is seen.

Is the infinite, however, not in Person, but in Space? So writes John Locke. Two things, says one, are sublime, conscience and the stars. But how unfixed in essence, and accidental to the soul, is outward extension, every microscope and telescope may prove. Is that boundless, any part or portion of which depends for its size and figure on a lens? How will it look when a different lens, from this glassy eye, is fitted to that other "machine" which shall be to us? Is that infinite, which shrinks or swells with our fancy, which we blow up like a bubble or throw down and break like a bauble, in our imagination and thought? God is not in it; but it is in God! Nought is infinite but life and love. I will not put the theatre before the player and the play.

What shall we dignify as knowledge? The orderly position we can draw up certain facts in, as at a muster or army-drill? But has the feeling which we cannot shake off, of all this amazing scene and soul of things we are part of, no scientific worth? Then science is surface and a phrase, of cant terms the chief. The visible routine is but a rut or rail for our intellectual wheels; and the syren of our minds is no graceful figure, singing to the voyager by the rocks, but this external magnitude we yield to without right. For,

when we speak of a country what do we mean? Not a geographic term for physical extent and the boundaries on the map, but the population which to the hills and lakes and sounding shores are but as animated mites or a handful of moving dust, less than ants in the sand. In the Franco-Prussian war, what was the Black Forest or the mountain-chain, to the brain of Bismarck plotting what the strategic pencil of Moltke drew? A possible nation, like the separate rods in the fable of Æsop, armed with executive genius, became a fagot, past the imperial strength of France or Austria to break! Why should the intellect succumb to size? All that is outward is but more or less of the finite? I trust Mr. Tyndall does not think so much of the light, though it dart or wave from the sun, as he does of the intelligence that untwists and weaves again its threads, presses hard on its heels go where it will, measures so exactly the rate of its flight, discovers in darkness but a varying degree of its absence, and can extract the sunbeam from the clod, there being nought so dark or dense it may not be made to emit radiance. I own, it is the experimenter, beyond the experiment, I admire.

You refuse Personality as a designation? Is there wisdom and no one wise, goodness and no one gracious, beauty and no One All-Fair? Take out the Personal, you omit the transcendent. Wherever there is a man there is a God; for we reject our own being with its root!

Furthermore, interest so attaches to all personality that by virtue of the selfhood none can be utterly bad. To be is to be good; and there is no amount of error

and vice that a living soul cannot stagger under. When Mozart's defects are hinted at, the musical teacher in *Consuelo* cries out how proud he were to have Mozart's faults! This desert and claim of personal being, Shakespeare, whom nothing was hid from, marks in "All's Well that Ends Well." *Helen* says *of Parolles*:

> "I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
> Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
> That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
> Look bleak in the cold wind; withal full oft we see
> Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly."

Our word *dissoluteness*, to express want of worth, implies our regard for force of personal character. Not only is one dissolute who is destroyed by indulgence in sensual vice, but whoever becomes nebulous with mysticism or with unprincipled sympathy sticks to all he touches like glue, or loses in any weak passiveness his own power to act or resist. A God devoid of this property would drop out of human respect; for the men are held highest in honor who have it most; those who insist on improvement, the obstinate soldier who fights it out on this line if it takes all summer, the monk Luther, who cannot do otherwise than withstand the corruptions of Rome, the enthusiasts who not only muse, but horseback their enterprise and put their idea in gear, the apostles that turn the world upside down; whoever changes the face of things, abolishes the base facts, and brings in new heavens and a new earth. There are persons in whom this agency is raised to the

highest power, whose rare vigor compares with ordinary ability like the dualn or nitro-glycerine, one pinch of which is equal to a barrel of gunpowder, having an awful and unexplainable force, no science explaining the energy, known only in its explosion that lurks in the palid grains. These are the real czars and dukes which begin the dignities that end in titles and empty names; and herein lies the reason against our sentimental view of a deity bent only to humor his offspring. Honest witnesses of life's experience protest against the minister's commonplace that God is simply *good*. The perfect man is not simply good, but just too, an exactor of right, a tonic to brace us, a whip and spur when we flag, a fire in the refuse of our field, like the son of Agamemnon terrible to purify. God is good as he can be without self-contradiction and general wreck. For our own sake he fetches us to the ring-bolt of the moral law. Robert Hall, being asked for the best description of heaven, answered, "There shall be no more pain;" but we may be sure there is for the purpose none too much. Words are counters drawn from our mortal feeling and lot, among them *benevolence*, to express the eternal mind; but there is no word more dangerous than the loftiest one, *love*. God is love. Will you cover your license under that name; with a white robe of sanctity, as a wedding-garment hide your shame, and let the ungirt goddess of pagan worship into the temple of your soul? That alone is *personal* which out of the infinite wind, blowing where it listeth, articulates some holy message. A mediæval singer tells the bishops, he cares not for the heaven they promise and people

with their like! Why should he wish to go thither, with the muffs and dotards and cripples; the sour, disabled creatures that serve the altar? No; he prefers the other way to hell, where he will meet the poets and songsters, the heroes and brave captains that were the glory of this life, and whose deeds of nobleness have become the tale of time; especially if, in escaping those austere celibates and masqued hypocrites, he can have the society of the woman he has loved. Robert Hall, sympathizing with the brave and sincere Priestley, thought himself a materialist too; but, at his father's funeral, he asks, Is all of my father in the coffin awaiting a general resurrection after that of Christ? Nature and instinct proved too strong for his creed, and he declares that he buries his materialism in his father's grave. Never are we sceptics, in the exercise of strong affections, in the heart's flush or the mind's motion, or any great undertaking of the will.

All the arts of expression are witnesses that the earth derives its interest from its inhabitants, and borrows more than it lends. Any description of scenery makes impression and insures recollection not on its own account, but from its connection with what was done on the spot, the incidental import more than the direct. That "dark and bloody ground," in Kentucky, where savage and frontiersman strove, who, but for that fierce trampling of feet, would wish to know the look of? That local crossing, called Harper's Ferry, is put by John Brown's raid into the literature of the world! Who cares for the beauty of the Virginia hills but for *his* remarking it as he was dragged to execution

on the sheriff's cart? Bunker Hill and Aboukir, Sebastopol and Vicksburg, Richmond and Sedan, concern us less as places than centres of political decision amid the shock of arms. The novelist, Scott or Dickens, must not sketch the situation out of proportion to the part their characters play; and Venice and Verona, Egypt and England, and Denmark, Scotland and France are but chambers opened by theatrical slides for Shakespeare to display Hamlet and Macbeth, Othello and Desdemona, Antony and Cleopatra, Shylock and Falstaff, Richard and John. The finest topographical pictures, of Andes and icebergs, Niagara or Mount Hood, though the artist travel for them with his easel thousands of miles, hold us not like the wayside drawing which has for its motive some human passion, posture or enterprise. An inspired fiddler, in crayon, treading on air with bow in hand, shall move me more than snowy plains or smoky mountains, the pomp of clouds or prairies in bloom.

Self-assertion, in excess, is a vice; but for what do I renounce the individual save for the nobler personal self, devoid of which I have no virtue? If, in sorrow or sickness we sink too out of that, then no love can keep its hold. In such infirmity or insanity the mercy is death. Beware of being a baby or burden to lie down on your friends! So your mortal charm will vanish, and your translation be desired! In extraordinary genius or devotion there is nothing *personal?* There is nothing but personal! How much of God or Humanity can a man assimilate and not break bounds? Health and personal power both increase to that point which such poets as Dante and Shakespeare approached.

Cæsar said to the young man that opposed him, I could kill you easier than speak. If all the intellectual force in the Divina Commedia, or that supreme English Drama could become executive, what a thunderbolt or waterspout it would be! It is said God is more than person, and must not be judged by any human analogy. But how and by what ladder can we get above our own thought? What empty talk to affirm non-personality as a positive trait, or attempt in our classification any genus above our own! The grandeur of Christ's indifferent assuming of the titles Son of God and Son of Man, was its implication that there was no diversity. What is infinite is the mind, be it as it may, tide or creek or fathomless sea; and we might as well make a boundary between bay or inlet and the Atlantic, as between the intellect of a man or instinct of a beast and that universal intelligence, which knows how much each lower form can bear of itself without crumbling its clay. Man is finite? But, if infinity be not in him it is out of his reach; and those apprehensions, which are the hands of his soul, grope in the hollow tomb. No fancy so groundless as that any instruction respecting deity can be imparted beyond our own idea by the word *im*personal, as if we added a cubit to the Almighty stature, by cutting off our own head! He is human if we are divine; and a man could lift himself out of his own clothes sooner than conceive an object of worship apart from the worshipper's mind. "High as my heart" is Shakespeare's pretty phrase for love. If I would not detract from my Maker's dimensions, I must not contract my own. Only by my room to accommodate his glory can I

honor him. What hospitality if the chamber cannot be entered by the royal guest? To say he is no person is not to entertain, but, under cover of courtesy, insult and turn him away. There is no place for pride in what is wanted for self-respect! Self-disparagement is contempt for our author, as dispraise of his work is the artist's disgrace. God is person if we are. If he be not, then, in what is essential to and best in us, he had no hand.

The merit of any human being is in his own gift. If you would be benefactor, give your peculiarity the flavor that cannot be compounded with any other fruit. It is thought a mark of inferiority when the author appears in his writing, as Byron, Wordsworth, Milton, draw full-length portraits of themselves on every page. Homer is so absent from his lines that the works under his title have been ascribed to various hands. There is no Shakespeare but the name; only the lovers and servants, soldiers and clowns, kings and queens that drop from a pen with more magic than Prospero's wand. But this is shallow criticism. A discerner of spirits will find him in every verse, tell by internal evidence the spurious play or passage, and know when you quote from him though he remember not the phrase or place; for the style is the man and the man in his style. Only the detective is wanting. Every artist's proverbial sensitiveness is proof how he lives in what he creates, and may be found in that lodging. It is an irritable race, jealous not only in the same class but different orders, the stage and studio, pulpit and press, all arts of expression how envious of each other! Would they might know how they meet and are sent by the great

artist to express the same thing! A painter said: I get nothing out of those fellows the philosophers and care only for the company of painters. But votaries of pencil or pen, actors or ministers may herd too much together and so miss the broad culture and central view which are conditions of excellence in any special calling. All vocations are but divers jets of one fountain, of which every performer is a mouthpiece, as the apostles spoke in many languages when on each of them lighted in flames of fire the Holy Ghost. Rubinstein informs the young woman asking his advice: *You must not play on the keys, — that is gambling on the piano.* He meant that the instrument was but a medium for that same sentiment which is the soul of music and eloquence and poetry and dramatic impersonation; and this musician's conversation, as his execution, was demonstration of the truth. Nothing finer than mutual admiration among all interpreters of the supreme beauty, nothing worse or more base than mutual contempt. I require the same respect for my cloth you ask for your canvas; and do not understand, while I honor the gallery why you should despise the church, believing that sermon and prayer, like statue and picture, have place in the world. Friendship in all the professions will improve and perfect each one. That mightiest of them in the popular mind, which we call journalism, has much to learn from the rest, and amid the clatter of revolving cylinders should listen while it prints, and submit to the correction it so copiously applies. Old sceptics and rulers pass; the editor is the only emperor left. The king can do no wrong! He has this more than royal prerogative, that the press

can be assailed or resisted only by or through itself; and this strength becomes more dangerous than a tyrant's when on the point in question all the newspapers drop for the moment partisan disputes and form in solid column to expel the fault-finder intruding into their eminent domain, or conspire to promote some sham or protect a social crime. Types, like gunpowder, put the strong and weak on a level; and anonymous contributors shoot behind the publisher like highwaymen from a hedge. No so despicable immorality admitted in this age as the allowance of public charges shielded from private accountability. Duelling is respectable in comparison with using as a stiletto the composer's stick; and the backbiting tale-bearer is in the neighborhood a smaller curse than the slanderer and scandal-monger who can use a printing-office for his whispering-gallery and a continent the sounding-board of his lie. A Daily without conscience is a worse calamity than the corporation that has no soul. Any fool or poltroon opens under cover of the impersonal sheet his masqued battery on the man he would not presume to meet in a parlor or dare to encounter to his face, for fear of instant refutation and overwhelming shame. What clouds of suspicion and surmise, now so industriously raised, would be dispersed, and their whole generation shut off by as personal a liability to answer for every word of the pen as syllable of the lips, and some decency and courtesy put for the wantonness and insolence that prevail. But would there not be less independence unless we could lay siege to the fortress of iniquity, as ancient warriors came up to the walled town under an immense shell? Independence is born

of candor and truth! Only cowardice burrows and flies from shelter, as an Indian flings his tomahawk from behind a tree. Abraham Lincoln was once involved in a foolish duel for assuming with mistaken heroism the authorship of an article not his own. What is manly or womanly but standing to one's word, like God, as a bond or vow? Put the name to every sentence like the signature of your note!

It is a just equation to have like respect for personality in another as in ourselves. Your comment on my conduct is: I would not have done so. Well, *you* did not! Are you and I one? Will you confound me with or absorb me into yourself? Your personality ceases so; your channel of the Divine meaning is shut, and your egotism begins. In the clash of your atom with mine, both are bruised, and can no longer combine. "I would have put in a darker background had I painted that picture." But you did not paint it! Were I you, I should make your foolish remark. The self, I prize, is not contained in my bosom; I see it likewise in all. Love of neighbor and love of self are not diverse affections. It is my own soul that I wrong; my own flesh that I pierce in my brother; my heart is betrayed when my sister is misled, and it bleeds with the wounded brute, as it did in Jacques while the "fat and greasy citizens" of the herd swept on and left the stricken deer behind.

To the personal type in each one do justice as to the seed of a flower or a gem imbedded, and gleaming at a point from the rock. What is perfection but to elucidate it in my breast? Its glory all the host of heaven, with crowns, and palms, and harps in the shining man-

sions, can but unfold. What marks in the faces of youth we see of as yet unconscious and undeveloped power! In that maiden, shy as a fawn or just fledged bird, is an electricity, latent to herself, which will thunder and lighten by and by. With exquisite instinct for truth, Jesus puts the prodigal's grace in his coming to himself; and Shakespeare says, if true to self, we are false to none. Character is but nature brought out. O Calvin, if you called the stars a disgrace to him who went round to light up their burners, your blasphemy were less. Said one to a young girl, You will do nothing base: but take not the credit! *Nobleness obliges.* Novalis calls character the educated will. It makes the multitude of propensities, so apt to become a mob rather like the members of an orchestra. But when the instruments have been tuned, the grating ceased, the pegs screwed up and down; the strings crack and bows rattle no more; the squeaking and tumbling of stools and stands and rustling of books are over; we expect music. No pipe or chord is wanting within, though some persons have more trouble than others to get them into play; yet, as Dr. Spurzheim chose a wife good by nature instead of grace, by the least artifice or affectation the harmony is marred. What is dear to me is not your will-work and will-worship, what puts you out of breath, but what with easy beauty you are and cannot help being. Imitate holy men, says the preacher. No, I answer; copy nobody! Moral mimicry is failure. I asked my expert friend, has any one composed better than Schubert? Not for our time, was the reply. He knew Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, yet kept his own footing, and was himself.

Keep good company, know the fine persons, read interesting biographies, analyze the poem and romance; but hark to the secret whisper above all the voices with which the horizon of history rings.

But if a man is a beast, a fox, snake, bear; that shall he be? These fierce creatures accomplish their purpose without remorse. But the human serpent, tiger or wolf, is ashamed when caught in his tricks. The Legislators in the Capitol turn red and pale when their votes cast for undue dividends are exposed. What a terror in Congress was the Pacific Railway builder's memorandum-book! A visitor to a famous chief of metropolitan corruption found a diamond rolling on the public floor, which had dropped from his luxurious dress. In such careless pomp he indulged while unaccused; but he trembled under charges of guilt. Beneath what but his better self did he wince? We say of a drunkard, he is not himself; nor is any man when transported with passion. Not in the saint, but sinner, is the self suppressed. It is a want of fineness in Prayer-book or Bible, to say Christ was crucified. He was never slain! He rose before he expired, and needed no fancied ascension. Where he was and wherever he is, is the point to ascend to. As one fish or bird drives another out of its shell or nest, and takes felonious occupation, so a false changeling self commits every trespass or crime. A man, eating his savory dish, turned to the lady whom he had not helped, and cried, I *forgot* myself. No, she answered, you did not! The wit was against him, but truth on his side. The soul without sympathy is a lost child, and the rapture of love is self-possession. Not your

praise of me but entrance into my thought is my delight. Rufus Choate feared at the opera he might dilate with the wrong emotion; a President of Harvard declined visiting a picture-gallery, *he should have to make believe so much;* a Boston physician thinks girls should be taught in a girl's way, boys in a boy's way; Mr. Agassiz, every boy or girl in his or her own way. With such personal truth, each would find the true place, and *tired of living* no longer be the epitaph on so many a suicide's tomb. One man's sincere nature is to act a part on the stage. Only so personating, was Garrick quite himself; and once being missed by a gay company was found throwing a negro boy in a back-yard into convulsions of laughter as he imitated to the life the strut and crow and swelling feathery rage of a turkey-cock. Who are these scientists that insist we have no right to a persuasion which we cannot deduce from what they observe? If I have a sentiment which old scriptures, mystic sentences and noble characters feed, I shall not before any of their investigations ground arms, but carry them my own way. I shall tell Tyndall of "the light that never was on land or sea," and Humboldt, when he talks of being an insect crawling on the earth, that he reminds me of the grovelling verse in the hymn:

"What worthless worms are we!"

The superstition of the student matches that of the priest. Understanding will never rule out intuition, nor self-sacrifice defer to calculation. "What is the noblest passion in human nature?" *Sacrifice for an idea*, I wrote. *Sacrifice for another*, suggested my

friend. Both are sacrifice for the same image in us which no science can comprehend, and no sin can erase with its foul die stamped in the story of every tribe. What is the sin but a gloomy mask of grandeur? What makes it but an inward decree? Sin is but the sense of sin! Does not the mournful knell, the funeral toll, the tocsin-stroke, the fire-alarm come from the same height in the tower as the news of victory, the jubilee of independence or the wedding-peal? So the same bells in us chime sweetly or are "jangled out of tune." On the blackboard of an evil conscience is the demonstration of the moral faculty. It takes a man to be a sinner! Hawk, kingfisher, goat, leopard, has no compunction. Newton's dog *Diamond* could not be sorry for upsetting the lamp among the papers; for, as the astronomer cried out, he little knew the mischief he had done. The tiger and cobra destroy annually hundreds of human lives in India without remorse. But man repents, and believes, and adores. In every noble art or feeling is part of the personality of God. "Put me where the north wind may blow over my bones through the pines," said one I honored when he had "accomplished as an hireling his task," and "the evening drew nigh, and the shadows of five-and-seventy years were dark." But no encomiums, thick as ever studded Roman arch or Egyptian obelisk, could celebrate his purity beyond all the breezes that ever blew.

Divine Personality I preach. I cannot enter into the merriment of Mr. Arnold, writing as if not to his peers, at the idea of a First Cause, or even into his ridicule of the Trinity, though it be a dogma I do not hold; for it must have served some end of religious

conception and worship, by laws of thought, having sunk so deep and lasted so long, though triplicity divide into multiplicity, and all number in deity become innumerable as the wrinkles in what Æschylus calls the incalculable laughter of the sea. Am I part of the picture to my friend? Doubtless while he sits a passive contemplator, and looks. All seems picture, on a calm summer-afternoon, as I lie on the ground and gaze from the headland. The ships that had fled to harbor from the north-east storm, like flocks of doves to the windows, now a long line of rejoicing ghosts troop to sea, which heaves in vast glassy swells to my feet, and flings the snow-white foam of every bursting billow high over my head. What is all but beauty for me, and what am I less than the centre of these mighty circles of the bending ocean, curved horizon and the arching sky? If it be picture alone I am too small a creature on the canvas to be seen! But, if I start from my posture, straightway the panorama becomes an act. Nothing is hung up in a frame to admire. All co-acts with me. It is a race of being, and the universe a race-course. It is a competition of oarsmen, and we see the judges' boat. "Think ye God made the heavens and earth for sport?" No, nor yet for any poet's fancy or philosophic surveyor's rod and chain; but for love and duty; for service and its ecstacy of joy. Rest has its time, and inspection its charm. What a temptation to idleness is your situation among the hills or on the shore? But what preparation is ease for work! The vacuum is a power in mechanics, without which no piston would move, or car or vessel go; and the vacation is that vacuum for

the mind. That nature abhors it, was a foolish proverb. She loves it, and God is in it as much as in the schoolman's fulness. In no exhausted receiver does his sufficiency suffer loss. But only as a base of power can we vindicate the void. Who and what is it that tells me I am a portion of the painting, to come with the dot of my little figure into the field of view? Explain to me this seer whose eye is but the lens or pane of glass through which the prospect is at his command! Is the observer less than the thing observed? What is the vision but his; and without some visual orb, above or below, what substance to be seen? I protest there could be no light without the sight it is made by, and one with. If we go behind the organ to the act we must reverse Darwin's process, and not derive it from the object, but the object from it. The picture I am part of to you, — by whom designed and drawn? An artist is implied in the sketch, or the metaphor is false. Are we not pupils in that artist's school, who uses not one great pencil in his solitary hand, but portrays through us the curious scene? How much we create it we cannot tell; nor whether without us, in the one great family of mind, it would be at all.

> "Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses
> Or else worth all the rest;"

cries Macbeth, spell-bound by the spectral bloody blade. How stupidly we allow the color or concave of the sky to dominate the living and comprehending mind, and with thoughtless chronology put our date after the planet's orbit and bulk! If I must have outward ancestry a

worm is as good as a world. If I be born and die by the Almanac, I care not if the dial be ephemeron or sun. *Individual* or *Person*, I am fraction of the integral humanity. Two things are wonderful in the units of this mighty sum of rational life deriving from one source; that, living so long, they understand each other or themselves so little, and get on together so well. What waking and sleeping mysteries we remain; and how by disagreement and diversity we correspond and fit! It is sometimes said of two intimates, how unlike they are. Fortunately for them! If each repeated the other's talent, were actuated by the other's motive, shared the other's humor, swelled his passion and desired the same thing, how intolerable their union, chafing at every point and wearing them out. O my wife, friend, child, you must not be *me* over again! Who could bear always his own company? Who would not be disgusted with his exact copy? The good Lord in mercy duplicates nothing in his workmanship! We want no fac-simile of aught however great or good. One Moses or Jesus or Paul is enough! We are mutually endurable because we vary in our virtue as well as our vice; and, like children in their sport of the swing-board, on the fence, are pleased to go alternately up and down; only the plank must not slip. By inequality we are balanced, and keep perfect time of happiness, as by the compensation-pendulum our watch loses not a second in a month. Harmony is not secured by genius or excellence in the mates. The worst alienations may come between the noblest. Paul and Barnabas have so sharp a contention in the choice of an assistant, they break asunder on their

missionary tour; and, but for the conjugal checks and balances of contrasted qualities, all helpmeets would be hinderers, and households go to ruin. Wonderful steerage of Providence in us, with hand every instant on the wheel to make wreck so rare! Moan or gloat as you will over the failures of domestic peace, the social jars and civil wars; let me magnify the miracle of general concord, and refuse to sacrifice law, government or marriage to your revolutionary whim, which is the disorder it pretends! But no private power will save us without the counterpart grace.

By our overcharge of selfishness we put nature to shame. A great preacher names as the distinction between the divine and human that the latter is but selfishness and the former love. But God is as dear to himself as is any man! To be virtuous must we hate our own flesh? Infinite benevolence is pure self-love; and the preciousness to me of my own being is the only basis of my equal regard for the lowliest and least. Jesus could not have died for Jewish self-worshippers and despised Gentile dogs, but for the matchless emphasis he said *I* with, in every sentence, and declared he was loved and had glory with the Father before the foundation of the world. This self is no vain or carnal thing to be fed with luxury and pampered with compliment and praise. It is no impure or greedy self, but a miraculous existence, I am yet unused to and more amazed at than an infant surveying the continent of its body and feeling after its insulated limbs. This honor and delight in our constitution it is blasphemy to forbid. "Drive out nature with a fork, she will recur," in the most orthodox pro-

fessor of humiliation. Is the bird selfish preening its feathers and cleaning its beak on the bough? You shall not give a bad name to dainty scrupulosity, against soiling, in one of your own kind. Self-love and neighbor-love live or die together! Expel one, you expel both. Identify them in one affection, and you are blessed with your maker. Let unventilated cells of monks, diverse from dens of wickedness only in name, warn of the dangers of violence to ourself! No more certain is the tidal wave, such as whelmed St. Thomas and shook Santa Cruz, in turn to deluge the land and lay bare the bottom of the sea, than the forcing any deep original affection from its seat to devastate the soul. The poise of self with itself in another is that water of the river of God that seeks a level more even than justice holding her scales. How the beam inclines!

> "If self the wavering balance shake,
> It's rarely right adjusted."

But 'tis a false and not true self. The Tower of Pisa was not built to lean, but left as a toy for travellers, a curiosity not to be multiplied, and by my engineering friend resented as a nuisance and offence. But what leaning towers are many men! Let not the salary-grab be so notorious, in our astonishment and blame, as to hide hundreds worse beside which the censors may be guilty of themselves. My lady's well-nourished canary scatters the seed round its cage, and lets the wild birds of the wood come and take these crumbs from the rich man's table. If we cannot "shake our superflux" to the needy and "show the heavens more just," we must

reverse Christ's saying, and confess how much better are the fowls than we! We are trusted each with this organism of sense and soul on a credit-system running to whatever day of judgment. Let us put our talent to usury, keep our jewel of innocency without loss or stain, and grow the hundredfold harvest of goodness in our field. When this marvellous essence in us is held in like esteem in every other's claim, then the Creator pronounces his work good once more, and the Father is well pleased with his beloved son.

Admirable in us is the eye; still more the hand that reproduces on a surface, in form and color, the view. But there is that which cannot be painted or seen. We may get a likeness; but no portrait of a person was ever taken. Am I but a picture to the fine essayist? Is his pronunciation pictorial? Is he a picture to himself? The Israelites were forbid to make any engraving of God. The image we were made in cannot be presented. It is idolatry and impiety to put into any frame the humblest child. Artists grind their friends into paint; but there is a beauty that resents being looked at, is dishonored by analysis, can be thrown into no crucible, an irreducible residuum above your conceit of characterization which is such disrespect. That somewhat unmeasured in your gossip of words or by any tint of your brush is for you to love, revere, and coöperate with, and never use for your purpose, or think to describe. It never sits to you! We fancy too much success in our critical discriminations of eulogy or blame. The personal qualities were never put into oration or epitaph. Nero has been misrepresented as fiddling while Rome burned; he was but re-creating the

town! Dr. Channing was a proverb for the veneration in which he held the human soul; yet his visitors sometimes felt he was considering what he could get out of them for his theme. But the mind refuses to be a topic of literature or subject of art. You shall not stare at one's face, or peer into the motions of the heart.

Individualism is the present craze. Individuality is but the termination of a human being. Health and righteousness depend on the background of his humanity, as that on the deeper basis of divinity. The mere individual is a branch cut off from the tree of life to be cast out and wither. Only when he becomes personal is he a man and member of mankind. Beasts and birds, fishes and plants, are individual; but we do not speak of them as persons. A person is representative of something in character more profound than any individuality; as the word is taken from the mask of the actor who played the part of one behind and more than himself. We are to enact truth, beauty, deity each in his several way. But we enact hell on earth when it is only our particular appetites and propensities we put on the scene; yet this diabolism, of doing every one as he lists, claims to be a philosophy in our day. It panders to iniquity and passes itself on credulity under the sacred title of liberty. But individual liberty and personal freedom are not the same. To use liberty as license to do what we please, while society, as an organization, has no right to interfere, and it is no other man's or woman's business to look after us, will soon bring all the circles of Dante's Inferno above ground. It is the sad trait of our civilization that such self-deception of a shallow

sincerity so widely prevails. How it is taken for the shield of treachery, weapon of seduction, and cover of lust! Sophistry in theory becomes impurity in deed; and it is the danger of a false radicalism in religion and society to disintegrate the community. It is reported as a notable and happy circumstance that a recent dedication of a building was made not to God but to man! But if atheism be a religion, it is as superficial as it is frank. Who and where is the man to receive the offering and the hallowed shrine? Is it the race in general? It cares nothing for the special ceremony or design! Is it the number present in the audience of spectators to consecrate? The Russian author, Tourganieff, describes a character who spoils with his busy head the simplicity of his heart; and Coriolanus, entreated by his kindred to spare Rome, says:

> "I'll never
> Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
> As if a man were author of himself
> And knew no other kin."

But self-deifying will never satisfy the human soul. What is man but for One mindful of him? God is a spirit; and truly man is such! Whoever saw man more than he saw God? But man is a spirit only as he owns an author, whose power is not limited to these earthly tribes or fleeting generations of time. God exists in our idea. Yet our idea reaches beyond the nations. When it becomes aspiration, and we sing:

> "All ye bright armies of the skies,"

we conceive of nobler forms than ever trooped across the planet in our ancestry, or we in our posterity can hope. We are all delegates from the world of spirits. Of sovereignty let us not talk! There have been men and women sitting on thrones; but every person is a servant, and none ever was king. The personality of God is not monarchy, but chief service of all. Cromwell and Luther feel only that they are instruments, leaders only as they are led. The great president said he waited on Providence, and would not force events. But how many jackdaws of philanthropy, not abiding Heaven's patience or the alliance of time, insist that now or never the good work must be complete! Thus individual vanity presumes to usurp the province of the Supreme. Through what periods and processes the wonderful force, which is wisdom and goodness, rounds the orb, matures the gem and ripens the mind! Waiting is not to sleep, but watch the wind and "tide in the affairs of men." But the scout and sentinel have their glory as well as the besiegers marching to the assault. Masterly inactivity is noiseless action. I am but for my constituency and cause; to show my reason to be, in my errand all my life, running with some message post haste; and the Greek, that died of exhaustion after delivering the news of victory, is the type. Every man expires with his despatch. Genius is said to be rare. But one man in a million deserves the name. It should be universal. It is as common as this representation in every one of the purpose for which he exists. One may be a herald, like a trumpeter or drummer in the army, or a plenipotentiary, like Homer

with harp, or Cæsar in the field; but in the knowledge of duty and conscious service is the single stamp of honor admitting to the grand peerage; and what is the judgment but our final report! *On duty?* It is what we are never off! It was said of one, He is nothing out of his own town; we are nought but in our object. When Jesus came to stir the public mind, his countrymen could but think of Elias, or one of the old prophets returned. It was the same old business he was identified with. What he taught he was; and the superstitious conscience of Herod thought the beheaded John had risen for such mighty works. We are but waves or *tidings*. It was said of an unsocial student, He stands for the desert! Better for that than as a miser, pretender or supercilious jester for one's self. The Roman candidate, like modern ones, went round for the people's voices and votes. Let us heed those which no mortal lips or hands speak or cast! But be not slaves of whoever, in or out of the flesh, undertakes to control and rule. Spirits do you obey? What spirits? Spirits, like human creatures, may be intruders, tyrants or bores. *Keep your distance!* Try the spirits, and take not their word. They may be tricksy or malignant, as well as honest and benign. The celestial coursers must be subject to us while they draw! I will stand on the ocean's marge and see what arrives, the flotsam and jetsam from afar. But I will not gather all in my hands, only the treasures, leaving the refuse on that sandy shore of the mind, wider than any barren beach. To get and give information of the heavens is the endless task. We are not here to be entertainers or entertained, but for a serious de-

sign. Shakespeare, who never misses the mark, starts our tears with his most pathetic speech over the jester's fate: "Alas, poor Yorick!" But earnestness is that consciousness of an author, which is the only authority. Is it the triumph of science to get rid of God? But by advanced stages of character and culture the feeling of Infinity is increased. When two material elements combine, the result is not a compound but a simple substance. So in that blending of the human with the divine, by which we will what is willed in us and work what is wrought, and mean what is meant, and are as God is.

All persons harmonize, who utter with divers expression the same thing. Small critics pounce with charges of plagiarism upon resemblances of thought and phrase. Carlyle is overwhelmed with the influence of Goethe; Emerson of Carlyle; Parker and Thoreau of Emerson; and they in turn have their smaller or larger schools. But as truth is one and the universe built by law, the seers and sayers of its beauty must be alike! The Latin poverb might pass, *Perish they who have said our thoughts before us*, were there property for any man in the landscape or the spiritual realm. If similarity of figure or story prove intellectual plunder, the most original writers would not escape; Chaucer was a robber, Shakespeare the greatest of thieves, and Goethe stole on principle and declared he had conveyed everything he could find into his works as a bundle on which he had but written his name. All the poets, painters, philosophers, historians, essayists borrow and lend. I stand on my green tongue of land, edged seaward with the ragged cliffs and sloping to

the west, with smooth grass mingling with soft sand, to kiss the quiet bay. The sun sinks on one hand, and the moon rises on the other, as though Libra held and weighed the two balls together in her scales. The tossing waves on my left sparkle with the pale beams that grow brighter and less spectral as the evening-shadows thicken and advance, and become yellow almost as the orb from which by double reflection they are sent. On the right the unrippling waters, guarded by long reefs from the ocean-swell, and from the stroke of the East wind, spread their molten glass under the gray sky, curtained with black and crimson clouds. Beauty sees its face in that mirror and is not ashamed. What measureless liquid depths, what broad stretches and fine tinges are returned from the rival arch beneath! The copy is as good as the picture; both done by one master-hand. But what an advantage with the writer that should first put such a scene into words! Every one coming after seems to repeat him, when each successor might have as keen a zest and as sure a stroke. Did Spenser monopolize the tale; or Job own the situation; or Tacitus forbid any other narration of the facts? Authors are not contestants, but a choir, whose score is set down for them by One not pleased with their quarrel, and abiding no question of his right. As well find fault with a flock of birds in the sky, or say the one only knows his direction who makes the foremost corner of their flying wedge, as accuse him, who in the troop of writers comes behind, of not using his own wings or singing with his own voice. Take with thanks every sincere contribution, and forbear your carping complaint! This minstrelsy of letters

comes in bands, as every splendid age of Pericles, Augustus or Elizabeth shows. Deeper than art, at the springs of nature, the kinship lies. The heavenly inhabitants are always figured as in companies that stand or soar in accordant action or praise. The Lord is gathering and training his performers for perfect personation.

Originality there is none save in the One and All. Listening mortals only overhear the music; and the bard hums what he catches. No wonder he chants like his brothers when it is the same song! He is but an earthly æolian attachment to the heavenly harp; and, as there is but one harmony, so there is but one truth. I have as good a right as anybody to my own opinion? Not unless I have hearkened to this upper Wisdom; not unless with a single eye I look at the facts and comprehend them in their reason and right! Else my opinion is my crime and everybody's bane. The democracy, that judges by number and not by light, is the ruin of the State. Universal and individual liberty is anarchy, without the check of law; and if political theocracy be tyranny, personal theocracy, the divine government in the soul, is alone the source of freedom; and can cause the civil or church establishment to be a success. What men are, they communicate; and they are nought but in conforming to eternal command. We want your knowledge, not your will or your whim. You think nothing has passed because nothing has been said; that the minister's visit failed because he argued no point in morals or theology, as a perfunctory pastor said he never left a house without saying a word for his master; and the

orthodox loyalist thinks he must stand up for Jesus. But the Quaker silence may be more eloquent than speech. Your look, your manner, your atmosphere, the tone of your voice, the turn of your head, every voluntary motion or unconscious gesture, though you took no side in any question, told your mind. Your presence is poison or a better climate than any tropic isle. I have not, said one, a friend in the world. Some secession from divinity, some sin against the Holy Ghost is in such account! Only they are forsaken of man who are forsaken of God.

Every great Person has his following, is a magnet stuck round with steel filings, a comet with a luminous trail. The Highlander spoke of Fergus MacIvor "with his tail on," meaning his retinue in arms; and persons are the glory of the world. Splendid things we remember in the scenery of this theatre of land and sea. But what are the stage properties to the actors, the fine people we have known and travel after, more than to behold pyramids or hills? Though small in figure they include the landscape that seems to contain them! Vanished, they surround us still. In the midnight watches their faces shine. They cluster to keep my pillow from being lonely; and I entertain the vision with shut eyes for a "bliss of solitude." King, with his Italian climate in the New England frost; Peabody, with his settled good-will, like a law of nature; Channing, dissolving the visitor into his theme with his musing air; Taylor, flaming to every man at a touch; Allston, pale as if just risen from the dead, and bright as an angel detailed like Uriel for some task; Lowell, who filled parlor or temple with his love-

beaming eyes, and put his genius into a look and tone; Greenwood and Ware, that might have been "of the Twelve"; Greenough, cast in a finer mould than any of his noble works; Webster, who was in his prime the State, and Loring, the best of whose unspotted days were his last; Dabney, consul and conscript father, beloved ruler and patron of health in the island of Fayal; dear and gracious women with no printed record because a better Book first got their names; they all gather around too clear to the inner view to need other manifestation, and with a claim whose title becomes obsolete with no lapse of time. Do I recall and cherish what the Power, that begot and bore, has dropped and forgot? Is there but ostrich-oblivion in the heavens of that nobility of conscious being which alone can justify the building and furniture of the earth? Does God amuse himself with these fireworks of the soul, and then let them sink like the blazing rockets and sparkling wheels in the festival of a summer night? Nothing so much as personality deserves to abide; and were true persons more common, there could be of their continuance no doubt. It is no bodily resurrection of Jesus, real or supposed, which is notable; but his disciples' inability to imagine him dead! Every grand personage secures its own perpetuity. Only when we depend for our importance on our forwardness, creeps in uncertainty of our fate. What you are is more than what you say. Withhold not your testimony; but mistake not for it your ambition, impertinence, spite and conceit. Pugnacity is the most contagious disease, and sure sign of an inferior mind. Let us have a new Beatitude: Blessed are they who

make no remarks! God's witnesses are not censors or scolds, and they only stand for him whose silence means more than their speech.

But put no individual fondness for the divine love of all! What is my handful of friends, or household of idols, to the human race? All are immortal or none, said Abraham Lincoln; and I confess my preference, not for great company, but common folks. Folks are better than angels, said Father Taylor. The people I meet in my walk refresh me more than the famous guests at your fine club or exclusive dinner. I love mankind more than any of its members. The good-will of the neighborhood, said one, I covet more than the fame of Shakespeare. I gaze at this living panorama of humanity, as it unrolls, till statesmen and monarchs, bishops and authors, seem no more than foam thrown up a little further from the heaving sea. What we call revolutions affect the mighty deep of the human heart less than the storm does the ocean from whose bed it tears some bits of rockweed to float on the surface of the bay. The genius of the great modern French painter, Millet, has chosen to represent what adorers of rank consider low life. On a bit of canvas he sketches a girl knitting coarse stockings; a cane near-by stands for the grandsire; and the second generation, betwixt her and him, is shown in certain ghostly iron mallets of laborers far off, with perfect action hammering stone. Why did I pass by the lustres of dress and fashion in other pictures, on the wall, to brood over this? For the same reason that equipages and gay dresses in the street are as the idle wind,

while every mower in the field, and babe at the window, and toddling flax-head at the door, win regard.

But why celebrate persons, when on laws alone we can rely? Are not all persons subject to change, and more fickle than fortune in their mind? What a history of the world, in failing friendships, and love that grows cold, while the ordinances of nature never vary from their track! But, though deceived a thousand times, we must confide! Credit in business is a necessity, and can be destroyed by no whirlwinds of disaster or number of cheats. Nobody ever leaned, in his heart, on a law! We have to talk of the bosom even of God, whom with Job, though he slay, we trust; and, however human fellowship betray, we believe in a possible truth to us of creatures like ourselves. We only postpone the reality as we sing of "the land of the leal." But actual loyalty, prevailing over treachery, alone justifies any annals of mankind; and the circle is not only lowest, but narrowest, for the traitors in hell. The multitude of the faithful makes us not ashamed of our race. How many a picture of fidelity, rising to the sublime, is not alone the glory of earth, but our best proof and prediction of immortality! Affection is no pretence or passing dream; people are truer to each other than to themselves. Permanence of sentiment, to match any intellectual veracity, is the charm of romance; and the poet well draws from womanhood its main illustration. Love is so the maiden's life that, if she cease to be beloved, she declares, in the play, she will not love herself! Such a drama goes not beyond the fact. Wherefore the beauty, she is born with, or the attire it is set off by, but to win the feeling she exists in?

Without devotion in mortal fellowship, were no eternity of goodness, which we call God! In a cold statute, though everlasting, is no support for the soul. For sustenance there must be response! To our pulse something must beat back, throb answering throb, to give the sense either of satisfaction or repose. Nothing short of infinite sympathy the spirit in us asks; and what is that but universal personality? All the cunning processes of matter cannot content the mind without the cheer of companionship, in kindly regard, and emulous honor for every great and good cause; and, to the cynical question of Mr. Carlyle, what decree there ever was that we should be happy, against the irony of fate, we boldly reply, a command from the foundation of the world, before the morning stars sang together, by Him that lit their lamps.

In this delight of the spirit we have no merit. But one thing is worse than feeling holy, and that is to say: *I am holier than thou!* Not aloud, or with show, but silent and lowly is the good work. As the lightning-rod not only conducts thunderbolts to the ground, but, without noise, through its thousand angles and points, draws the electricity from the air all the time, so a true soul discharges the clouds of wrath without harm, and by perpetual restoration of equilibrium protects the house. Jesus needed not to get up out of his grave-clothes to bring life and immortality to light: the noble temper always announces the blessed destiny. Do you never have a doubt? asked one, of her friend, as he prophesied a better lot. If I do, he answered, it comes from my senses, never from my soul.

XII.

PRAYER.

WHAT have we to say why sentence against it be not pronounced? The wonder is that any one, especially in public, presumes to pray; and so faulty and unsatisfying is the performance, it is not strange to fall back on a recitation, and have reading of prayers in the church; the real argument for a liturgy being the failure in his office of the priest. God has been rightly entreated of old; but none are equal to the communion now, as the bow of Ulysses could not by his successors be bent! So we repeat and rest in the devout sentence, and make the Cathedral arches ring with ancient periods, which, with strange solecism, we call *Collects for the day*! But do we not live in a new day, have our own requests and wants? A petition for safe return from sea was the nearest that could be found, when one had been drowned in a canal, to meet the case. I knew a chaplain in a Legislature try his hand at extemporaneous utterance in vain, and after a little stammering, run into the familiar verbal rut. I honor David, and Job, and Agustine, and Athanasius; but why should they take the words beforehand out of my mouth and make a memory of my fellowship with God? Let

me treasure their beautiful piety, but not substitute it for my own, for there is no proxy or pairing off in the closet or at the judgment; and that is but a nominal temple into which all the closets do not open, and every arch and rafter of which private sincerity does not turn and lay. *Caw*, *caw*, came the sound of the crows into my open window one summer morning, as I was reading aloud the Hebrew Psalms, for a satire on the ecstacies that must be salted down with all their anachronisms, obsolete occasions, dead histories and dreadful curses instead of my fresh aspiring and seasonable praise. Is the religious sentiment an antiquity, and the fashion of its offering a curiosity like a bit of carved work from the shrine at Jerusalem, or a gem or statue in a crypt of the shrine, or out of the river's bed in Galilee or Rome? It is not strange that science, with its strides into surprises without end, should insult the worship that is but a precedent, a reference to former custom, and a feeling settling on the lees. Shall we be content with the dregs of the once so delicious draught and the crumbs of the table, or come guests to a feast newly spread and served, affirming our own right to a seat? At least the philosophic pretence of ridicule on prayer let us brand as shallow and false. As well prove there is no place or use for breath as disown or refute a deeper inspiration! It will not, the naturalist tells us, alter the laws. It need not, for it is one of them, we reply; and that is the superstition and superficiality which puts the laws and the Power whose word they syllable, quite outside the human frame, and makes an idol of the world by parting it from the soul, when we ourselves are but sprays from

the root of the universal self, and our consciousness but a shore for the dashing of the boundless surf. The waves are many, but the sea is one, without which the smallest billow or foam-bell could not exist; and I am either an excrescence, or a particle of the Infinite life and portion of its incessant healthy growth; for God is growth, and no absolute immutableness or full stop. *He comes to consciousness in the human mind; all difference is in quantity, not quality; and I can do what I must*, are maxims of the modern German wisdom which do not disparage Deity in exalting the divinity, the soul is born of and conceives. When a young man driven by impulse or withheld by sloth, says, I cannot, he knows he can; for there is no limit in us to the moral power or bank we draw on, which, unlike that in a gambling-den, cannot be broken, and has a deposit in our favor we cannot exhaust.

Prayer is the draft always honored; and let the reformers who would convict and banish it as an offender of law consider their task; what they must exscind from the dictionary and daily speech, what lines they must leave out of poetry, and to what mutilations subject history; to what achievements of heroism and triumphs of the martyrs that have sprung from its power we have no title; of what tests, with no substitute of actual glory and present joy, we must straightway be dispossessed. Mr. Bowdler gave us an expurgated edition of Shakespeare dropping certain low words. But sceptical science must furnish an expurgated edition of literature omitting its highest expressions, and of human nature without its noblest exercise. Physiologists have wondered what might in the ani-

mal organism be the use of the spleen, which for temper is such a bad name. But the utility of devotion were a different point of debate. The fox who had lost his tail in a trap pretended to his fellows it was for beauty he was thus cut short; and prayerless men may plume themselves on their deprivation of the adoring sense; but it is no addition, rather a misfortune if not a sin, and as fashions in dress have been invented to hide deformities in the person, fashions in philosophy may conceal defects in the soul. This seeking after our source may be newly directed or described, but will not under any disappointment cease or fail. Schiller says that had there been no Western continent to balance the world, a shore would have risen to Columbus, created by his faith, on the interminable main; and were there no God or Heaven in fact, they would exist and spring forth to the sublime confidence in the human breast.

But does praying make any difference; in river or tide, rain or drought, thunder or plague, the path of the sun or basin of the sea, say what of Moses and Joshua and Elias the fables will? Prayer is defined desire; but with advance of character our wishes die, and is not the measure of our dignity their infrequency? As we grow inwardly, we no longer say, I *wish:* we conform to the order, as good soldiers we fall into line and become vehicles of justice, mirrors of beauty, tools of truth, every one content to be an inch of service-pipe to the purpose of the whole. Let us not whimper, but submit to our fate! But what is *fate?* It is somewhat *spoken*, a voice; and what is prayer but a divine utterance, which *is* a difference, if

it make none, in things. Human activity alters not law, but produces it. What an arrested development, but for this little actor, were the world! How, after the nebulous planetary mass left by the shrinking of the sun, and the huge ferns in the primeval air, and the monsters that floundered or sprawled, did it get on, but by its inhabitant's will to fetch into existence, by breeding and crossing, new creatures and plants, and with art and architecture, sails and oars, husbandries and mines, make an earth Adam would not recognize should he return? What he does is as solid part of the globe as the rock and clod. The dories that are rowed under my cliff, the yachts at their moorings, the fishermen hanging by their killocks off the ledge, the anchored colliers and lumberers in the bay, and ships under canvas, seem part of nature, and predestined as much as the billow and coast whose harmonious tone and color they take. Creation is not substance, but form, as in the cattle of England, and azaleas many-colored as the rainbow. Are the pigments proper *creation* more than the pictures, the stones than the temple, the marble than Michael Angelo's bust? Man is creator or co-creator; matter the stuff, whose fulfilled design is his answered petition, Luther being right that to labor is to pray. The aspiration from the jelly which shall not end in man, is but prayer in a web whose last thread can never be wove. The instinctive yearning in the dog and horse to break bounds, as in the fish to jump out of water, with a longer tether as we are conscious of the stir of cherubic wings, is ingrained supplication, an inarticulate *Thy will be done!* for that will is not something to bow to and be crushed

by; it is no bent brow over the bier, faint heart in sickness and pain, or consent to death and nonentity, but ascension and transfiguring, Christ's mount and Jacob's ladder. Destiny is climbing its rounds! Why despise the monkey when we are prehensile still, with a hold that lifts to new views while it transforms the once leaky house mankind lived in? "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" I know not that omnipotence changed to the murderers for those words; but, as mercy, it was expressed. The unresisting and unresentful sufferer, who had carried the cross he hung on, shook the world with that imploring breath. Small execution had the two swords done with Peter's cutting off the servant's ear, less than Christ's ordering the weapon back to its sheath. Jesus stretched not forth his hand which was nailed to the tree. For it to quiver was stronger than to smite. Nothing was left him but to pray, and from such prayer for pardon to the worst wrong, in his helpless yielding, passive acting and mighty impotence, came Christendom, new religion and modern history. Christianity is more than a mode of belief. It is a movement of life, a tendency of the race, modern civilization; and none stray further than those who mistake the abstractness of their thought or generality of a phrase for superiority to the concrete facts which are the issue of living power. God is concrete in things, not a notion of the mind. Is religion more than Christianity? As a generic term it is; as animal is more than man. But man is more than animal as a type; and Christianity, while less than religion as a name, may be more indeed; for words are vessels

empty or full, and the apples of gold are not always in the dishes of silver. Jesus, as an individual, did not contain the human race, but the divine sonship he was pattern of is more than all the numerical mankind; and the crucifixion was a prayer greater than its background of the sky, and with audience beyond it.

The argument fails, of law against prayer, because there is no final statement of law, of which the scientist is but temporary clerk or provisional bishop. There is no conflict of laws, could any one tell us what they are, and whatever act conflicts with them is vain. But, if there be any law of human nature, it is this hunger and thirst for righteousness, this longing for something better, this inhaling and exhaling and conspiring with its cause, which has no measure or parting from, more than breath from the air. The unspoken invocation, which beyond sentences from the litany is prayer, is also power, which no rule of utility, generalization of results, or calculation put for conscience can match. On considerations of prudence we let slavery alone. They, who tried to forecast the issue of a breach with it, saw only a pit of blood. Into what pathos and sublimity of fancy, to rival Milton's descriptions of hell, Mr. Webster's eloquence in that direction rose! The mistake was, not remembering that duty goes beyond sight. When we were driven by the spirit to fight the devil in that wilderness of sin, our feet trod the only path of safety, though to mortal vision overhung with mist of logic and dust from the strife of words. The understanding is an atheist when it contradicts the moral sense which is no balance of probabilities, but the voice of God. To him,impelling,

as weighing, must be left. Who would have forecast a deeper feeling now at the South of the curse of slavery than abolitionists could express, as none knows what a cancer is but he from whose flesh it has been cut! One may surmise the providential permission of slavery to cleanse the nation, else dissolved in the luxury of unbounded material success. Our order of nobility was instituted when all that passed among us for prosperity and rank became joyful sacrifice and atonement for sin; and henceforth our dignity is not wealth, but its use. Once riches was bowed to; now it must build colleges and halls and beget charities, to win respect. Self-consequence feeds on consequence; and consequential people lose their root when the common reverence is withdrawn. So opulence learns how large part is beneficence of the worth of its pile. So long as humanity finds its meaning in divinity, bounty that looks to no dividend is supplication in the best form. When we are happy in our situation, we feel we must pay some tax and toll of work or alms to the general good; as the monk seeking his cell and ascetic wearing his hair shirt in token of obligation, interest us more than any in fine linen and sumptuous fare. Tasks are the bead-roll of true devotion; and my prospect of island and beach and the open sea breaking in thunder on the reef, with the green wooded horizon's belt, and buckle of the blue offing, is no delight but a rebuke, if I omit my daily stint. What is this element, we live on more than pleasure or a feast, as the tree thrives on ether more than earth? Momentary breath is more important to the body than occasional bread; and this impalpable element of communion

turns to a solid frame. The Lord lets not Elijah stay in his cave, but sends him out to anoint a king. Says a late writer, thought is will in solution and will is thought expressed. So faith is potential work and work resolved faith, and prayer empty wind till transubstantiated for its true answer into deed. Said Eliza Follen, I could die with pleasure hearing the slave was freed. Of the world I can make but an affection of my constitution; but moral gravitation is a higher law, to hold though the bands of Orion be loosed. The North and South fought a war not only of arms, but petitions that crossed in the sky, and we know which were scattered on the breeze. What prayer-gauge can make these deep-sea soundings? Prayer is not an experiment but an act for which the sky is not a closet too big. *God, thou must hear me*, cries Luther. *My prayer shall prevent thee*, says David, as though it were a force on God, as in him it is. The prayers of the pilgrims fanned the sails that brought us, in possibility, to these shores. Not fruitless this address, we move, to the throne. To try its efficacy by using it for part of the patients in a hospital-ward were like determining spontaneous generation by exclusion of life, not knowing in what atoms beneath heat or microscope it may lurk. Christ's prayer, parting with his friends, or the Lord's Prayer, as real as what raised the Alps or scooped the Atlantic, has built and painted and carved, overthrown pagan shrines, and reared from old fragments of art or nature St. Peter's, Strasbourg and Cologne. In this insolent play, as of a chemist's acids and alkalis, with God, not only the appointed petitioners for the appointed subjects might

pray! Far-off homes, crews that took not the fever, comrades not wounded on the field, fellow-sufferers within or travellers by the walls, whom an appeal might come to as from the Captive Knight in the song, solitary kneelers or public reciters, implorers for resignation more than restoration, would disturb the nice conditions of your philosophic test. Shall not the wretched pray for themselves and tell their tale?

> "Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
> Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

The call for consoler, priest or doctor, as well as to Son or Virgin, is prayer. Walking the street, said my friend, I wished to stop the people and inform them I did not feel well! Sitting on a door-stone in Florida, while the crowd passed by, a dog was the good Samaritan that noticed my asking look and licked my hand. At our wit's end it is as natural to beg, as to bank our house with turf. Do sceptics witness mortal agonies, or lay away their dead, and bleed inwardly with no such stir? Can we see the civil elements boil, or nations fence with long foils across the sea, and crave no blessing on the just? But selfish or sectarian entreaty is not prayer. We have had no raffling, said a woman, at our Fair, yet our receipts are short, and we think God owed us more success. Doubtless God had his reasons, and was not the huckster she supposed! A famous Orthodox preacher thinks men have too much sympathy with God. How, said one of his brethren, Dr. Channing would have been shocked at such a saying! But too much sympathy there is with the God of Calvin, who covenants and dooms. Suspend your

devotions till their object improves! Even by the supposition that he is a truce-breaker and liar, some are not troubled. If, declares a popular clergyman, the Christian faith be a delusion, it is a blessed delusion. But confidence in our author is the only piety, and conscience were not worth having if it made "cowards of us all," when courage and heroism are its proper effects. But prayer for private advantage is a lottery and gambling policy. Haydon, about to paint a picture, prays for success. If he wanted God for an accomplice in excelling others at the exhibition, his prayer was naught. A physician affirmed he prayed before he prescribed. Could he so atone for want of discrimination in his drug? Clovis promises if God will give him the victory over the Alemanni he will be a Christian; Jacob vows if the Lord will go with him, He shall be his Lord, implying otherwise he might bestow his favor on some other deity; Luther, baffled, demands to know of God if he is dead, and Lincoln resolves if we win a certain battle to issue the emancipation proclamation. What compassion the Power may have on those that would make terms with it who can tell? We prize the prayers of the good: "Pray for me," writes Fenelon to the bereft lady; "I have great faith in the prayers of the afflicted." Humility is the door of heaven; presumption knocks in vain. Egotism is a bar, and sensuality a blind. But we must not pin our faith in principles to our faith in men. If the standard-bearer fall, we follow the standard. If those who sit in Moses's seat prove worthless, let us not despise the precepts of Moses! The old Catholics in Germany shear the priest of his pretences; and

against false mediators it is in order to assert immediate right.

Public prayer is a problem; the Liturgy is an open confession of its impracticableness; yet despite Christ's rebuke how the pharisaic length and repetition are maintained! It is hard to bring sick-beds, coffins or any privacies into large courts and mixed assemblies. When in my youth five notes were placed in my hand, asking the interest of the congregation in all kinds of bereavement, no syllable of which I knew, I was thrown into a posture of mingled tragedy, comedy and farce, and resolved never to ask any assembly, like hired mourners, to consider my distress. In a general woe, which no arms can lift, we take refuge in the Lord's Prayer. Yet, however brief and simple in utterance, the joint yearning will have room. We cannot see the flowers fade, and not implore the human spring. If you can hush every heart-wish for the future of your kind, then be consistent, make thorough work, and suppress your feeling after God. Stop the pulse and commit suicide on the instinct of worship! But nature is no self-destroyer. "You must think this, look you," says the clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra, "that the worm will do his kind"; and it is generic for man, who is no worm, to aspire to his source. If it be a mistake, building and meeting are part of it; the belfry is reared in mockery and rings out vanity; every spire points not to heaven but a void, and our constitution is a lie which the Former tells. But this accosting of divinity for strength, not to revive or recover, but be willing to fade as a leaf, with faith to rise out of ashes and dust, is so sublime it will not lose credit till

it is proved that he who formed the eye cannot see, and he that planted the ear cannot hear.

It will make no difference? This the plea of fatalism, that nothing will make any difference, and as the proverb goes it will be all the same a thousand years hence. But it will not be so, unless freedom be a name. Every genuine act, man is capable of, will make a difference, and speech as well as work is an act of the mind. Is labor a condition of transformation? So with equal title is prayer. As well say electricity makes no difference in nature as that spiritual magnetism is nought; and how foolish the confinement of prayer to craving particular things which wisdom may withhold! The devotee never comes back empty, whether with what he definitely asks or not, for he always leaves the alternative in heaven; as Saul goes for the oxen, and gets the kingdom. It is not irrational or immodest to judge of the dignity of a thing by who does it; and it is patriarchs and lawgivers, and poets and psalmists, and prophets and apostles, and saints and redeemers, that pray. Genius is prayer, a certain openness and peculiar receptivity, like an inlet from the sea or Gulf Stream, or upper current the aeronaut is borne on, as he hopes to be, across the Atlantic: it is the power to put one's self in the celestial breeze, Cowper besought to catch in his sails, or on that river of God the Apocalypse describes, and be sensibly carried, as one rides on an engine, with the revolution of the world; for the star such men as Napoleon speak of is not an orb whose sparkle we see afar, but whose might and motion we turn with! The prayer without ceasing is for that, which we cannot reach, to attach itself to us and bear our soul

as the planet whirls the body on its way; and this is truly called transport, for it is the trance of joy, the pure and perfect satisfaction of accomplishing the ends of our own and of all being. The great actors, composers, singers, reformers, have in the times of their visitation this delight of fellowship with the heart of the universe, that what they say and do, all was meant and made for, and they are spies of the host above and conspirators with God, whose bidding they seek and hint they obey. Try the experiment of taking away prayer from literature to have some notion of what it were to take it away from life! The lack in Shakespeare, according to some critics, comparing him with Homer, Dante or Milton is of the religious sense; that he represents human nature broadly, but on its earthly side, and turns the world into a great play-house, as though the heavens and earth were made for sport. But remove even from his pages all reference in his characters to the supreme disposer's will, and what mutilations would mar and spoil the plots! How Hamlet and Macbeth and Measure for Measure and Julius Cæsar and Henry IV. and The Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream would limp and lose some of their pregnant passages and grandest lines! Only the mechanical necessity, which has come in with the modern irruption of material science, blocks the way to the altar; for, when physical causation is made supreme, the machine is no longer to us, but we to the machine; and the last insanity of making the mind an accident of matter is worse than the first of holding as a mere contrivance, at the mercy of miracle, the material laws. Genius is sanity; for it links ideas to

conduct and puts laws in gear; but the science, that subordinates the soul to its surroundings, is crazy and out of health, and must be taken to the asylum at last. Could it sweep away the instincts and intuitions and spontaneous motions of our nature, it would annihilate that for which all its own discoveries and illustrations exist. Without a living immortal principle to serve they were a senseless, worthless mock. If the upper and future vanish from her march,

> "Let Science smile not on her conquered field!
> No rapture dawns, no triumph is revealed,"

and it is not easy to imagine that those who with lunatic glee would exult in such ravage and waste, have ever inquired why or at whose direction or for what end they are investigating at all, or who these curious investigators themselves are! The showman, as he brings out one beast after another, in his travelling circus, describes its species and origin in some Asiatic jungle or African wild. But our explorer is a strange territory and uninhabited desert to himself! Did the Norsemen, before Columbus, find out this western shore; and some tradition, to rob him of glory, reach the Genoese? It was a less achievement than to know one's self; and penetrating to the fountains of the Blue or White Nile a trifle to finding the spring and head-waters of our own being. Is it, of any voyage, the vainest attempt? The North Pole lurks still in its obscurity of frost or flood; but holy men feel their oneness with their source, and all the sublimities of history lie in the fact, while every smaller crisis discloses the same final call. Ethan Allen demands the

surrender of Ticonderoga in the name of God and the Continental Congress; and no doubt in the terms of his summons there was weight, as there always will be whenever they are proposed with right and sufficient stress.

Prayer is an appeal for the just decree. Is the sentence writ already in the eternal book? Yet the reference is part of it: to what concern, a composing draught! It is not childish teasing, insisting on the particular thing. We ask the best, though not in our conception and against our will. Who prizes not the privilege of acquaintance with a superior person, though contradicted and corrected by him at every point? We are content to have our opinion overruled and request refused, for the larger horizon and clearer view. Goodness and wisdom are a wholesome clime and refining air to be in, without any flattery or gift. The art-pupil, I notice, delights in her master's company, and gets influence and impulse, if no praise. She learns only unconsoling facts; she has too much green in her landscapes, height in her waves, weight in her atmosphere and dark in her clouds; but all his chiding wins her thanks! Shall we fail of a blessing on higher devotions, though every performance miss acceptance and every petition meet a check? To be permitted, notwithstanding our continual errors and faults, to stay in the Real Presence is enough, as for a backward or untoward learner to remain at school. I confess I do not care whether the Lord grant my entreaty or not! It suffices that he listens. I am satisfied to be denied, if I can go to the door and knock. If the dear one does not recover, or return, or

succeed and prevail, as I beseech, I believe it is because of some better lot. No counterblast of disappointment shall quench my desire, but brighten the flame; for a good wish is a blessing that shall not stop short of its object, no matter how far away, locked within what prison-walls, passed through what sepulchral gates, or parted by a gulf such as the parable says none can go over. Prayer has wings where feet fail; no place in the universe is closed against travel; in hell my loving wish, spite of the doom of Dives, shall be a cooling drop on the tongue, and in heaven it shall stir a happy throb. Spirit communicates through the solidarity of things; the pit is no finality, and celestial bliss has always another degree.

We need this refuge from judgment on us here. The human decision of those nearest to our heart is how often false and wrong! By some twist in the mind chronic as a club-foot or oblique vision, some hypercriticism which makes tragedies of motes and specks, some tendency to persist in finding something contrary every day, some disposition to look on the dark side, some strange extravagance of temper or more obstinate dulness how we are tried and repelled! Resistance aggravates the trouble, reply breeds recrimination, argument meets not the case, and reasonableness provokes in the mortified friend anger and abuse. He could be pacified not by your vindication, but your manifest mistake! What is left but the silent appeal? Your feeling, that One knows and decides, shall be a shining in your face, a better answer than all logic or any apology, when every other explanation fails. To the furious King Henry, Beckett says only: *I hear.*

No defence, or charge, like such patience for the royal penance! Prayer is a state of mind, an element more than an expression or act. Why are some persons so disagreeable to us? They are well-bred, intelligent and polite; yet we are not fond of their society. It is because they think so well of themselves. Not in worship, but self-worship they live and move. A well-disguised yet ever-felt conceit is the poison of intercourse. They never in their thought get above the top of their own head, but, like the Pharisee, *pray thus with themselves.* To be lowly is to be lovely. Introduce me to your God and I desire *your* more acquaintance! Be he Trinitarian or Unitarian, Bouddha or Jehovah, typical Father or pervading Power, signifies not so much as your submission. If you bow, I will bow with you; for reverence is the indispensable ground of fellowship, but no upper and nether millstones grind so hard as our mutual pride.

Remove the idea of prayer, and the subtle support is gone. The objection to its efficacy implies that God is external, and so immovable by our mind. But we that pray are part of him, and our prayer is part; and that is his ordination which plays such a part in life. Why has a child such power over the parent that we sometimes say the son or daughter rules the house? Because the child is the parent in part! I went to the funeral of a babe. What a gentle, resistless governor it had been of the family, all the larger orbs of existence revolving around this little one, every voice hushing at its faint cry, every hand raised to meet its want, every shoulder bent for its carriage, every will suborned to its pleasure or whim! While dying, it stretched out its finger

to draw the whole neighborhood round its bier, while it was weak being strong. The parentage and human kind in it were that might and influence, which we have too with our heavenly parentage in us, and to question is to call ourselves bastards misbegot. There is no more genuine and authentic procedure than prayer. No argument against it is so deep, or language of infidel will last so long. Sometimes it so soars as to justify itself in the sight of all men. On its wings it bears the company, and him who offers it to voice the occasion. It is not made by the person that begins and leads in it. It becomes a spirit, born of groanings that cannot be uttered, half articulate on human lips, to rise and sweep all on its wings. Feeling round after God we touch a spring which loosens this incalculable power as though we had the key to a river, or controlled the wind. It is not petition but inspiration; not a dry word but a copious flood; and, after the gracious drops are spent, it is as when a summer-shower cleansing the air has passed, and all things look fresh and green, the meadows smile, and the woods take their finest tints, the sea that had pointed with pale rage every chop-wave, is smoothed by the descending deluge, and not a mote overhangs the traveller's road. Such triumph to purge and calm, to refresh and further as an element of nature, true devotion has. How, despite the blinds and shutters, and dropped curtain, I have seen it scatter the gloom of grief! The house of mourning was indeed better than the house of feasting, to go to for joy. The guests at this dismal-looking coffin-board would hardly dare own the luxury of their spiritual food! The mourning weeds seemed to affront the

white celestial robes; every groan an insult to the upper songs, as in the old dreams angels not only ascended but descended, and the obsequies were a transfiguration. Is it unscientific? Then science must lengthen the cords, and strengthen the stakes of its tent to take it in. That is not half of science which recognizes only outward facts; and he is but a charlatan and science-monger who fancies all can be so reduced to science; and nothing, no instinct, intuition, innate faculty shall be left for its subject beside itself! The human creature is not a mere knowledge-box. There must be self as well as self-acquaintance, as an object for understanding; and our highest state is rapture, on sensibility to beauty, into ignorance of our pains, as soldiers sometimes know not they are hit in battle, or call the wound a scratch; as Shakespeare makes Hotspur refuse to leave the field for a little of his own blood. I am not sick or sad or sinful, if I can contrive with the source of beatitude, holiness and health, not to know that so I am! Life is more than reflection; for why such respect to the corse which is no longer, though so long it was, even your friend's body or form, but for the soul it has been the habitation of? At home and in foreign towns we visit the houses where great men were born or died, and we enter with respect the chambers where good people lived. So we stand by the unoccupied tenement, though abandoned of the spirit of truth and goodness that cannot die.

Let us pray! says the priest; and if the effects are the answers of prayer, the summons is in order; no exercise merits more place. Said a scorner of clergy to the fugitive slave: Your feet, I guess, helped you

more than your knees. But for the knees first, replied the black, I should have had no courage for the feet. No importunity will anticipate the fit course of events. The trouble, said Horace Mann, is that God is not in a hurry and I am! But prayer will strengthen us for our task and restrain us from impatience and mistake. Let us put ourselves into the duty, not the event. We Americans, of all nations, need to learn that the blessing is in the race, not the goal. The journey has pleasure beyond the inn. You will not eat of the trees you plant, one told the venerable Quincy. He thought not to taste the fruit, but did; for the trees died before him, of old age. But his plans for posterity were more delicious to him than any peach; and every good enterprise we start is a prayer for those that come, though we get only to Nebo on our way to the promised land.

The marvel is a Power that is all, yet can make an independency and little kingdom of every breast; each of us being that poor man's castle, the British orator described, which the storm may beat on, but the King not enter. But the prayer, by which we define and blend with him, is his boundary and door. He is in the sky, yet not at arm's length; and prayer is not wasted breath: it is his! Will you figure him as mechanic, carpenter, blacksmith, constructing articles of certain materials? Shop and bench, and forge and tool, and stuff and all out of doors are his muscle or mind; and we cannot breathe out what he does not breathe in. Men like Louis Napoleon consult mediums for pecuniary gain, or a political move on the chessboard. It is no less profane to beg that my venture

may succeed, ship get in, disease depart, or friend recover. I should desire that justice may be done and truth prevail; for then what I pray for is what I pray to, and it cannot be deaf. You doubt the effect of prayer? You would not, without it, have been here to doubt! It wafted you on that voyage, some centuries ago, among the seeds of things God's servants brought. Your future lot is in your present prayer, which must precede all noble effort. The first thing in heaven, said one, will be to have a good cry; over what but the accomplishment of all our entreaties and hopes? But prayer is preparation and preventive too, a check to fate, a brake on the wheels to ruin. It quenches lust, strikes fire of repentance in the flinty heart, shifts us from wrong courses to a safer tack, and persuades the Judge to return to its scabbard the half-unsheathed sword. Struggling among the consequences of violated laws, an executioner's weapon was brandished about me in my day-dreams; but from new obedience the spectre, I saw plain, as Macbeth the outward instrument of his bloody intent, vanished away. I had prayed myself out of the list of transgressors, and was taken from my cell for deliverance, not doom. We petition human authorities, and will not give up the right. What bonds has God come under, into what jail is he put, not to hear or help? David knew with prayer to navigate out of his straits. The will is a good oar; but, caught far from harbor in a calm, and obliged to row home, we have a sense of the value of the wind! At our wit's end, and with nought at our fingers' end, unable to argue, and ignorant how to act, doubt rises like a fog to overspread the landscape and obscure the prospect; or,

with some bad habit honey-combing your conscience, what resort but prayer? As the old divine said, Sinning and praying go not together. A breakwater is not built bolt upright, but sloping to the sea; and with prayer against temptation we meekly bevel our will. All have prayed earnestly who have acted greatly. Washington, disturbed at his devotions, leaps up and thrusts his sword through the panel of the door, and Stonewall Jackson is loud in his closet before he thunders on the field. Is not profanity itself an inverted ghastly appeal nearer to heaven than prayerless unbelief? The great discoverers, Newton, Kepler, Goodyear, wrest the secret from nature, with study and prayer.

This is the proof of its reality, that while we pray something always prays with us. Does not One wish for us what we truly wish for ourselves? There is more need of prayer that the children than that the Father keep faith! "*As though* God did beseech you" dost thou write, O Paul? But he does beseech us! We feel his intercession. He, not Jesus, is Intercessor. He pleads with his children. When they began, one said of certain reformers, they were inspired, but afterwards lost their hold, as they relied on themselves and God stepped out. Did you ever, asked a proud man, see one step like me? Yes, was the answer, the peacock by the pond! "We have a bird of paradise up here," wrote my friend from the country, of a woman vain of her attire. But the woman goes to church, handles the gold and velvet volume, kneels with the congregation, makes the responses, misses no motion more than a member of the monitorial school, and hits like a bullet the right place for the *Amen*. But sickness, sorrow

and death make sad work with the wardrobe of vestry or ball. Yet let not true devotion suffer prejudice from the false! A touch on the long cord running under the roof of the cars stops the train; may we not arrest the divine judgments in their speed to disaster by a spiritual touch? Piety has been a cant word, and science is one now; but no inventory of the house we live in is complete, which gives the earthy utensils of will and calculation, and leaves the gems and precious vessels of feeling out.

XIII.

UNITY.

THE tendency for a thousand years has been to abolish distinctions. The threefold difference, which philosophy has conspired with theology to maintain, is fast becoming an antiquity. The triad is going, as the tripod has gone. Mr. Thackeray said, *One thing I will tell you, I believe in none of the trigonometries.* In the practice of Trinitarians, the tri-personality is losing emphasis and repetition, dropping out of sermon and prayer as advancing science flanks this Roman wedge of the ancient creed.

But what is unity? Not singularity, but harmony. Number, in which Plato found dialectic value, is the unit multiplied; God is one and manifold. Three persons in the deity? No, all persons in the deity! There is in life no point, line, angle, triangle. Nature is gradation, differentiation, a circle or universal joint. So we are not monotheists like the Mohammedans and the Jews, more than pantheists or polytheists.

> "*Sole* self-existing God and Lord,
> Great cause of all things dwell'st *alone*":

Such epithets grate on the tongue and ear, as they affirm

the falsehood of a separate Being. Our speech implies an arbitrary Divinity. We say: He could do thus and so, otherwise than he does if he pleased; as the wit said, he could have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but did not. Surely he cannot do better than he does! The irreverence were to say that he *will* not. He is not capricious. His freedom is his necessity; nor can he help or change his choice. He does his best! What we love lies on the bed, or is laid in the tomb. It is, in the circumstances, his utmost boon, compass of his strength, stretch of his goodness, as much as the bliss of the bride standing at the altar, or new-born babe asleep in the crib. Was he less my friend, did he yearn more feebly for my good, when my life was a burden, and in the morning I wished it night, and in the night morning, than now that the cup, dipped in his spring, foams and runs over at the brim? Can he devour his children, as Calvinism, repeating the old fable of Saturn, affirms? Impossible; God sets no example, as first huge cannibal, to the Fejees. He cannot get along, and he would not *be*, without his children. "I and my Father are one." How shallow to make that Christ's peculiarity! *Nature*, *humanity*: what mean these modern words but unity in all nations' blood and creation's frame, the reappearance of the same power in some new travesty or disguise? The electric spark, heaven's shining is packed in anthracite, to turn to heat again in your grate and the sun dug from his burial in Pennsylvania coal: why not fallen Lucifer to become a good angel again among the "ever bright and fair"? Everywhere the resistless unity runs its telegraph. Unpardonable sin is explained away, eternal

punishment dare not show its head; the captured colors of old dogmas hung up in the hall never to wave in battle again; there is a way to heaven round through hell, like that through arctic straits to the warm circumpolar sea; the awful circles of Dante's *Inferno*, antechambers and tiring-rooms of Paradise, and Swedenborg's eternal evil are for no particular persons! If the Florentine poet can navigate Purgatory, any Englishman or Yankee can follow, as the Frozen Bay, once entered, soon swarms with ships. We are in one boat, and steer to one fate; all, said Abraham Lincoln, immortal or none. Salvation is universal, or there is no salvation. Of this conviction, science is the voice. Is it hostile to religion? It picks Genesis to pieces, stretches out interminably the age of man, ridicules the stifling for a general resurrection at the last trump, takes down the fences of Eden, and drives the angel with the flaming sword from the garden wall, abolishes the deluge and Noah's dove, demonstrates the impossibility of any ark holding pairs of all animal tribes to float over the boundless sea, proves Adam and Eve myths of some poet, not creatures of God, crowns its triumph by refuting the notion of specific creation as not standing to reason or conforming to fact, and establishes unity of origin and destiny, as of structure and design. In this terrible reducing analysis is Divinity left at the bottom of the crucible? No Hebrew Divinity, no god of any nation, rambling round in spots, taking sides in battle; but the friend and fountain of all, the impartial sentinel of the seraph and the worm, the avenger of the wrong to

a dumb beast, no less than to a beloved son, a deity greater than ever got into prayer or song!

But how about the family jars in this little house? When the earth quakes, what does it but shudder at the sins of its inhabitants? What does the outpouring of Vesuvius picture but eruptions more fearful from the human heart; and what but our iniquity and shame, is the curiosity that rushes more eager to the volcano of wrath, than to that of fire? What is our civil war but the meeting of two thunder-clouds in mid-heaven? Talk of unity in the race, when bruised France, throwing down the sponge, after paying her milliards to Prussia, only waits like a boxer, not owning beat, to bind up her wounds and renew the duel in which she fell half-dead to the ground! But whence the volcano, earthquake, lightning-storm? Has satanic force, outwitting God, caused these *material* outbreaks; or the first transgression upset the course of nature? Can any Baptist, Presbyterian or descendant of the Puritans, dull of taste and devoid of fancy, deny that the beauty of the world rises from these convulsions, heaving it from its dead level to make mountains the parents of rivers and sieves of soils, for grains and flowers through a thousand gardens and fields; and with their tremendous shoveling dig a cistern for the sea? How then about the passions, of which these throes are nature's tongue? Have they circumvented the Most High? Was the disobedience of Adam and Eve His disappointment and surprise, and did he repent making man? Have we turned his line of march? No; sin is part of his plan as much as the deluge that drowns it. He put anger in the breast as he pent up the central

fire and kindled the ragings of strife, that make history, as surely as those that lifted Teneriffe, Milton's type of the devil, a huge straw through the boiling sea. Does the excessive passion or inordinate act because foreseen, preappointed and utilized, cease to be sin and shame? Not at all! No philosophy has ever succeeded in cancelling conscience, or drawing the teeth of remorse. That art of dentistry is uninvented! They will gnash at and bite into your falsehood, robbery, treachery, lust, none the less that these wrongs turn out the sharpest tools in the chest, whetted like the surgeon's lancets and drills. For my optimism never fear! It will not make me fall in love with my pride and envy, or any man's murder or fleshly vice, more than with pain and anguish shooting through my frame. If God is answerable to prove all without alloy to the last dime in his treasury, I, as part of him, for my disposition and conduct must answer too; and, if the upshot be blessed, the reckoning will be severe.

Say what we will of disunity among nations or men, there is a longing after it in the heart of our race. Quarrel we Yankees with our English stock as we will;

> "Yet still, from either beach,
> The voice of blood shall reach, —
> We are *one*."

Whatever low elements mingle in such movements, the *Commune* and *International* show, through all distinctions of peoples and classes, human creatures the same stuff; none to be denied a place at the table or confined to the kitchen, or kept at a side-board, or thrust out of doors. No pure hatred in the Parisians

threw the petroleum or pulled down the column on the Place Vendôme. With meaner motives mingled a sublime sacrifice of French glory to a cosmopolite aim. Are these strikes, that run from the Warwickshire peasants to the bricklayers in New York, expressions of animosity, or assertions of fellowship? Let us go shares, say the weaker creatures to the lion of capital; and, though he growls over what he has heaped up and set apart for himself, he looks prudently round at the number of claimants, and will come down.

Unity is the *sense* of unity, not a birthmark or birthright, like an heir's title to his property; but an earning of property to be realized yet. We talk of the simplicity of a child. There is no such thing. Simplicity is the last result of character. The child is simple if that is to be without disguise. But it dwells in multitude, is very complex, has never analyzed its nature or disentangled itself from its toy or nurse. It is a peninsular part of the mainland of its kind; an undivided lot, an unredeemed territory, a mass of inclinations, a life without object, as the Latin writer describes it, taking up or laying down without knowing why. It has no divine filial consciousness. It is a miniature of human ancestry. Many progenitors rolled up small with their ambitions and appetites lie asleep, or just begin to stir at the base of its brain. It is not properly speaking young; but comes a veteran upon the stage, a chip of the old block, and shows features of body and mind from before the Flood. Only as conscience and love and the Holy Ghost begin to work or play, it modifies this inherited type, and becomes personal, one with God, his servant and son.

What a delusion to say we are by nature the children of God! The apostle says we are by nature the children of wrath. Only by the spirit are we children of God; the Pharisees were children of the devil. Swedenborg said, The oldest angels in heaven are the youngest; and I suppose we shall spend our eternity finding it out.

This unity classifies men. Its perception is power. One man is a cause, an originative force, a fresh hand at the bellows; another is a result, deposit and effect, dropped like the silt at a river's mouth, made and got up, mud and pudding-stone that will take no polish or edge. One flows in or floats along, another increases, and propels the stream. One kneads the dough which another is! One passes through the street drawn hither and thither like a leaf in the eddy, lounging and glancing around with no end in view, gazing into the shop-windows or staring at the faces of the passers-by; his attention arrested by every vehicle or show. But with what steady walk and undiverted look, incurious of trifles, absorbed in some theme, Channing, Everett and Webster trod the pavement! *That man has made up his mind*, said one, looking at a portrait of Cromwell, with its firm closure of the lips and its eye fixed and unwinking, like the organ of vision in all great men. This, raised to its highest power, was the oneness of Christ, which he begged for his followers. What did he add to the material resources of the race? He left his father's bench; he rubbed in his hands the ears of corn he did not plant; he drew and drank from the well he did not dig. To be more a consumer than producer is to be a thief? But there is production above the range of political economy. What amount

of harvesting and manufacture and mining and fishing would reach the sum of value brought by the most causal and causative man in history, who did not earn his salt, and was "the salt of the earth"? Ideas from their unseen springs well into wealth; nor has the rich man's gift or widow's mite any other source.

This feeling of unity is such glory that in it a man is God to his fellows, voices his truth, enacts his goodness; nor in sea or star, temple made with or without hands, is Deity to be seen or worshipped as impersonated in a human form! We speak of our friend's many virtues. They are all one. I carried a bunch of flowers to a woman. Which color do you like best; the dandelion-gold, violet-blue, or cherry-white? The *white*, she replied. Well, all the tints are in the one! The colorless ray is dispersed through a prism into every hue of the rainbow, and re-gathered. The Blue humility, Red love and Yellow hope lurk in the spotless ray. Purity is not negative. In it is the lowliness, faith and love; perfection of white heat. Impurity is a dull and sour, ill-smelling and smoky flame.

Unity is from the touches being all in the same line, so that every stroke tells as in boring a Hoosac or Mont Cenis tunnel; while mean aims lead into all manner of duplicity. Humility is more terrible than pride, because it lets the God of truth and justice through, till we tremble. It is a travelling judgment-seat that shines in the eye, and a last trumpet in every tone. Unaffected lowliness is instrumentality of God, grand and hard to stand before, while vanity is a feather we laugh at. The kneeling Cromwell was more to be feared than the domineering Charles; and before the Iron-

side saints in the ranks prince Rupert's plumed cavalry went down. In the pocket of the dead German soldier is found a prayer-book; in the Frenchman's a play-bill or mistress's portrait. Does not that explain the issue?

The divine immanence or immediacy is the secret of power. If God be distant or second-hand, we are a good while about our prayers and repetitions. How remote he must be, to take an hour's talk of liturgy to reach him, as the shouting Methodist was told the Lord must be far-off if he had to halloo so after him! Napoleon says, Victor Hugo had to be put out of the way because he hindered God and undertook to traverse his designs. To further them is the only strength; and genius is putting one's self in their current. Evil *genius* is a misnomer. Talent may be misapplied; but all poetry, painting, eloquence is moral and religious. It is creation of a higher order than any forming of the planets. It is the inward nebula condensed into an essay or song finer than the world-stuff rounded into shining orbs. Self-sacrifice for others' salvation is no wilful generosity or intentional act, but an inspiration. It is God's sacrificing his child or himself in his child! He that was before Abraham, brings an Isaac to the altar! As my friend's husband sails with his companion in the bay, the boat is struck with a squall. He cries out, from the tiller he sticks to: *Hand the jib, bale out, don't catch your foot, look out for yourself;* and goes down himself in the settling stern, while his fellow leaps out and swims ashore. We call it virtue or disinterestedness. It was what he could not help; no premeditated purpose or merit! A spirit wrought through him to sublime action and perfect

joy. He was at one with his Maker, and in heaven in his thought.

This unity is immortality. In it you cannot doubt, more than God does. To argue the question, to lean on a miracle, to take another's word or testimony, to plead a written promise, to quote the Bible for proof, is to deny the faith. You believe not your destiny when you question it. In your figure of the valley and shadow of death you are fallen from grace. Resurrection indeed? For the body how undesirable. God spare us that! We want not to see ourselves or one another in these old carcases, fished from the ground like rags from the gutter. Can the soul descend, that it should need to rise? "Destroy this temple, and I will raise it up;" "he spake of the temple of his body." Who believes that material phantom of flesh has gone to glory? *Once dead*, said one, *I do not expect to be able to pick myself up*. She felt no identity with her cause, like him who said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave." The piety, that could not part itself from its object, put its confidence into that psalm, and did not want any ghost to keep up its courage! Did the Oriental *Nirwana* mean annihilation of personal being, or surrender of private will? With the particular professor every doctrine varies its sense; for in no form of words can any idea be held. If that idea be harmony of the human with the divine, so complete that the finest listening can detect no jar, it is not death, but the acme of life. We are not immortal by monopoly of any good. On what business fly the angels of sickness and sorrow and death, but to overcome what separates us from our source and

our kind; and, like certain birds of raven plumage, when they spread their wings, disclose hues of gold and crimson underneath! Compunction for sin, the blackest visitant of all, hides the bright ascension but for awhile. Without sin, no saint! A faultless person? Some Jesus, that never in any extremity hesitated, or in whatever access of emotion went beyond or left the mark? What an uninteresting individual, what a monster of excellence! No; the cup trembled in his hand. He did not see his Father sometimes! He, the Father, had vanished away into God. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But he forsook not God! He would not be shaken off. He clung to the arm that was letting down to drown him in the flood; and which, because he was willing to be drowned, lifted him back, not to earth, but paradise. An impeccable, immaculate creature? That is not God's way with any one. Out of shadow rises our sun of righteousness, as well as the day-star. There is a blue streak in all our joy and nobility. Those other two tears, Milton paints in Eve's eyes, from her fear of offence to her mate, are her best beauty. Sin is the *sense* of sin; and the sense of it is the pledge of honor. Without it in my education I would not wish to be!

Religion, in this feeling of unity, which is the foundation of morality, excludes egotism. Why does it seem so ridiculous for a man to tell us of his virtues and good deeds? Because they are not his, more than the spring you dip your pail into. People sometimes speak of their charities, how much they have given for this cause or that. The disbursing agents of the government might as well be proud of the rewards and

pensions they distribute by law! Where did you get what you give, but by putting your hand into the King's treasury? He trusts more to one than to another; nor can we say of his, as of some presidential appointments, that they are not good, that he favors the bad by keeping them in his employ or pay! But a man celebrates his own righteousness for an example! He is a modest man; yet he informs the public, through the press or from the platform, that he is a Temperance man, a Teetotaler; has not tasted a drop of liquor for the last forty years. Doubtless the abstinence is excellent, the pattern of sobriety fine. But you should not call attention to it yourself! A vain woman displaying the fashion of her dress, a dandy exhibiting the shape of his limbs or cut of his coat, is not so offensively self-complacent as a person parading his moral qualities. You have the control of this base appetite for ardent spirits, and are a volunteer witness. What other virtues and graces do you possess? Make a clean breast of them. Let not your witness stop at one point! Let us have the complete inventory of your uprightness! You have not touched the alcohol, which we must label poison when it is not a medicine? Have I kept the law of purity, through all the years of my married life been a chaste husband; or have I been perfectly honest, never stole a cent; or am I kind to the unfortunate, and good to my poor relations? When I publish I spoil my worth! God or man is not pleased with my plea of merit. Why not? Because it is not mine! I borrow it every jot, from my Maker and my kind. Blow his own trumpet will he? The trumpet is not his to blow, or

the tune! Humility is the only suit goodness ever wears. O self-admiring peacock, in the yard, did you make the feathers and colors in the tail which, as you strut to and fro, you lift so high and spread so wide? It is said when Professor Morse put on all his medals and decorations of honor, the gifts of princes and nations, he outshone any nobleman at the party. But genius or virtue can do without its honors or defending in court its claims. Did I ever help, console, inspire you to a throb of love or with a thought of truth? I was a mere agent, as much as if I bought cotton or corn. Do you furnish me with the means to continue credit and extension in this great business of character? You are God's broker! All the funds and stocks he owns. Many a man in this country might have been President, but for the mistake of exalting himself, and putting the shining crown of achievement or martyrdom on his own head!

This unity excludes, moreover, Materialism. The Materialist has no idea of the Infinite or One. The world is in pieces to him, and everything is made out of these pieces; the elements are parents; the rain hath no Father and none alive begot the drops of dew. In such conception what barren sense! One immensity generating and including all particulars, is the only rational thought. The materialist begins wrong; his first term a falsehood; he puts the soul in the world instead of the world in the soul. My body may be in space, but not I. Space is an attribute not continent of the soul. My figure is little higher than the table; but my spirit is beyond the sky. "Put out the light, and then put out the light," says Othello of his candle

and Desdemona's life. Blow out the light of reason, and you would put out all the lights of the firmament with the same breath. The eye is constituent of the light. There were no shining, but for sight! We think things are without us. Goethe says to the would-be discoverer of the secret inside of nature, O Philistine, there is no inside! Nay,— there is no outside! Is that study-chair outside of me? My mother rocked me in it when I was a two-years' child. As I look at it, in my fancy it moves from the room and the moment, fifty years back and a hundred miles away. As I dream, I find myself once more in my mother's lap. I hear the regular strokes on the sanded floor as she swings the four rude wooden legs to and fro, back and forth, to hush me to sleep. Is it so much stuff and carpentry? Take out of the chair what my thoughts, memories, affections, associations put into it, and how much of the chair would be left? Anything is what we make it with our thought. The parishioner meeting his minister, in front of the West Boston Church, asked him if he did not think it the handsomest one in town! What painters his eyes were, what a decorator his fancy, what a gilder and carver his memory, and what a beautifier his heart!

What is the great globe, apart from our conception, and the history of its inhabitants? A mere mud-ball, its core a rock! But how different, occupied with swarming tribes of animals and men, traversed with ships and cars, caravans and balloons, measured on the sliding-scale of all the heavenly orbs, and put into the orrery of our mind! The earthquake that shakes it, and the volcano that relieves, have scientific dignity in

the observer's view. The primary and secondary properties are lent to matter by the mind, without which it would have no properties. The Spiritualist is the proper materialist; for he alone makes any account of matter. To the materialist it is an accident. It is only permanent as a reflection of the soul. If I were told Europe had been submerged, said one, I should not be surprised. "The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" ought not to astonish the man whose only philosophy is of sensible impressions. He has never cared to ask who he is, or why he is here. He does not know himself nor understand his own curiosity or joy. He is a great baby, who coasts along by the continent of his own nature and has not separated himself from the gross whole to see and play his part in the finer spiritual all, by and through and over which he is with God. "Help must come from without, from God": "He is at an infinite remove from man," say the Methodist brother and Congregational paper. As if God were without afar and could turn his back on us. He has no back to turn! He is all countenance, pure evangel, to his palace no back door. It fronts every way; and if Jesus hated even the Scribes and Pharisees, he was in error so far. There is love for the sinner in the denunciation of his sin; or no right to denounce! The moment of our aversion from a fellow-being we are sinners ourselves, astray from the fold and off the track, denying our own birthright. To trust God is to affirm that there is no fatality. No fragment he will not gather up, flaw he will not mend stronger than ever; no atom of matter

he will throw away, or morsel of humanity he will not save.

This faith is the spring of excellence, for it makes us like the one we believe in, with a temper that glorifies every sect, of Calvin or Luther, elders or deacons, presbyter and Quaker, Jew and Christian, reason and Rome. I called at the Carney Hospital to see a Unitarian brother minister long and sorely tried with disease of the eyes. A sister, in dark dress, but with a broad square white hat as a halo on her head, answered the bell. Doubting my admission, I said the invalid had been a class-mate of mine, and I thought it possible he might like to see me. *He would indeed*, replied a soft and holy voice, *but this very day he has gone.* As I turned, I lingered to make conversation of one word more with the woman that seemed peculiar, apart from the world, and consecrated to her task; and I said, *He is a good man.* Her quiet face kindled, and was full of a pure light, as she cried, *He is a little child!* I said to myself, What quality is in that look and manner, such a contrast in our community where the fashion of many young women renders home beforehand expensively impossible, and the driving of the men is like that of Jehu? Protestants have not only to teach, but learn of Catholics. Away with our conceit of superior wisdom in our order or connection of Christians! Honors are divided. There is a pattern to emulate, as to set!

Religion, being unity, is the *Commonwealth.* Call nothing common, sayest thou O Peter? I shall call everything so! *Common* is the noble word. I own part of Boston Common, said Father Taylor, but which part I

will not tell. That is most precious which nobody can appropriate. Not on the splendid dwelling, Public Library or church, that make the architectural fringe of yonder open acres, does the eye rest with such pleasure as on the space free to every foot where Democrat and Republican meet, and do not jostle; Unitarian and Calvinist pass with a smile; the mechanic treads on the heels of the millionaire; the boys coast, rich and poor, over the snow in winter; the baby's carriage is drawn safe as a locomotive on the track, and the birds sing in the branches over all! God is the Common of our souls. You will never find your joy or virtue in any separate possession, but in what you take or travel to with the rest of your race. There is, in the State of Maine, a beautiful basin of waters, called Merry-Meeting Bay. Several streams, instinctively seeking each other from wide tracts of territory, flow into one. It is an image of commingling souls. It is Moore's figure in his familiar song,

"And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

We meet in one body because we believe, despite difference of opinion, there is for us all one truth. Pictures of many artists and opposite schools line the same gallery, because we know there is but one beauty after which every stroke of every pencil strives. The case is tried in court because we are sure there is an award of eternal justice, could we find it out. Politicians call their declaration of principles a platform, which they can stand on as one man, when they have agreed upon the planks. A theological creed we hate.

It bursts with the growing knowledge it cannot contain or confine. Yet the creed is made by this same love of unity. I could not abide a liturgy, but forms of worship and books of common prayer express the longing for unison. Liberty, progress, exploration of new paths, cries the reformer. But your army or expedition must not be all scouts. The main body, under strict discipline of rank and file, must march in compact order. We are pleased with by-paths we discover; but, when we go on a journey, we take the common road. People amuse themselves and instruct us as to the condition of the community by counting the passengers and vehicles in an hour or day along some frequented street or at some crowded corner. The numbers are nought to those in certain currents of feeling and tracks of faith. Blessed constitution of human nature, without which society would have no cement, history no existence, because events would have no continuity! How it furthers us, to have an understood method of help, greeting and good-will; to nod, bow, shake hands, lift the hat, bid good-evening, and not begin again every time to convince everybody of our dispositions and designs as if we were proving a sum in Colburn, or theorem in Euclid! I am pleased with your serpentine avenue, but when I want to get on, give me the turnpike! Your pretty private fancy diverts me; but I advance by the Common Law.

This is the value of the Church. It is a road which generations travel, smooth and level for infant feet. We learn to walk not in a forest, but on a floor; and we train our children not in a wilderness of specula-

tion, but in the ways of general belief and common sense.

The Bible is a road. How the fathers kept it, and the sons, however they mend or lengthen it, must keep on! You tell me there is other literature, ancient and modern, just as good. You quote sentences and beg me to compare. Did not Confucius state the golden rule as well as Jesus? Have not the Mahometan and Hindoo books as wise sayings as those of Moses, Solomon or Paul? No doubt! I deny not the good texts in the Vedas and Koran. But this other Eastern lore is not in the line of our inheritance, not the path which Providence laid out for our sires or ourselves. This Bible is our intellectual road, the main trunk, at least, whatever branches we switch off into. This Old and New Testament are the double-track by which our tribes, families and civilized races come and go! I visited a woman, aged and sick in her chamber. You can read or be read to? I inquired. I read the Bible, she answered, with much comfort. What is the secret and charm about this Bible? It is but a book. We must not idolize it. We must not lean on a Letter. Herein is the power of its spell: it is the spiritual road. No more does the level grade, the mark of wheels uncounted, the fine dust which stones have been ground into, or the straight onward line that stretches to your home or the city-walls, show where the population have found it wise and good to drive or trudge, than by all moral signs this old volume points for us life's pilgrimage. What the feeble woman read by her bedside, she did not read alone or for the first time. Her husband, before he

died, had perused the same page. Her parents, ere she was born, had pondered it. Her children over her coffin, at her grave, after the places that had known and should know her no more, would turn over the same leaves, by which myriads not of her kindred had been, and were still to be consoled. It is no private or household utensil that you handle in this book, but a compound battery. It runs through all ages and reaches into all lands. I feed on it as I do on corn and wheat, because it is the sustenance of my kind, proved wholesome by great and wide and long experience. Do the parables teach, or beatitudes cheer you? 'Tis partly that such multitudes have been taught and cheered! Jesus wept in Gethsemane; but other tears than his have fallen in the garden, which more persons have visited than ever crossed the sea or beheld Palestine save in that holy imagination, which, and no so far off region, makes the Holy Land. However bad in spots, to need mending, it is the good old road!

Physics and metaphysics agree in this principle of correlation without and communion within, of oneness everywhere, which all diversity and variety but publish and subserve. Our commonwealth, the disciples' having all things in common, the communion of the Lord's Supper and of the Holy Ghost hint this logic of unity in manifold ways. It implies simplicity in the universe and excludes duality. Two essences, substances, foundations are not. There is no room for sin as a reality, or for Satan as a rival of God, or for hell as a doom of eternal woe. Sin is want of harmony, collision with the law, which we do not break, but which

breaks us! It is coldness from lack of life, shadow from leaving the vertical sun; nothing in itself but loss or unattainment. Wickedness is weakness; delinquency is emptiness; evil is nothing; the devil is nobody, "a poor creature," said the pious woman to the profane wretch, that told her he was the Evil One as he confronted her in the night. God alone is Being; goodness is vital and strong.

Repose in the Power that made us and attracts us to its centre like the sun, "is the conclusion of the whole matter." A young babe was brought and put into my arms. It lay very quietly there; but, as I observed, it turned its *eyes* to rest on its mother with infinite content. In those restful eyes, in which the mother too found her rest, I saw an image of the whole relation, human and divine. We turn our eyes to our Father; He turns his to us; and, in the meeting, parental and filial, the universe has its poise; and this living rest in the One inspires a temper none can despise, a grace whose charm it is vain to resist. Governor Wise, of Virginia, wanted John Brown to be condemned; considered him unsafe alive, refused to pardon, insisted on the doom, was pleased to have him executed on the gallows and thought there was no use for him but to be hung. But Governor Wise could not withhold his tribute to the felon in court, the victim who, on his way from the prison to the scaffold, enfiladed with soldiers, surrounded with insignia of the civil power, showed no sorrow, regret, resentment or wish to escape; but, contemplating the horizon as calmly as you in your pleasure-tour in the country or by the sea, expressed his delight in the surrounding

scene! Since Golgotha and the cross no posture more sublime, so that the slaveholder had to join with the abolitionist, the South with the North, in one rapture of praise!

It is this outcome, or outgo of man from the income of God, which concludes dispute. A famous preacher is reported to have said it would misbecome God not to make an eternal difference between Calvin, the sound teacher, and Channing the heretic; an unambiguous hint that the former must now be in heaven, and the latter in hell. I presume the Baptist Doctor never saw the Unitarian saint, and has made some monster in his fancy to call by his name; as I remember it was a sport of the boys in my childhood to fashion a scarecrow or demon out of inky rags, or set a fierce light to blaze through the grinning features carved in the shell of a pumpkin. Could the gentle soul, that I knew as Channing, expressing itself in such benignant smiles, soft motions and gentle intonations, stand before him, the thundering preacher, who beats the pulpit-cushions and aggravates his voice, would be ashamed and astonished at presuming to be his judge, perhaps willing to sit at his feet and learn the first lessons of charity. Channing not on the great roll of honor, lost from the list of salvation, never numbered with the elect or allowed to sing in the upper choir the song of the redeemed; discrowned at the last bar of the honor he had on the earth, the palm and harp struck from his hand! What crime had he committed? What man or woman corrupted? What man's gold, silver or apparel coveted, more than Paul, that the gate should be shut in his face, and Calvin, the murderer of Servetus for

difference of opinion, admitted rather into Paradise? Is "Barabbas preferred" there also? He may be forgiven; but if he ranks or outranks his successor's liberal soul, it can be for no superior claim he carried with him when he died; and you may call the place Channing has gone to perdition, if you please, but let me go to the same rather than to any shining mansion where I should be confined to the cruel Genevan's society, whom I knew enough of when I was a boy! If the simple goodness of the man, he maligns for heresy, were presented to the sectarian critic, in personal relations and passages of actual life, he would have to own it, or commit the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

Character is the bond. As we glide along the road, through those little iron conductors overhead, glances the lightning a thousand times as fast. As you sail or steam across the deep, something under its monstrous bottom outstrips your speed. It is a friendly, commercial, diplomatic message, to tell of safety, seal contracts, promote enterprise, prevent war. But an element more subtile and strong must link mankind together. It is justice and fair dealing, an honorable purpose, a humane sentiment, of which the material messenger is but servant and instrument. It is not the millions, more or less, of direct or indirect damages, but the disposition to repair wrong, which keeps us from fighting with England; and without which no specious apology could pass for a legal tender. Character is the bond betwixt nations as individuals.

Their bearing on the formation of character is the plea for religious institutions. We speak slightingly of conventionalities; but a highway is a necessity without

which we could not live. I tried lately to get to a certain point through the woods. I soon found myself uncertain and astray, I knew not how. My feet slipped on the smooth grass or uneven ground, or slumped through the mud and ice which the crevices in the thickets still held. A thousand briars scratched my clothes and skin, and ten thousand twigs bent like whalebone to spring back and smartly smite my face. Thorns got into my shoes and pierced like goads, so I had to take the stockings off. Swamps, almost impassable, lay between the hills; hard ledges to climb, and deep pitfalls unawares to tumble into. I travelled many miles when there was but one to go; spent many hours when a few minutes would have sufficed; and my forenoon went in winding in and out, up and down, round and about, till I was nearly lost, and glad to get out upon the county-road, rush to the cars, and not miss the last train! Forms of belief and worship are social bonds. In the nullification-days a friend, finding General Jackson in low spirits, condoled with him by saying he thought the political peril would soon pass. O, said the brave President, it is not Mr. Calhoun's South Carolina doctrines that are troubling me, but these divisions in the Methodist Church. Look to the links and buckles in the tackling of the mighty team! A cord bursting, that had bound some guides and travellers together on the Matterhorn, several of them slid and fell to the bottom of the mountain. Disruption of the social tie leads to worse calamity. It was a touching symbol, at the hanging of a criminal by the Vigilance Committee in California, when all the citizens took hold of the rope. *Liberty first and Union*

afterwards, wrote my friend for his motto; but *union* is the condition, not the supplement of liberty. Without a tribunal, what were the lock of teams in the street, to the inextricable jam of human concerns? Take your own place in the procession; that is kindness to others as justice to yourself. But go alone, heedless of his neighbor, who can? Crusoe, Selkirk, Mungo Park is but half a man.

> "Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran?"

Indeed, is the savage, living on chance game or berries in the woods, free as the citizen? Dogma or ritual has a claim, apart from its absolute truth or beauty, as an attempt of human creatures to cling together; for the hope of mankind is common. No individual would think of shooting the gulf alone! Union of mutual affections is the suspension-bridge on which we expect to cross. All human souls are notes in the great musician's symphony, which rings from the harmony of his attributes, for Beethoven and Schubert to overhear and jot down in their scales and scores. Can he spare from his orchestra one instrument or tone? If his, like the pianist's hands, must span every octave of the keys, and use combinations which no arithmetic could count, then whoever can add one strain of softest vibration, or interval of silence betwixt the chords, contributes to the tune. I heard a bird sing on the Cape, mid thunder and lightning, rain and hail. He believed not in destruction, but the sun, life and light. Your doubt of surviving is in your own separation from deity. But God is unit of which every spirit is a fraction. If

an atom fall, the integer is gone. "Our life is a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away"; but the vapor is not destroyed; who shall tell in what shape of glory it shall reappear in the eternal sky? My soul but a drop? Yet the drop is everlasting as the sea; and the drops commingle. I thought my brother, who roars and thunders in the desk on Sunday, would shut me out of bliss. I meet him in a week-day by the way or in the cars, and he is no savage maul of heretics, no flail to thrash a Radical, but gracious as a Unitarian brother in his caress.

But the desire to live, some call egotistical and selfish. Not if one personate God, and voice his truth! You may never say I, but be silent in company, as William of Orange, Cromwell, Hawthorne or Grant; and yet seek your own interest. That is egotism! If the I, that you are, be like the great I you come from, we cannot have too much of it, more than the lover in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" could have excess of music when it was "the food of love."

Pure spirit we cannot be. Some anchorage of institutions we must have. But, with all fixture, leave room for growth. Close not the soul quite in! Utter freedom from standards, said one, is like an egg trying to get along without a shell. Well, the egg, in God's purpose and the mother's care, does not get along *with* a shell! If there be warmth and growth, a living creature chips it, and walks forth yellow and callow to the end of its being in the sphere of motion and light. Let the Church be rather like the tiny house found on the shores of Eastern seas, made for itself by the infant-fish, at first a mere dot or point. But, as the inhabitant lives

and grows, he puts on a wing. He makes a solid circular whorl in his architecture of stone. In each successive year he widens his mansion with a new curve and paints it with more exquisite tints; but keeps the outer end ever more largely open, till the long suite of chambers, which he deserts at last, is picked up a plaything for our children, and a lesson, of God and nature, for a hospitable gate. Must door and dwelling go? Is our life a *cloud*, that "stains the white radiance of eternity"? Even the cloud is immortal and indestructible. Shelley's verse is good for creature or cloud:

"I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare;
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air;
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And, out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again."

In this plea for Unity, Difference is not forgot. Whence our interest in the border of the least insignificant thing? It is that in the very nature of the creation is a necessity that things should be distinguished and set apart over against each other. The Romans had a *god* of bounds! The Infinite One would not have divers kinds confounded or confused. Did the mighty sum, as some are pleased to speculate, spring from one germ? I know not at all, and I care not

much. I but know the individual objects and creatures are diversified now! Man is not a monkey at present, and woman is not a man. We want from him no monkey-tricks, and from her no mannish airs; no masculinity in one sex or femininity in the other. True womanhood and true manhood — if God understood his business — are not the same. Unsexed do you say any woman is? May a man not be so as well, and is he not as often? I will not say that the soft, smooth male idlers that lounge in the street and hang about the house, and are so dainty in what they eat, drink, and are clothed withal, and are arrayed like nothing in the field, anywise approach or remind us of their sisters, whose privilege is more the roof and the hearth, with a careful and graceful costume. Rather these bearded, muscular drones of inefficiency, are degenerate specimens and warnings of their own sex, despised alike of women and men. Be according to your type; and, in favor of God's image in you, leave your coarse and brutish antecedents behind! Perhaps you did, in the long line of ages, come from some lower form. A fish, reptile, fierce denizen of the forest, wild courser of the prairie, rough creature in its den, wily dweller in a cave or hole, may be among your ancestry somewhere long ago and far away. But we, your fellow-creatures here, would fain have from, or descry in you no serpent-fangs or fishy eyes, no bearish hugs or wolfish growls, no foxy doublings or tiger-springs; many as are the people that suggest to us cat or catamount, the artful opossum or venomous snake. Let the generation of vipers stay behind, its human sense exhausted and spent in Christ's application to the

Pharisees! Run in the channels of your better nature, and observe its larger bounds!

What a charm there is in some persons' perfect poise of never too little or too much; a gracious carriage matched with a balanced mind! It is beauty, more than any regular feature or complexion of the lily and the rose. No skin so fair as a gracious frame. It is but the handsome hem to a motion and constitution more grand. I was pleased with a romance-writer who had the courage to make his heroine no beauty in the common acceptation of that word, of brilliant tints and rounded limbs and shining hair; yet with modest traits, so steadfast and retiring, walking the line of decorum with such even step and so radiant with kindness in expressions transcending all limits like beams of the sun, that no member of her circle could escape her spell.

What but this symbolic hint of a moral quality is the secret of our delight in the proportions of nature, the arch of the sky and balance of the land and sea? It is the figure of human perfection! This is the reason we admire the lawful order, which no hurly-burly of the storm can shake or overset. I went to see the Cyclone strike the Coast at the end of the neighboring Cape. Beyond all description the scene was sublime. But what, I asked myself, is the cause of the pleasure in the whirldwind above and unheaval below? Was it the enormous width of the theatre in which went on the mighty play of the winds and waves? Was it so much gross weight of water, lifted and tossed like a feather from the ocean-bed? Was it an imagination of the terrible spiral of the tempest as it swept from Southern shores to wrap the promontories

a thousand miles away, in its swift vapor and reverberating din? No, — it was the bound which even the hurricane was obliged to keep! Had the tornado threatened to carry away the granite bulwarks of the green and smiling land, the feeling would have been not gladness but fear. But nature kept her footing, and we, who gazed, in all the commotion kept ours. In the menace seemed to lurk some alarm, as the gale curled the billows' monstrous heads, and hung them "with deafening clamors" in the air; and the white caps beneath the blast spread their dimensions into fluttering robes of spotless wool; and every rocky reef looked an Alpine summit, cut off, of whirling powdery snow; and over every wharf and jutty and bastion of stone flew the angry spray to dash in the passer's face, and only a sail or two could be discerned as they labored in the offing through the surge, the flock of ships having escaped to port in their fright; leaving lumber from a hundred cargoes flung or shot ashore with the perpetual discharge as of iron ordnance in the cannonade of the surf, which fell back in restless patches of creamy foam, while men and boys ran to take advantage of the under tow, and snatch a box of shingles or bit of timber or stray clapboard from some crevice into which it had been thrown. But the sense of solidity and safety is never so great as in the turmoil that images peril and yet breaks harmless at our feet. "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The five miles of curving crag and ragged cliff were one wreath of rainbows in the declining sun, the old sign of the retreating storm, and promise that the deluge should not return

to cover the earth; and at one high overhanging point where the tremendous break cast the fine mist a hundred feet above the level of the sea, as in an actual shower of rain the rainbow was thrust back and painted on the distant vault of the Eastern sky.

But not without, only within, all this beauty of terror had its source and seat. "Deep called unto deep with the noise of his waterspouts"; the spiritual to the elemental deep. Did the granite foundations of the globe resist the incursions of the wasteful flood? By a more profoundly rooted conscience is the tide of excessive inclination withstood! Did the prismatic hues, above the ramparts of wave-worn stone, declare the impotence of all the watery stores from the tip of their unfathomed cup to overwhelm the world? Soaring ideas, holding more fast their colors, are the token that no passion should overcome and drown my soul. Safer than the ark upon Ararat, and with a dove of the Holy Ghost longer-lived than that which flew out of its windows to cheer every desolation, I should emerge from a more perilous stress. In breeze or freshet men watch their walls. Look to the border in your breast, that it be not borne away! No border without will suffice, lacking the boundary within. Have the Temperance parade! It gladdens my eyes with the thousands on the march. But the gay scarfs and ruddy plumes and music of horn and drum are but a showy fringe. The substance of sobriety, where is that? By what pledge, legislation, prohibition secured? All this is but the fence you put up. Do you fence the evil out or fence it in? The young men are mostly the ones that drink; not the old. If the young but drink

enough, there will be no old drinkers by and by! There will be no old at all! Drink enough? What is enough of intoxicating drink? O youth, whose circulation needs no hastening in the veins, nor the heart a quicker beat, enough is none at all! "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the to you accursed thing.

We live in a Border-State to the unknown and as yet unknowable land. Does only fond fancy people it with intelligences, that are motions of progress and flames of love? As well might the seaman suppose all the life in the scanty crew of his little ship, as we that there is no population in the region we cannot survey. In foreign climes, with what blissful surprise on our travels, we meet kindred and friends! Are there among the angels, for us gladly to encounter, no kith and kin? But *ought* is more than *fate*. Trespass on *person* is worse than on property He that encroaches on the sacred privacy of the soul is a Border-ruffian. I must forbear not only encroaching on your grounds, but on *you;* and you must usurp neither my province nor my heart. Vengeance, in some form, human or divine, waits on this crowding; and half the crimes tried in our courts are rude attempts of injured parties, swindled men and deserted women, to punish the wrong-doers. I admire the courtesy of the ships on the sea, as they bend, so graceful at the helmsman's touch, under sail, to give each other room. Let us practise the like behavior on the land. Do you think you own the whole road? is your cry to him who blocks it up. There are people on the highway of society, who yield nothing and arrogate all. Is our freedom glory, or a cant word? Beware of the doc-

trine so rife, and by pretended reformers boldly preached, of a liberty in the affections which leads straightway to license and tyranny! Exercise that supreme self-control over every appetite which gives to character its crown. Let there be a just limit in your act, your speech. A friend says she wants some wise physician to tell her the use of the tongue; to hold it being the only use she has ever found. Rare and happy man or woman who has found that! Learn restraint for your very imaginations and thoughts! Suffer them not to roam into forbidden places, or pry into your neighbors' secrets, or fashion vile pictures in the chambers of imagery, in your own breast! Stand in your lot, walk in the path, push not at any door which would not open of its own accord; and you will get a poise so fine and perfect as to wade, without staggering, the stream of death, and find the infinite unity not independent of your life.

XIV.

SURVIVAL.

IT is said that rational and radical thinkers in religion only deny and destroy. The charge is true if they take away and do not replace the faith of mankind. But faith does not consist in dogmas, or depend on statements, or increase with the size of its creed or number of its articles. It is that feeling of fealty to truth, and to the divine or human beings of whose nature truth is but the telling, which cannot be distinguished from love, though faith and love, in the church, have not been identified, but too often opposed. But, as no love is reckoned by notions in the head or professions in words, so faith will abide great reducing of propositions. How much of its stock is bankrupt, many of its vessels condemned, its former shelters broken up and its old kingdom passing away! Its pictures of heaven are faded, and its ancient hell has neither cover nor depth. Banishment is banished, and damnation is doomed. Whatever is built on false and exploded conceptions of the creation must tumble down. But faith is not going with the card-castles by which its childhood was startled or amused. As well think nature and society are departing with their antiquated

and obsolete forms; with monstrous vegetation and terrible beasts, with superstitious customs and savage tribes. We do not disallow the theology which we supersede and fulfil. But no amount of denunciation, fanatical storming or ecclesiastical will, can prolong the date of detected error, or prevent the incursion of new ideas; any more than, against advancing civilization, fierce passions can make the Arabs of Sahara or the North American Indians permanent peoples of the globe.

The fittest, says Darwin, survives: and as the fish with its spreading fins and shining scales; the bird with its fine feathers and soaring wings; the turtle with its dome of spotted shell, handsome as St. Peter's; the elephant's trunk, giraffe's neck, lion's and horse's mane, peacock's tail, the dove's ruff of opaline lustre or changeable silk, the terrible claw which hinted to David God's tearing the wicked in pieces; so the heart of woman, and brain of man, are all steps and rounds on this ladder. The best temper, disposition, idea, is going to live and prevail over the lower and worse. God leaves not the manners, deeds, history of his children, more than the structure of a beast, to chance or caprice. Creation is graduation, a process of universal degrees. Have the eye, ear, hand, foot, mouth, for all their marvels of beauty, music, motion and expression, been slowly unfolded from rudimental atoms and organs? To conscience, love, faith, worship, intuition and imagination, arise germs that may have slumbered in the skull of a dog, brain of an ape, spine of a serpent, rings of a worm, gills of a gliding monster that knows but to draw in and expel the water

and oar his way through the brine; nay, primeval particles of earth and rock are on their way to intellect and feeling.

"Thine eyes did see my substance being yet unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them."

Devout poetry anticipates doctrines at which religious people stand aghast.

But of this evolution freedom is part, preordained by the same energy that shaped the planet, fashioned every still or stirring figure, and drew the orbs and orbits in diagrams of light and endless circles in the hollow of the sky. Man passes for something as well as matter. Matter is that which appears and is not; spirit is that which appears not, but is. Madame de Sevigné says: To appear one must first be. But there can be only one essence or substance which what we call matter manifests. Humanity is an immense factor in the sum. Look at the breeds floral and faunal! What a creator of cattle and flowers man has been behold in every barn and green-house, in the fields of England, the streets of London and Paris, the racers of New York, and the gardens of Versailles and Kew! Is his own the only breed he cannot improve? Determination and responsibility are the equation of weal or woe.

History is God's revelation of what he cares for; and the hope of the race shines and shoots forth from the low and bad customs it has outlived and left behind, idolatry, witchcraft, feudalism, the inquisition and

arbitrary rule. If likeness of structure hints one growth, how vivid the variation in the human frame! What means the getting up of the animal into this erect form, the turning of the paws into hands, the retreating of the claws and talons into nails, cut and smoothed for beauty, as a bird cleans its bill; the dropping of the old shag of hair that covered the whole body, leaving but the silken, shiny, soft, many-colored, handsome covering of the head? It means that something more in us than our skin should be fair, clean and pure! While the thatch of the beast gathers dust that cannot be combed or curried out, that we should grovel in no base habit; that, protecting with such niceness of hose and shoes our feet, we should never walk in mean ways; nor, like quarrelsome children, low women and vulgar men, revert or relapse to the condition of our physiological ancestors in the jungle and the desert by biting and scratching. You resent the doctrine of animal derivation, and think the human tribe began with an Adam scooped out of the dust with an Almighty hand? Why then do you growl when anything goes wrong with you, or track like a sleuth-hound your prey, or wind crooked as a serpent in your aim, or spring out of ambush like a tiger on your foe? These are better proofs than Darwin or Wallace can bring of beastly origin, however you disown your relations. O deceitful man, you seem to me first cousin to the creature in the fable that crept over the wall to tempt Eve with the apple! O sensualist, I cannot help, in imagination, seeing you on all fours in your lust! O irritable, peevish, fretful human, are you so far from the hyena? *She's a cat!* with more truth than elegance,

cried one of a mousing, remorseless woman. *He's a dog in the manger!* How many a man of your acquaintance might sit for that portrait! What we call the *eye-teeth*, with their sharp points, are in Mr. Darwin's catalogue the canine or dog-teeth; and the feeling of hostile scorn to any one will raise the lip that sheathes them, curiously, just as with a mastiff or leopard, on the side where the enemy stands. Our hoarding do we inherit from acquisitive tribes, animal and Indian, that bury food or treasure in a hole or cache, to be found on their return? Why does our friend, that respectable citizen, not favor a certain plan for the common weal? *He sees no money in it for himself*, was the reply. He is smooth, polite, oily, cordial in speech and appearance, full of promises to persuade you he would open his purse, and almost give his life for your sake! But, when it comes to the test, nothing of the plausible man is left but a sharp eye to his own interest; and the spider's web glittering with dew-drops in the sun no more charms and entangles the unsuspecting, stupid, buzzing fly, than his threads ensnare and destroy.

The devil has dropped his tail and shed his hoof, and become a gentleman. If he were a quadruped, it was said of an impure person; if he looked like a goat, we should know what to expect and be on our guard. Watch him keenly, he does look so! How can a man be hid? The tendency of the species is to outgrow and slough off old errors and sins, as Mr. Lecky shows how many evils have died of neglect. Attention is directed to other things, and what was in its time a good is displaced by something better, as a bud pushes

till the brown calyx turns under, out of sight, and falls; and the dead, cracked bark was once delicate and alive. Even wrong, said a bold optimist, has a use in its place. Will not Sunday laws, sectarian claims on the Constitution, and remission of church-tax, go without fire and sword? The noble affections of human nature, quietly persisting, demonstrate their destiny to survive the depraved ones with all their noise. You blame, insult, storm at your meek companion; and he takes it, like the Jew in the play, "with a patient shrug." It seems as if your passion would rend asunder and make nothing of the unresisting humility that perhaps annoys you all the more for being so self-possessed. But the forbearance will survive, and of your violence the time will come for you to be ashamed, and even emulate the long-suffering you now abuse. What became of those bigots in Judea who sang out from the people to the chief captain, *Away with him from the earth, it is not fit that such a fellow as Paul should live?* I know not, only that Paul survived, preached Christ to Governor Felix till he trembled; with the enthusiasm of his eloquence made Festus in Felix's chair cry out he was mad; in bonds that allowed not a gesture with the fettered hands, almost persuaded King Agrippa to be a Christian, sailed to Rome, wrote his immortal epistles with the once fettered wrists; and has come down a power for truth and honor to our day, a ghost to walk the earth unseen, more vital and vigorous than any manifestations in the circles, his name for quotation on a hundred million tongues, his temper for a possession in countless hearts.

The best and fittest survives.

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost,
> The heedless world has never lost!"

But curses and ribaldries die and are forgot. *It is man's business*, said Goethe, surveying the criminal scene, *to enact hell on the earth.* The hells, like volcanoes, only seem extinct; they *are* ever ready to burst up and flame out afresh. But, as in the gross planet, by man's instinctive art to mend and improve, thickets are cleared, swamps dried, the rock graded, the irrigating channel dug, the soil softened for all precious seed, the forest hewn and mine quarried for grand building and cunning utensils to civilize and refine; so the inhabitant is lifted and cleansed. Noah and Abraham and Lot survive in their faith; over their lingering, hesitation and drunkenness a cloak of charity for oblivion is laid. David's harp survives; his adultery is buried in the shame of his soul and grave of his child. Solomon's wisdom survives, his concubinage is passed by as the mistake of his rank and time, to have its last relics hunted out of Salt Lake; and the practical polygamy that lurks among vile folk elsewhere, is branded with disgrace by worthy women that claim the rights honorable men will allow.

> "*The evil that men do lives after them;*
> *The good is oft interred with their bones*"?

There could not be a falser maxim. Baseness is dissolution, nobility is resurrection. War dies hard, but die it must, as since the savage epoch how with all the flashing muskets and echoing cannon it has decayed!

Capital punishment would have ceased long ago but for the unfaithfulness of juries, pettifogging of lawyers, and delay of the law to inflict with inevitable certainty some other equally dreaded penalty for capital crime. But, with killing so common that the newspaper startles us with the heading, — *Latest murders in New York*, has risen the resolve that, if nothing else will stay the red hand, the guilty must hang. It does not seem to be *the fittest that survive*, when unoffending passengers, the unfortunate rich, uncongenial partners, or poor girls unwilling or afraid to be mates for life of greedy solicitors, like notes payable on demand, are straightway to be pistolled or stabbed, or have poison in their drink, their remains thrown into the furnace or the flood, while the guilty assassins escape detection, or by grace of twelve men, though under God's ban, go scot-free, prepared at pleasure for some other game.

Something survives. The feeling that you can do without your body and be yourself in whatever form the Power may reclothe you, is proof. But what, in the mind, is fit to survive? Some tastes and appetites, constitutionally strong when we are young, die or diminish as we advance in years, and other affections grow and flourish. Religion, says Buckle, is stationary; only knowledge survives; science is the word we conjure with. But the *knowing faculty*, the natural and noble disposition to analyze and explore the material universe is not supreme. The angels go not round, with lenses and retorts and chemical substances, in their hands. Rather with them we associate music and poetry and sweet society, and errands of mercy. Goodness and purity, harmony and beauty, are fittest to survive, and

will prevail. Intellect, understanding, and even reason, serve the heart and soul. Science is figured as the sun, the sentiments satellites. But, says Shakespeare, "reverence is the angel of the world." There is more than one sun; every fixed star is a centre. Is not benevolence sun-like? What information of sense and matter should not revolve round it? Radical scholarship and criticism has its use to expose mistakes. But how dismal to stop with blasting and blowing up! What news from God and tidings of heaven, in place of false and groundless reports? To live on liberty is to starve to death. Humanity, yet an infant, unable to subsist like an air plant on our theories, will hang on the breast of imagination to suck sincere milk of the Word of God. Conscience may die, but love will survive. It is the source and sum of creation. "Love not," runs the song, "the thing you love may die"? Not only the thing, but the feeling or fancy, so many dignify with the name! Dead loves are more sad to think of than aught wrapped in the shroud, or laid on a bier. Deep graves in every heart hold these melancholy remains. But no worthy affection ever perished. Must we not love what we see? But who ever saw man or woman more than God? Only what is insusceptible of sight we love.

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;"

but not the spirit that animates with sincerity the humblest breast. The false king, Alonzo, is reminded by nature of his treachery.

"Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe,
Did *bass* my trespass."

But all nature is melodious instrument of your truth. Is man glorified offspring of beast, and shall we be less constant and more forgetful than the dog? O God, if I be not steadfast, let me not *be!*

Yet *annihilated personal consciousness* is the doctrine of scientific materialism. *Ourselves and all we have we owe to death*, says Huxley, quoting with approval the Latin phrase. The walrus puts its body between its young and the hunter's spear; the hen runs afraid from you or your vehicle, but ruffles against hound, hawk or man to defend her chick; the horse rushes into battle and bleeds with his rider; the dog will die sooner than desert his master's property; what a faithful servant or sentinel sits in the wagon or watches and barks at the door! Let your blow reach or your slander forever stain me, rather than touch the woman I love! I join in the song for Jephtha's daughter. *Waft her, angels, through the upper air!*

But shall the individual creature survive? The creature does not want to, in its *form* but in its *quality*. I do not want to, as a *man*, but as an angel. Shall I be the same and have memory of the past? If I be at all, some experiences must cling of friendship, joy and devotion, under which my mortal clay trembled and cracked. But this is, to some, pure rhapsody. Goethe says, *Whom God deceives, is well deceived.* "*If delusion*, BLESSED *delusion*," both liberal and Orthodox preachers cry. But does God play with us? Is i

worthy of him? The cat pats the mouse, which she will race after to tear and devour. Is the Lord a larger power of the same sort? If we are *mocked* on this inner stage, all is mockery. I would rather decline the entertainment and back out of the world, made for sport so grim.

"*Butchered to make a Roman holiday,*"

writes Byron, of the gladiator. But the universe can be no such an arena for divine festivity. Something has gone from the lifeless corse! "*Would you like to look at him?*" Is he in the coffin? Theodore Parker never looked at or alluded in his service to the dead body. I contradict lawyer or priest talking of the *survivors.* Who are the survivors? Rather *they* survive us. When the question arose of compensating the masters in Porto Rico, one gentleman proposed instead to compensate the slaves! At some tribunal the time shall come. There hangs the portrait of the mother, dying too soon for you to know. Shall not your longing to see her be met? Immortality is recompense. The love, that asks no reward, and seeks no pleasure, is immortal. But can you think of hatred, selfishness, a base propensity to enjoyment or revenge as living forever? Has not your false or fierce delight, in your own feeling, its fleeting quality and fugitive mark? So far as you live in it, are not you *dissolute*, dissolving like the objects of your desire; and belief impossible?

The seed must rot, to grow; every dying body is such a seed. When a missionary quoted Paul's text to a savage as proof of immortality, the savage said there

is a part of the seed that does not die. Out of a centre still alive the barley after fifty generations from the pyramids has been made to grow. An unperished germ is in the stone of a plum or eye of a potato. Digging around some old English castles stirred seeds that had not sprouted for ages. But it is an assumption that the human frame more than the acorn entirely dies. What lives and is regenerated in the oat or acorn lies behind what you see, or magnify with a lens when you split it open. It is the idea of the plant, the power which uses up that minute germ. Invisible as a ghost is that principle; and the mystery of recovered existence is as great in a stem of rye as in the restoration of a man. By a sort of death the soul lives. When an unworthy appetite dies and is buried, out of its interior sepulchre comes a better disposition; as the Indian believes the prowess of the warrior he has vanquished is transferred to himself, and it is, in his new confidence and courage. So every ill motive you get the better of has, into a better impulse, its wild energy refined. So much vitality, turn it how you will!

Death is the method of life; and all interment the condition of resurrection. As you follow the corse in the funeral, let your grief join the same procession! What you loved has gone up; when your selfish sorrow dies, that too shall mount! Life must be within before it is without. Death is the basis of life, in the mortal frame. We think the bony structure is the foundation all in us is reared on. But there is no bone at the beginning of life. It is the deposit, in the system, of death, — a precipitate of the worn-out particles. If the ossification extend into any of the living centres,

like the heart, the whole machine stops. But the death arrested is the upholstery of life. The skull, separate from the blood-vessels and nerves, is stiff and inanimate, and may be kept in the museum of anatomy for ages, like a mineral. Yet it is the vessel of the brain in which all the amazing functions of thought and feeling go on; the shrine of the image of God and casket of his jewels. A child might think the kernels of an ear of corn were set in their sockets like so many garnets or bits of gold. But this *cob*, which is left after the shelling of the corn, was not the commencement. It is the slight ever-growing deposit of death on which the life of the plant is built. This vegetable skeleton, in the cane, bamboo, and cocoa-nut, as in the shell-fish and turtle, is thrown on the *outside*, but everywhere is the deposition of death and column of life; and there is a consciousness that responds to the fact. While the particles of flesh change with every tick of the clock, I feel ready to deposit my whole body as a particle, and find in my tomb something to stand on and be uplifted by.

What is the earth itself but a skeleton in a tomb, the rocky strata its ribs, and its dust the remains of a million generations of all the kingdoms of life! Put a fence round the monument where loved ashes repose? The planet is an unfenced mausoleum. Walk not over graves? It is all grave! The coral reefs, the foundations of continents, are sepulchres which men rear dwellings on; death everywhere the pediment and pillar, not the pit, but the ladder of life.

An argument for survival is in our discontent. The vessel's cargo does not fill her hold; and she must, for

larger freight, touch at other ports! A late English writer says: I find God in my dissatisfaction with myself; and this is the stamp of nobility and sign of destiny. With all his peace, Jesus was the most discontented of men, and could find no words to tell the strait he was in. Nothing so becomes us as a certain displeasure with ourselves. Let my friends and blood-relations dislike me! I like not myself half so well as they do. I am like a crooked street — a building whose walls are not plumb — a low damp place in the city, an unhealthy Back Bay or Miller River nuisance, to be abated; and my knowledge of the evil is prophecy of good. Shall James Watt's discontent at the waste of steam from the tea-kettle, or Robert Fulton's at its poor economy, be a prediction; and mine mean nothing, at the leakage or misuse of moral force? Shall the reformer of every oppression find freedom foretold, and shall no intimation of deliverance reach the soul when its whole nature is prophetic of a motion that shall be rest? You are dissatisfied with my performance; and you tell me its faults, how it is too subtle, visionary and long, and you want more practical pungency and pith. But before and more than you I am dissatisfied, myself! My remorse is an early riser, and up quicker than your complaint. I know what that ascent of Jesus was, which makes all bodily resurrection of no account. The reason he stayed not in the ground, was that he could not be contented there!

We cheapen Providence when we make it mere foresight of facts. It runs deeper, in that law by which the soul disowns surrender, cannot believe in its own

despondency, or submit to the dejection under which as a funeral pall it is pressed; but reacts against every unhappy circumstance, raises on its miseries great expectations, and flames into love out of all chastisement and misfortune, as the hottest fire is kindled from green wood and anthracite like rock. This is its own augury that it will wrest felicity from fate. What form Christ reappeared in, or whether the disciples had of him ocular or visionary view, is of little concern, compared with that persuasion of his real return in which they could confront councils, beard governors and kings, and go gladly to their doom. This essence of the story is, in the mind's constitution, a conviction of the future, which is God's accountability to himself. This yearning of all nature, from the clod to the seraph, to be born and become more than it is, infused by him, he will fulfil. It is the bond which he will, in ways past our anticipation, redeem. I care not, says the seller, how long this mortgage runs on my land. But the spiritual territory cannot pass out of possession; and there is no lien on it to lift. Death is the discharge of liability. Our clay and carnality dropped, no incumbrance is left. The sick old man said: I am sorry you were not admitted, for while the breath is in my body I should wish to see you. That was loyalty, breath and body or not; and it is this sentiment, not conceivable separate from personal being, which has indefeasible title to endure. Nothing else has claim so strong. It is the warranty-deed of God, which he is obliged to defend; nor do we know any better title he has himself to exist.

XV.

SIGNS.

THERE is a new invention of self-evident signs, to catch the passer's eye in the street with descriptions in vivid coloring of occupations pursued or articles on sale. Signals, of high meaning or low, play an important part in human life; but all the voluntary ones are coarse and inexpressive contrivances compared to the great system of nature. From the singing of the morning stars together over the completed creation, to the elements, in Milton's verse, hinting the fall of man, runs this idea that spirit has matter for its tongue and tell-tale. All that has transpired is recorded on the earth; and if Mr. Darwin think the register incomplete it is only because we want yet an eye fine to read. All that shall be has some index, though no palmist or gipsy divine the result. Prophecy is the gift of such as can peruse the thousand signs, any one of which holds the meaning of all. Second sight is but deeper penetration than first. The prophet saw what Hazael would do, though he was amazed as though he had been called a dog.

> "A face, in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

is but one of disclosures without number. How often we trust the unconscious language against the spoken words! "The face is the face of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." What a fond, unsuspicious old patriarch it was, of whose blindness a mean advantage was taken by the conspiring, cunning boy! To age he must have added dotage not to detect the trick. Through the forms and terms of daily politeness, how we pierce by manifestations in the manner and countenance people are unaware of, to what is meant or desired! Their affectation of cordiality is followed by one of grief and surprise that their hollow invitations are declined. The nobleman is he whose express and unintended intimations match; and the true woman, beyond all ladyhood, takes no part in this universal masquerade with visors of flesh and blood. We have not classified sufficiently when we speak of the human eye. How many sorts of eye! The mole eye and the eagle, the telescopic fixed on the invisible far-off, and the microscopic peering into what is close hid, and the meteoric that threatens with its blaze; the eye as superficial and insignificant as a huckleberry, and the eye that beams with thought and purpose, as when, by some peculiar transparency, we see with its many-colored objects the bottom of the deep; the pure eye and that which assaults chastity like a wanton grasp; the eye that is a benediction and the one that is a hole in the head; the eye veracious and of straightforward look, so that the whole body turns with it, and the snake-eye, appearing for a moment sly and malignant, then back to its covert; the fox or lion-eye; the fickle eye, shifting like a kaleidoscope, and that unwink-

ing one which is said to characterize greatness and genius, such as Goethe and Napoleon had. How full to bursting with design the universe is when so small an orb is a history in so many volumes; and what a hard theory to hold, materialism becomes, when the mass means so little, and a particle is like the rod to discharge a thunder-cloud!

Prophetic vision is not of absolute truth, but an interpretation, lightning-like and unawares, of signs or shadows of coming events. Weather-wise men and animals, and financiers who feel a coming change in their bones, observe and sum up signs of which their intelligence renders no strict account. The unaccustomed lightness or heaviness, which is all certain characters in Shakespeare can name as on their spirits, proceeds from indications unconsciously gathered of blessing or bane in the air; as Mowbray, in the play of Henry IV., is dejected at what seems a happy compromise between the armed hosts. Some, like Joseph, have a natural faculty of prevision, to read riddles and construe dreams, and are mediums: others dispute or advocate, and seem, as lawyers' children, born with an argument in their brains. Signs are moral and open a case with the author of our being; for, like unburied refuse where strangers in forest or pasture have set up their tents, we find unambiguous hints that there has been much camping in our constitution, which is no virgin soil but an ancestral muster-field! The taunt is flung at rich heirs that they, in their pride of possession, think not in what slave-trade or cheating of spice-merchants, in Africa or Ceylon, their money was made. But the humors in our frame are a worse bequest than

from any tainted stocks or blood-stained plantation. I could throw away, or, like receivers of back congressional pay, endow an institution with my forefathers' doubtful gains; but what to do with the tradition in me of their sins? They little thought, perhaps, such alloyed and poisonous penny-tokens should be handed down! O dead, interred, long-since risen generations, where had you been, to contract for your posterity such fatal inheritance of disease breaking out with every flagrant sign in their blood? Were it not a sufficient judgment-seat for you, without any final upper bar, that they are intemperate or profligate, thievish or profane, because you were? There is an illness so serious, though never mentioned in polite society, that in other lands the propriety has been discussed of inoculation for it as for small-pox. We conscientiously shrink from burdening our descendants with taxes; but what imposition of war-debt or ship-money or tariff is so bad as this? Within the confines of our own organism is an unfinished strife; and, despite the proverb of scorn against fighting other people's battles, it is a doom none escapes. Round about this domain of flesh we must go, as one surveys his farm, hunting up traces of former damage; and how much of our moral task is in these repairs! The benefit of the work and struggle alone evens the scale; for, as the expulsion of bears and wolves from a territory implies more than the negative advantage of safety from their claws and teeth, so does driving out of our nature the wild beast. To improve and adorn one's own country, not to conquer new regions, is the statesman's motto; and it is the true aim, in every bosom, of this landlord

of the soul. We are in charge of a great estate, indefeasible, to go down clean or ill-kept to the next occupants. But we are shadows ourselves, here to-day, away to-morrow; yet with ability for permanent betterment of our children's and the common lot. What is an addition to one's fortune, though reckoned in millions, to preparation of good to countless unbegotten, by material or spiritual lifting to higher vantage-grounds of whole communities and growing towns? The way you decide some religious or economical question involves the welfare of thousands to come after. They are not here to vote; let their providential proxies beware in determining their fate! What curses or congratulations are sure to rise in the distance, unheard save in the ear of God! Blood, that does not yet flow, may cleave to our skirts; or on lips, unshaped to articulate, loud blessing for our names. We could bear our neighbor's reproach or rude abuse in the street; but it must wound and rend the inward ear to have this ghostly upbraiding from afar.

Signs are God's honest traitors to us, and suffer no wrong intent to be hid. You may cover yourself with politeness, wear grace for a garment and modesty a silk veil; if you be of an assuming, thrusting, and intrusive temper, the contrast of the rude design with the smooth manner is but more gross. The gambling is not all at Hombourg or Baden Baden or in our city saloons; and no male or female gamester ever played so shrewdly but the masque sometimes dropped, the hand was seen; as, in the story, the Red Rover hoisted his true colors and appeared the pirate he was. The man who plays shabby tricks in secret, at length plays them

openly and knows it not; his loss of the sense of honor being his exposure, penalty and shame. To be by others thought what we would, the only way is to be what we would be thought. But this simplicity, which in the babe is the first hint of nature, is in the adult the last attainment of character, when seeming and being, the sign and the significance are the same. It is curious to notice the duplicity some practise on principle, and make it their boast. My intellect, says one, is a radical and goes for free thought; my heart is conservative and takes in the orthodox, my love proceeding though my idea stays behind. Can we then so divide and subdivide ourselves? Are our faculties and affections such a chest of tools, and can I take up my understanding in one hand and my soul in another, and use them by turns according to the company I am in? What part of yourself, my friend, I pray, do you drop when you converse with me? If I cannot have the whole, the integrity of your faith and nature, I want none! Here is the sin and woe of human relationship that one becomes a different person straightway he has turned his back; and when Jesus enjoined love of the one God with all the heart, mind, soul and strength, he did away with these mechanical distinctions in his sublime command. When my mind goes where my heart does not, I am double-minded and not single-hearted; but a thief, some detective is after, though I never took a cent from the till. Standing four square to the winds, is a favorite poetic figure for nobility; and moral worth, like architecture, is known by its harmony with itself. How admirable this fitness and essential veracity, which is the immu-

tability we adore in the deity, and is not monotony but infinite variety! My friend does not always express himself; but his reserve is as candid as his word. Truth does not always speak! Silence is its finest expression. From a speechless man's looks, in the corner of the room, I got more information than from the loquacious debater who monopolized the floor. We fear we have withheld our judgment because, in the formal meeting, we sat still. But as our weight is felt in a carriage or a boat, so our opinions without profession are reckoned in the scale. A million spears of grass, rooted in the bottom and bending one way to the surface, show the direction of the tide; and nature has as many signals of our drift. All the conceits we indulge are but the gay blinders we wear, concealing much from us, but deceiving no observation on ourselves. These cross purposes of social ambition, in fine ladies and forward gentlemen, how pathetic or amusing to see! But, when one comes without pretence, who sees no ladder to climb and has no axe to grind and no trumpet but some angel's to blow, having been born and come into the world like Jesus to testify to the truth, to the simple and unconscious glory every knee bows. How different he is though he know it not; but regenerates us with his geniality and originality alike! We are all witnesses, as that same Master said he was, of ourselves; but how diverse the value of the testimony we bear!

We speak of good or bad signs; and there is no worse one of this age than the resolving of all religion into what is miscalled liberty, liberality and love. Love is a word of such degeneracy, as to excite disgust. Well

for us it is not the only name for God in the Old Testament or New, when men, inclined to pardon and commit affectionate sins, ridicule perfect purity; and it is taken for granted that what is alive must be free in the sense of being foul! Deliver us from the love which is but the soft variety of hate! An eminent Massachusetts clergyman, preaching justice in New York to a congregation fed on the sympathies for their ordinary fare, was pursued with the umbrage of their displeasure from the church-door; and I was assured by a woman that the person, by whose clerical fondness she had been enticed, as he handed to her from the Lord's table the communion-cup, repeated with significant emphasis the text, The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin! In the timbers of the sanctuary is a secret rot, for which if soundness be not soon put, the days are at hand when there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down; for Christian meeting-house or Hebrew temple, shrine or synagogue, to the overturning and rebuilding power are one. When the title *reverend* was applied to a minister, that pastor without reproach, Charles Lowell, was wont to quote from the psalms, pointing with his finger up, *Holy and reverend is His name!* If our feeling become superficial and sensual, then duty must be proclaimed in precedence of sentiment; for truth is a law which no smoothing-plane can shave off; and it were a blessing to society to have righteousness held forth for a generation to come instead of toleration without bound. *Peace on earth to good-willing men*, not indiscriminately to all, was the reading of the benediction insisted on by the Hungarian Kossuth.

An evil sign is in our insincere and disjointed life. The man that makes the sixteenth part of a pin coöperates to one result; and, when Webster and Wirt astonished the ladies by driving out together after their sharp battle at the bar, they had served the ends of justice by the impassioned presenting each of his client's case; but when we put religion into a corner with which business and politics and society have no concern, or cast out of our ecclesiastical communion the man we accept everywhere else, we convict ourselves in condemning him, and our theology is a partiality and not a principle, fiction and no fact. My good orthodox brother is courteous with me on the street; he covets and courts my company, calls on me at my house, eats at my table, sleeps under my roof, comes to enjoy with me my prospect of nature or my pictures of art, is interested to inquire for my family, puts on no airs in conversation, respects my judgment in matters of conscience, reason and the divine command; doubts not my ability or honesty, but treats me as his peer; perhaps he asks advice and worldly favor at my hand or subscription to his denominational funds, counting, as the Italian beggar said to the New England free-thinker, my money orthodox; or he may be a stranger and stupid intruder founding his claim to bore me in the country on the fact of his having bored me in the town; he questions not my competency to speak or the will of the people to listen; he will come with them to hear my lecture in the town-hall; at a pinch in his absence for his convenience he may be glad to have me bury his dead; but in that little box of his pulpit I must not be allowed to stand! It is his trust, and the property of

his sect, mortgaged to his creed, involving the salvation of souls; and he with his deacons must pass a vote of inexpediency on any such service as mine, though a partisan bias in it no microscope could detect. The dullest man, who has confessed the articles, or an untried novice ambitious to handle the tools, to whom Christ is absolute God, and hell-fire unquenchable, is preferred to a veteran genius devoted to illustrating the Master's character all his life, because, among the dogmas, the trinity is not reckoned on his list! I say,

"Out upon this half-faced fellowship"!

It is time this heir-loom of bigotry, that has come down for ages, were seen for the monster it is, regarded as an affront and put into the garret. Retained with sacrifice of candor, or for fear of the consociation, it costs too much. It works no harm or hardship save to the cause of truth. Personally the excluded and excommunciated smile at it as heat-lightning or thunder without a bolt. It is an old lion, whose teeth are dropped or drawn, or a wild beast stuffed whose fierceness is dumb show. It belongs to a system of passports and spies and petty custom-house rules, and with it should pass away as a hindrance to the circulation of ideas and free trade of thought. It famishes the hungry when there is bread enough and to spare. It rends the Lord's body which it pretends to embalm, and violates the example he set; for what did that same Jesus, standing up for whom this intolerance is misnamed, but rejoice in spirit at his encounter with the Greeks, instead of being confined to the Jews; while

there was no Pharisee, Sadducee, Roman or Essene, he was not ready to listen to as well as instruct, having an ear as good and generous as his tongue! Keep the peace, meddle not with village narrowness, let everybody go to heaven his own way, are well-meant counsels; but superseded by the nobler obligation to bear witness to the truth, give a reason for the faith that is in you, and guide travellers that are off the track, and will not reach paradise the way they go.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, weather-signs aim at the dignity of science; and we measure the safety of a journey or voyage, and manage to keep out of the bristling circle of snow, unlashed by the tail of the thunder, and decide if it be prudent to pass Hatteras or go round Cape Cod. A flock of ships, countless as birds in the sky, take from a dial in Washington the hint of their courses all over the sea; and the official announcement now sent to every village in the land, hits the truth so nearly, one testifies that on the strength of it he kept his cattle from drowning in a pen. Into such wisdom the rude conjectures of sailors and farmers at last are distilled! A greater step will be to learn the cautionary signals between men and nations, and avoid worse mischiefs than of the storm, as Jesus saw the approaching ruin of the Jewish state. Liberals call fear, even of God, a mean motive! But there is a philosophy of it, how unheeded by Great Britain when the Mother-land became our step-mother in the Civil War! She thought our case hopeless, the division in the American house final, Jefferson Davis creator of a new nation, and the old one a patient far gone in consumption, or a castaway swooning on the

beach, who would expire with the wrecker's squeeze. The privateers, she manned to reduce us to a left-handed struggle with the foe, were the well-ordered procession for our funeral! While the laugh went up against us from Mr. Laird's shipyard, we failed not to hoist cautionary signals, and our minister declared the piratical equipment meant war. But the noise of our complaint seemed but the death-rattle in our throat, till the self-preservation of a great people was an accomplished fact, and on a claim of damages the pocket of the volunteer ally of secession became more sensitive than the honor had been years before; yet her pride is forced into pay and apology for neglecting signals she had not sense to discern; and, while the hot blood now cools on either side, a new lesson is set in the politics of the world.

From disregard of the cautionary signals arise what social jars! People blunder in conversation from lack of sympathy to perceive the state those they talk with are in, and so to understand the signals of distress. A gentleman pushes his inquiry into my private habits, relations, and affairs, not knowing how I wince. I saw the torture applied by a lady, with that indelicate inquisitiveness which is the most annoying trait, deaf and blind to the tone and look of displeasure in her subject, till on her departure he drew a long sigh of relief. The brakeman is aware by the position of a black or red ball when the track is clear; Vesuvius gave in the air and ground premonition lately which the dwellers on its side to their cost would not reck, and we run into mischief through the human manner we overlook. In your quiet sail, as you lean over the

gunwale, you wonder at the skipper's starting to reef the canvas or shift the helm; and he shows you far off on the water the swift black spot of the squall, which an expert will detect the tokens of in human behavior when all appears serene. As buoys with long painted arms swing up and down in shoal places under the waves' motion, so there are places in human nature and the disposition of our friends to be as carefully marked; and kindness and humility are the eyes for the look-out! But there are folk so preoccupied that in observing others they see only themselves as through a medium or in a mirror. Such egotists are no mag nets. They are unfit for friendship or marriage; they have no mesmeric force. Unconscious beauty is irresistible charm; and she, that stoops to conquer, knows not she stoops. Instinctive grace never comprehends its own marvels. I went to a show of azaleas, dazzling with complementary colors. But a human azalea came in, with carmine cheek and downcast look; and, like the publican, would not so much as lift up her eyes to the heaven she constrained me to look after in them, unaware of the spell she wrought. He that pronounces not himself, can pronounce truth, duty and God. But they can never utter his name who speak their own. Wilfulness is weakness, there being no such tool as the obstinate man persuaded he is having his own way when he is but having yours; but lowliness is strength. The unambitious worker is no copy but a cause; and what accumulation of causative power in him, on a misunderstanding of whose word about Peter and the Rock was reared the Romish Church, the greatest of institutions from a passing humorous trope!

The signals thicken and multiply as we come close together, till the question arises in what degree of intimacy can human creatures live? When certain persons were spoken of as a band of brothers, the poet Rogers remarked, he had heard they did not get along very well, but knew not it was so bad as that; and Mr. Thackeray, to a friendly overture where he had taken offence, sends back the card with a figure of himself kneeling, and the lady, that had alienated him, pouring hot coals from an ornamental brazier on his head. A system of cautionary signals might prevent all collisions; and it is high time, when pistol, poison and rod are getting into female hands. Women-haters must wish to give them the vote, if they will drop other weapons! We want a coast survey of our own kind, and not only to know yonder is *half-tide rock* and *the whale's back* and *the bow-bells* and *Driver's* in the harbor! What is the use of having your piano tuned, and not your temper? If the husband has eaten his razor, or the wife swallowed her scissors before breakfast, what chance of a happy feast at the board? The case is as bad as of the smuggling German who swallowed the diamonds which the customs-officers saved his life by obliging him with an emetic to restore. Let us learn that our sentence is from no stranger but our nearest mate! My critic sits by my side. I tremble not at him anonymous in his great editorial office! I laugh at exceptions and misrepresentations in the newspaper. But the judge, I fear, is my partner, brother, sister, child. The last trumpets will usher in no trial so terrible and just. A fig for fame and reputation! Do your neighbors think well

of you? Do your kindred approve; they, who touch and search you every hour, and no more than God mistake your motives and aims? Then be at rest concerning your fate! The doors of heaven swing wide and the gates of paradise are ajar. Affectionate families are thought clannish; all their geese are swans! But this is better than any of Darwin's transformations. Leave not those, next you, to get compliment or appreciation only from abroad; encourage your companions and children, and so give them the daily bread in the Lord's Prayer; grudge not a hearty tribute, as though they would get an advantage, and you could not so well on occasion put them down with blame; and fear not the harm from praise which censure more often inflicts. A father proud of his children, but never applauding lest he should spoil, is unnatural and unwise.

Let us heed the cautionary signals in ourselves. Every countenance is a whole set of them to others; and, putting the community on guard, can we not protect ourselves? How blind each one is to what everybody else sees! I hope you will take care of the Constitution, said a reeling citizen to John Quincy Adams, on a presidential tour. Yes, was the answer, and I commend to your good keeping your own! Let conscience, not vanity, look in the glass, and what warnings appear, of pallor and wrinkles, thin lines or fatty degeneration, premature baldness; or gray hairs, no crown of glory, but an unvenerable publication of sin! That people should be so pleased with the mirror's self-reflections is strange. I met a man, all whose former vigor and vivacity had, with ease and high

living and retirement from business, so run to size without spiritual significance, that I wondered he could put on such a handsome dress of broadcloth, ruffles, jewels, and fashionable hat in his age! It seemed but premature decoration of a corpse, and as if he were laying himself out! When we notice, in early years, the unsteady hand, muscular twitch, nervous twinge, red or muddy eye, we ask, What, O young man or woman, have you been doing, to hold out these signals of disorder and distress as of an unofficered regiment or disabled ship? The pipe or wine-glass is a little thing to lift; but it tires strong men out at last! Seductive pleasure is the herald of burning pain. Nature, with inward rumblings and outward darkenings, by whirling leaves, fleeing beasts and birds announces her convulsions; aches and languors, neuralgic lances and dyspeptic lines are the advance-guard of disease and death. *Old Probability* predicts not the weather alone! God's agent and vice-president he signalizes billow and blast or halycon sea and sky, which we call heaven and hell, beyond the horizon's verge. The promises are for the good. As from coral skeletons rise wide lands, with quiet lagoons, in Pacific seas through which a small canvas can go safe for hundreds of miles, so the bones of saints become to devotees a shelter and support. Only living virtue serves forever. The eider-duck lines her nest with down plucked from her bosom with her own beak. Taken from the bird a moment after death it has lost its elasticity, and is worthless as an article of commerce. What we leave to be done, by what we call our *will*, signifies not like what we do alive.

He must be blind to the horoscope, who sees not the kingdom of creed passing away. Character is the only currency; and the question is not if you be Christian, but what your Christianity means. Every statement of spirit is spurious; every establishment is counterfeit coin. Whether our particular religion is more than religion in general, or less, becomes a trivial debate when words and names, however sacred, are altogether in doubt, and none can tell in what his love or worship consists. "It is my secret," said Rubinstein. Professed or published, it has deceased. Do we never feel that we affront God, in saying God? The fairies are said to go when we whisper. Your affection for me is naught if it need other than your whole being as a noiseless tongue. What is it to me, if it suffice not to you? Declared it is spoiled. Give me no proof or pledge of a reality, which is stronger than all covenants and unsustainable by any vow! But the license is a forgery, that would loosen its bond, and blasphemes as slavery the marriage which is but liberty in truth. Beauty is the sign-manual of deity; and the bald and haggard logic, wielded against that wedding of the sexes on which the family is based, refutes itself. The grace of God is known by its garment of human grace.

Every tendency is cleared and encouraged by its natural sign. Feeling, ebbing into expression, flows back. Suffer not the bodily motions of any affection you would overcome. Drive appetite from the flesh, and it is driven out of the mind; and the picture-language of low passion is rightly made an unlawful trade. Give way to fear, and we grow more afraid, and infect with

the magnetism of our terror the animal we drive. Surrender to grief, with its black signals, and it confines you like a palsy to your room. Voluntary or involuntary, natural or arbitrary signs are the bridge or vessel to communicate your desires to your kind. Better make a menagerie of the breast than uncage and unchain its wild beasts! Children, that mock and make mouths, and wipe off unwelcome salutes, and elders that shrug their shoulders, avert their eyes and turn their backs, are educating their impatience and contempt. But let us not, for courtesy, affect what we do not feel! Bowings and kneelings and kerchief-liftings, and any uniform by order in church, are the same as the Pharisees' phylacteries and long robes and street-corner prayers. But of the honest signals of love and piety let us not be ashamed. Mr. Thackeray describes a man's love falling suddenly dead in his heart, on discovering in her deportment the unworthiness of its object. Beauty, at the touch of sensuality or self-complacency, is but a withered bud.

A true sign of any emotion is its material side; and so alive, it is inherited as well as its cause, and stereotyped in a race. Its repetition is like a river running to swell the sea. It proves the feeling from which it springs. Some people are said to have a good heart; only through the frigid zone of their temperament its warmth cannot reach. They are like electrical machines on a damp day. The cold surface throws ominous conjecture on the central heat. The dog that leaps to us, curling his body and wagging his tail, has better manners than these icebergs of women and crowbars of men; and when I have seen some house-dog, on a

cold day, barking at the door to get in, I have thought it grateful and polite to him to ring the bell.

From unconscious signs of goodness what silent benedictions! Said my sister: I saw in a young woman, in the car, such benignant expression, I could scarce refrain from crying out: Do you know how beautiful you are? It is the office of art, romance, poetry, the stage, to voice this natural charm. Shall we let the semblance exceed the truth? Behold the actor, —

> "—— tears in his eyes,
> A broken voice, and all for nothing,
> All for Hecuba!
> What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her?"

But how lukewarm we are, with our unspeakable motive for zeal! How disloyal in our doubt of the acceptance of our plea! I would rather be killed, or have my house broken into, and my dearest ones assailed and slain, than dread and suspect assassination, burglary and treachery all my life; and, however checked or put back, in my fellow-creatures' capacity and temper for high enterprise I will confide, and let no worldly scepticism murder my faith. The signs of deity are in this poor clay; and I will trust and act with God, not puzzle myself in an endless query if he exist! Do the worshippers of humanity fall into the fetichism they denounce, from mistrusting the evidence of a supreme in their own souls? Quinet declines taking man for his idol; *he has seen him too near!* Yet the parent must be owned in the child. They, who

have been in deep places and had great deliverances, do not question. In my wilderness came no Satan, as to Jesus; but only the spirit which afterwards ministered to him. Yet, let us greet that inquiry which is the downfall of superstition and condition of knowledge. Its conductors take not away the Lord: they but remove a dead body, to replace it with a living soul. But the instinct and intuition are more than logic or fact. Our metaphysics match not our impressions. I skip your speculation; your experience I prize. In the Burnt District, in Boston, at first, people were lost. But soon the lamp-posts were raised, lights kindled and street-names restored, to guide through the labyrinth of wreck. Who is it, that plants signs, to stream through all our ragged desolations? It is he, who is not without me and would die if I did; in whom I was at the beginning and shall be to the end; who has in every soul which is his substance, a private signal that it is above fate and before time, and free of doubt and full of life. It is he, whose light is shown in the shadows of night and sin; and who lifts upon us his face or gathers us under his wings, as we need his illumination and guidance or protection and peace. It is he who makes all to be one, and leaves none out of himself. It is he who has, beside that of all his children, no name; and needs no tongue to be known. About Universal Harmony strange is the strife. Men kill each other for miscalling God! But this is his witness too, how deep and sensitive his image in the human heart. Ill speaking of our father or mother stirs the keenest resentment; and even Jesus was transported into extravagant threat of eter-

nal doom without pardon on whoever should gainsay the Holy Ghost. The spirit smiles at our heat of reproof or warmth of defence. Its everlasting equation is to give and forgive. The Christian rule of seventy times seven remission of a brother's offence is but a line of the goodness which is its law; and every pure affection the glass where infinite Love is self-beheld.

The test of character is that eternal state which is unconscious of the passage of time. Is it sin to lose any of it? It is perfection to lose it all! The sun stood still, his chronometer useless, to Joshua in the transport of a military triumph; as an earthquake was unheeded in a certain Roman fight. But time is better abolished than by a battle. Patience kills it. Christ's cross filled no such place in his, as in his followers' thoughts! The crucifixion lasted not so long to him as to those around; to Mary pierced with the prophetic sword, to Pilate at cross-purposes with his conscience, to the people invoking his blood on their own heads, to the mercenary belted soldiers with their spears, and to the plotting priests. Those three hours cast heavy shadows into their future, which were prelude of his paradise; while, through mortal twinges, played in his face a heavenly smile. He had learned the lesson for us every one, that time is nought, and life is all.

I hold up for chief the everlasting signal. Am I creature of that which disappears in thought and beauty, in worship and work? Neither nature nor art, on any dial or with any wheel, can keep the degrees of duration to a soul that admires and loves. There are to it "no signs of the times." Processions and prophecies of events move on an inferior plane to its serene and

immutable vision of joy. Seasons and stars lose their office, as measures, in that of pictures; and the hint holds herein its power, that I do not become less, or lapse with the hour, but, the more entranced, am the more myself; my consciousness more intense, my tenure in existence more firm, only my mortality a phantom, annihilation an absurdity, and death a dissolving view. This essential being mainly characterized the man, whom no criticism can dislodge from the seated faith and rooted honor of the world. How he is underrated and mistook as a man of sorrows, and his religion a renunciation! What ghastly prints and sculptures of the crucifixion the traveller sees in temples and among mountains all through Romish regions, with the woe-begone face down which trickle the big, bloody drops! All the paintings of the last agony are imperfect, and Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" a misrepresentation. It is time for another picture of him, who in his suffering could refuse the sponge, like some woman in travail wishing to know and understand her pain; who could so quietly bequeath John and Mary to each other, and who could leave the cross in imagination to stand with those at the foot, and look at himself from their point of view, out of their ignorant eyes, at once spectacle and spectator, to plead for the crucifiers, and be both a poet and poem of grace and grandeur never else matched. With whom of them, that stood about, would he have exchanged his situation?

In this sign shalt thou conquer, in a different sense and way from that which Constantine's banners bore, on the field. The miracles of endurance have not

ceased with the martyrs that followed their head. It is often asked how the dying met their doom; what they said, or what was said to prepare them. We have learned that no priestly intervention is required. The parent of all is preparer too! With him it is profane to interfere. Between the soul and his spirit are whispers which the nearest on earth cannot overhear. Not long ago, or far away, by any substitute is his succor. How we confine him as well as ourselves to mediation and mediator and deny his infinity! But he is the Real Presence, and deputes none else. This explains the wonders of saintly self-control. The man who, insulted or injured, has no resentment or revenge, is not wholly here with you, but hidden "in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Absence of mind is presence of mind somewhere. Byron describes the Dying Gladiator as far away, from the arena of blood, with his "young barbarians all at play," in another game beside that of the cruel circus for which he had been enrolled. God pitches his tent not only in heaven, but in the human heart; and into it is our blessed, ever-ready and final escape.

What is the universe but a many-colored sign? To the doubt of benignity, the answer is beauty, that persuades me even pain is a dividend. If nature's commotion, in which she is not carried away, teaches law, her calm hints liberty, with foot or fancy, to go where we will. Strange, so vast a chamber, of earth and sea and sky, can be so still! Looking at the Fall-prospect from a rocky hill, the dying leaves, whose vividness and gradation of color no prism, no Roman or Florentine mosaic could match, and no vernal tints equal, I think

the old man's death-bed should be handsomer than the infant's crib! What carnal can compare with the imaginative service of the scene? A little grass is grown within the girdle of my view; some loads of corn and potatoes go to the barn; and I see the oxen, like ghosts on the distant beach, hauling kelp to manure the fields. Was it for this the grand promontory, with its chines of trap and granite, deep gorges and huge cliffs, was by tremendous tools of flood and fire shaped, through millions of years? God pitches his tent in the landscape as in the soul! He waits not for science to demonstrate him, and asks not leave of the logician to be. He comes not to insure his life at the editor's office. The curtains of his pavilion reach beyond my sight, and, as I gaze, it seems to me worth no man's while to print his argument to prove immortality a dream. The campers on the shore take their tents with them when they go; so shall we carry that pavilion of his away from the sound of the strife of tongues. Meantime, as a child runs from strangers to hide its head in its mother's gown, we seek in all trouble the foldings of an unseen robe: and, if a joint experience be the stuff of which it is woven, we learn how sweet a song common sorrow sings.

XVI.

IDEAS.

WE conclude resting in the importance of ideas; first, to union, for which we have in the Evangelical Alliance and Free Religion two hints that dogmas or denials do not suffice. The marvel was of the metropolitan meetings held by the first, which newspapers of continental circulation reported to millions of readers, that none of the old articles was put forward with any promise of stout defence. Not a characteristic point of Calvinism was honored with trivial mention; no voice was heard to chant the nursery-rhyme, —

> In Adam's fall
> We sinnèd all;

no song of total depravity, everlasting punishment, arbitrary decrees, unconditional election, infant damnation; except in a parting salvo, scarce a lisp of the trinity, the atonement by blood, the plenary verbal inspiration of the Bible, or the partial favor of the Holy Ghost.

Under the attacks of this piratical craft of science, and the broadsides of this privateer of rationalism, the ancient convoy of doctrine has surrendered, like a fleet of wooden ships to a couple of iron-clads. Though the alliance fell short of catholicity, it was a fine omen to see the walls of Congregation and Presbytery, Methodism and Episcopacy, English Establishment and Dissent, falling to make one

common building like your musical Coliseum, or the Pantheon in the Eternal City, that welcomed every god; while an insurrection against exclusiveness in the Baptist church threatens to break the line that encloses, like a military cordon, the Lord's supper for saints, and let in the sinners with whom alone he seemed to care to eat. The hearty greetings of good fellowship between land-and-ocean-sundered worshippers stirred the blood, and seemed to predict the millennium, and be a foretaste of heaven. Nevertheless, with all the gush of sentiment, devotion to God and human good, and ardent faith in Jesus the Christ, in the public speeches the planks to stand on were missing; and *a creed wanted* might be the bulletin of those enthusiastic Christians that made the temples ring and the land resound with their hundred thousand voices.

But *a creed* is *wanted* by Free Religion, no less. I have seen in the pasture some mighty block of granite by the action of the elements crumbled to a gravel-heap, and that wasting into a rope of sand. So the old theology has crumbled under the elemental agency of natural science, radicalism, and free religion. But what is put in the place of this great *boulder* of the ancient faith? Whatever private inspiration may be, as yet nothing, as a bond of society or generally accepted belief; and the German Dr. Strauss holds the freethinkers incompetent to form a church. But a church, a sympathy of conviction, a fellowship of truth, a common vision, is essential to mankind, that it may not be disintegrated and scattered into individuals, each after his selfish good, saying *the devil take the hindmost* to all the rest.

Free Religion has its mission. It gives us criticism, it adds to our scholarship, it has great ability and the virtue

of sincerity, it vindicates liberty, it is conscientious and humane. But it frees rather than feeds us. We cannot live on negations; and on no affirmations do its handful of advocates agree, save the grand one of right to investigate. One defines religion as the effort at self-perfection; another, as the desire; and a third insists there must be an idea and object of perfection beyond ourselves.

Some of them maintain that true religion requires no belief in God or the immortality of the soul, and glory in that name or nickname of "infidel," usually resented as a term of reproach. Not *man the noblest work of God*, but *God the noblest work of man;* and *the fit dedication of a temple to man, rather than God*, are opinions among them freely uttered without protest.

I am giving extreme utterances, and describing without blame; for the right to express honest persuasion, I would for no man or woman call, or suffer to be called, in doubt.

But my religious nature is not nourished by this literature. My curiosity is stung, my brain stimulated, my prejudices disturbed, my superstitions dispelled, but my heart is not edified or my sorrow consoled; and I have to flee to David and St. Augustine, to the Mohammedan and Hindoo mystics, to dark corridors of German piety, to clear strains of adoration, in the English church, of William Law and Jeremy Taylor, to gospel and epistle of the New Testament, holding whatever mixture of error, for the food I cannot get out of the refuse and ash-heap of the objector's laboratory, from whose crucial experiment the vital principle has escaped. Without the religious sentiment there is no union among men, whatever covenant of policy, or treaty for offence or defence. In the expression of piety, some radical authors are unsurpassed. O my

brother or sister, do you worship or aspire? Are you humble before the author of your being, and its infinite end? Does the ideal of beauty overhang you, and the image of truth allure, and eternal goodness inflame? I am with you; I bow likewise. Our hands or lips may never meet. I may no more wish to fold you in my arms than to embrace a star in the sky, yet I honor you with unspoken and unspeakable regard. The sound of your voice is an audible, and the sight of your face a noiseless benediction. But for ostentation I would kneel at your feet! The spirit that moves you is dearer to me than my blood, "the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart;" and your example steadies me in the path of duty. As in old time the winding of a hunter's horn in the wood has guided a stray companion out of the thicket and away from the precipice, so because you blew your loyal trumpet so clear I have not fallen or lost my way. Cell joins not to cell closer in the wonderful little bricks that build the living frame, than soul joins to soul. But this religious sentiment, which steadies a man and enables him to uphold his friends, as Alpine travellers are secured together by a cord, is no air-plant. It must be rooted in some conception of the Divine; and he is the benefactor who refreshes us with new glimpses of Deity. I respect him who explodes misconceptions of God. I revere him who introduces me to the Supreme, and who convinces me there is in the creation a boundless charm.

> "Nothing shall disturb my cheerful faith
> That all is full of blessings."

When William Wordsworth wrote that, he knew the secret of the universe.

You want to know me? Acquaint me with your

divinity, I shall be intimate with you! If he be holy and gracious, his devotee shall have my confidence. *You* are as trustworthy as what has your homage.

But it is said practical goodness alone is of any account. No matter what a man thinks; the good are of all opinions in all denominations; a man's character has nothing to do with his creed. There could be no falser maxim. No surer is the body of a creature to follow his head, the ship to mind her helm, the train to glide after the engine, than the life to be chiselled and moulded by the idea. No worth or wickedness done, but is first imagined, rehearsed as an actor's part before the audience comes, on the stage within. Every murder, theft, adultery, and every mercy, generosity, self-sacrifice, is dictated by and conformed to some inward plan and pattern, be the performance however sudden or slow. I knew a materialist, whose view of a woman's honor was painted in the chambers of his mind by his disbelief in any thing but the body; and he owned his principles and practice as the logical result of denying any spirit we come from or any soul in us to survive. His inference was natural from materialism, however many materialists may be saved by a purer instinct from his profligate fault. Accordingly it seems a just and philosophical inquiry, which sectarian tree in the great religious orchard brings forth the best fruit. If there be a denominational variety, like some none-such or seek-no-further apple, or the Tokay or Burgundy grape, *that* would bear off the prize in the World's Fair of virtue; and the victory would be not only for the splendid product, but the intellectual or spiritual seed from which it grew. So the unsettled claim is made for the Romish, evangelical, or rational planting as producing the superior result. It has been said, in the defalcations,

embezzlements, and grand cheatings in public and private life, radicals in religion have had no hand: all the great villains have belonged to the great orthodox bodies of Christians. A friend at my elbow said there were some exceptions: he had known radical thieves! But even radicals have no monopoly of merit. I think they have their full share. There are not enough of them, in comparison with the overwhelming numbers of their adversaries, for a test how transcendently good they would be if they ever got the upper hand, and were in the majority. Some of them now are not lowly, sweet-tempered, or devout. Certainly they are not all saints! Noble qualities abound among them, of candor, courage, — that best sort, the courage of one's opinions, better than bravery in battle, — a sensitive conscience, and moral independence, added to clearness of thought and splendor of speech. But they do not wholly lack a sufficiently good opinion of themselves, a conceit of their vanward position, some acrimony and pride, and a supercilious estimate of their opponents, such as made a woman of their number call her theological antagonists geese. But, without humility, no worth! If the match of doctrine is to be decided by personal traits and behavior, they have still something to do to win the spurs and bear off the laurels without dispute. We have heard of the underground railroad. There is an underground telegraph. Beware what its lightning carries of your case!

Unquestionably, too, the evangelical party have not actually won in the spiritual race. Said a noble lady to me, "Those people that keep quoting Scripture to you all the time are old hypocrites;" and the way crimes are, in the ministry or laity, condoned and covered up is the saddest omen for the church, and augury of some crash and downfall

of our proudest ecclesiastical establishments. The virtue we clamor for now is not purity, but decency; and decency is to keep the evil out of sight, sweep it into a corner, brick it over with complimentary resolutions and mock investigations, farces and shams, as foul drains in the neighborhood of dwellings are choked and walled in till they breed typhus, cholera, and plague. If Christianity, under pretext of charity and forgiveness, means such perilous concealment in moral sepulchres, I am not a Christian; and hypocrisy must have gone pretty far when one could say, and have it printed, in England, "I never knew a clergyman tell the truth." If from policy Orthodoxy defends corruption, it is but as the smiling village on Vesuvius, to be destroyed by the next eruption; and there are eruptions beside those from mountain craters! If Liberality be license for laxity of principle in business or deportment, it is but that same Satan who so liberally offered in exchange for the worship of himself all the kingdoms, with all their glory, of the world. But, strike the balance as you will, out of our several ideas our diverse conduct finely or fatally proceeds.

But not union or adoration or morality is with some the object of life: happiness is the aim. Yet an Ideal is needful, too, for that. That able English logician, John Stuart Mill, just deceased, amid the chorus of his disciples' praise, professed himself not an idealist, but utilitarian, judging all things, not from instinct or intuition, or any understood religion, — the word being odious to him, — but by the consequences. He was a man of intellectual conscience, political purity, and business honesty; incorruptible in civil trust, though it added not to his honor, nor was according to the Christian standard, to win another man's wife to his side. But he declares, in his autobiography, he was brought

up to regard Christianity as a foreign affair, like any ancient system; a method of training the young that flouts the Providence which intends an influence, from the atmosphere we were born in, unfortunately missed by this remarkable man. But by his doctrine of expediency was he blessed? There is no picture more pathetic than his haunting, on the French borders, at Avignon, the tomb of the woman he wedded and worshipped, inconsolable, unable to lift his eyes to any heaven she had gone to, or to own any Infinite Spirit from whom she had come, nothing but a cinder of humanity left. I would rather be the humblest believer in an all-wise derivation and a celestial destiny than, with such a desolated soul, the writer of the "Political Economy" and "System of Logic," in this absence of faith. In Mount Auburn is what is called the Receiving Tomb, to bury strangers. How mournfully it stands apart from the spot where your precious ashes repose! But, on Mr. Mill's ground, we are all strangers, and all nature the receiving tomb. The world will thank him as an advocate of woman's civil rights and man's civil liberty, but not for any proof or example that this whole human being is a boon. Religiously true to conviction, yet the sky-chamber which lets in eternal light was wanting in his brain.

Spiritual ideas are "the glories of our birth and state." There are freethinkers of the material school as noble men and women in their dealings as any that breathe on the globe; but veracity and justice in affairs are not the only good qualities; and if materialism or rationalism means no faith in a Father or final home, it is a sad dogma and dismal unbelief. A child's faith is better. It is related of Augustus Hare, that, trying in vain with his little companion at play to steady the cart they had drawn up their troop of tin sol-

diers in, he ran away and brought back a silver crucifix and beads his Italian nurse had given him, and cried, "Here is what will manage this and every thing else in the world." There was a sublime implication in the boyish speech! Had the self-sacrifice of the cross been put into larger vehicles, we should be spared such miserable overturnings and melancholy failures as desolate the land to-day, and threaten poverty and wintry want. The Christian IDEA will save us; for *any* idea, sincerely held, goes into practice, as it did with the Quakers, and does with the Russian Mennonites, in the duty of Peace. Christianity creates not, but typifies and illustrates the Ideal, old as the creation in the soul; and, as Christian in these last days in some quarters has come to be a sign of narrowness and term of reproach, it may be worth while to remember, whatever triumphs of new revelation the future may have in store,—rich and abundant may they be!—no religion has yet succeeded like it in embodying the principle of loving self-renunciation in the common mind. Grant the idolatry and superstition in some of its manifestations; but let me be a superstitious idolater, if there is but this alternative, instead of an atheist, materialist, unbeliever, or Sadducee even of the nineteenth century, with no advantage, that I can perceive, over one in the first.

Our religion does bear fruit in the community where it prevails. In a neighboring State a man was observed secreting meat under his cloak at a stall. A policeman followed him, and peeping through the window of his hovel saw him give the meat to his children, who instantly devoured it raw. The heart melted under the star on the policeman's breast, and he went and reported the facts to the butcher, who sent him back with a large basket of meat,

and money to buy fuel to cook it. In the mist that came over my eyes, I read no more in the newspaper that day! The financial affairs of Rhode Island and New York, the Count de Chambord's letter about the French throne, the Spanish court and Cuba, with the war in Ashantee, and the rate of discount in the Bank of England, all the great doings in capital letters of the wide world faded away before this paragraph in small print at the lowermost corner. It was the spiritual idea carried into operation by what we call a common man! But will some scientific man now say I have no right to such ideas; I have not verified them by any process of logic or sense? I shall only answer: I am an idealist; *that*, in the natural history of vegetable, animal, human kingdoms he talks so much of, is my classification, the sort of creature I am; and he might as well question my horse's right to his mane, a fish's to its fins, a bird's to its plumage, or a turtle's to its spotted shell, as mine to my impressions, cut and kindled at the core of my being, of divinity, and my anticipations of immortality. Gentlemen, scientists, and sextons, I decline your office! The German Strauss and French Rénan overstrain my credulity in asking me to believe that the Christian faith in immortality is built on an illusion, as if the Lord used such refuse timber. Robert Burns sings the true lesson of higher devotion: —

> "Although thou maun never be mine,
> Although even hope is denied,
> 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
> Than aught in the world beside."

Nelson had *want of frigates*, Queen Mary *Calais*, and the dying soldier *the Emperor*, graven in the heart; but deeper still lies this fellowship of the soul, container and uncontained.

Before the war of emancipation, there was, at the South, a black man so thirsty for freedom he had himself enclosed in a wooden box for the carriage that might prove his coffin, preferring to be shipped as merchandise to being traded about as a man. After being long time tossed among bales of goods, and thrown out roughly like a crate or trunk, he arrived at the appointed place, where friendly hands drew the nails of the lid, and, as he uncoiled to stand upright, breathless lips cried out, "*He breathes!*" But, before his being lifted from the small dwelling with its scant means of living, did the board casket hold the whole of the man? No: the thought, the will, the soul, which make the man, was out after the north-star, and already, in hope, in the land of liberty; nor was any one, that sat comfortably or walked at pleasure in car or vessel, wider in the range of his mind than he who lay curled up and cramped between the pine slabs like a corpse to himself. Was all of him in the little cubic space, as much as though the contents had been the sugar made with the sweat of the slave, in which "nobody tasted blood"? Had he expired on the way, would any atom of him have been left in the coarse vehicle, or would what constitutes the integrity of this miraculous human creature, needing to seek no miracles beyond itself, have escaped entire? What story of Marquette or Pocahontas so romantic as his surviving to cross the sea, stir up English philanthropy, the boy *Henry*, with no surname, becoming a lecturer by profession in the proudest of lands! I should think he, that had such deliverance from his voluntary sepulchre, would not doubt his resurrection from any actual tomb! "We are such stuff as dreams are made of;" but, O mighty poet, what is *that*? Is aught in the rock more solid, in the light more

subtle, in the firmament more stable, or more fiery in the sun? That play of "The Tempest" was a dream and forgery of the brain, of nothing that ever took place on land or sea, yet shall outlast all the parliaments, Westminster Abbey, and every ship in the Thames; and we, dreamy creatures, thanking God that we can dream, after "our little life is rounded with a sleep,"

> "Shall we not meet as heretofore
> Some summer morning?"

As surely as God and Destiny are not fancies, but ideas of the human mind! Of all Being, duty is a common term; and I believe in no deity who can do without his children, more than his children without him.

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